MAY 1930

NOW 10 CENTS

☆

DELINEATOR

IN THIS ISSUE

•

BERNICE BROWN

MILDRED CRAM

•

JOHN GALSWORTHY

•

JOHN ERSKINE

•

EARLY SUMMER FASHION NEWS

•

A NEW NOVEL BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

MAY·1930

DELINEATOR

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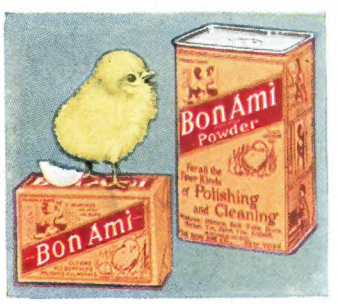

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every home needs both

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK. *In Canada*—BON AMI LTD., MONTREAL

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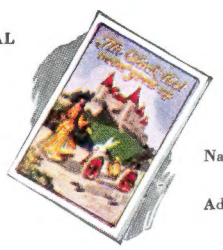

(Please print name and address clearly)

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Address .....

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"Pink tooth brush" means trouble ahead . . .

Start tonight with Ipana

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Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice specifically made to meet this need. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed, invigorated. And your gums are strengthened, toned and stimulated.

Under our soft foods and subnormal chewing, our gums suffer from an artificial lack of exercise. The tissues become congested, soft and weak. "Pink tooth brush" often ushers in more serious troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even the less frequent pyorrhea.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and speed the fresh, rich blood through the tiny capillaries. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana. For it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by dental specialists in treating gum disorders.

A good tooth paste and a good dentist are not luxuries

Ipana isn't a cheap tooth paste—it couldn't be. Its ingredients are costly—its formula scientific and modern. But it is well worth the few cents extra cost.

So get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store and start to use it tonight. Give it a chance to show how it can improve the health of your gums as well as the brilliance of your teeth!

USE THE MODERN TYPE OF DENTIFRICE THAT TONES AND STIMULATES THE GUMS . . .

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-50
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Delineator

MAY 1930

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VOL. 116 • NO. 5

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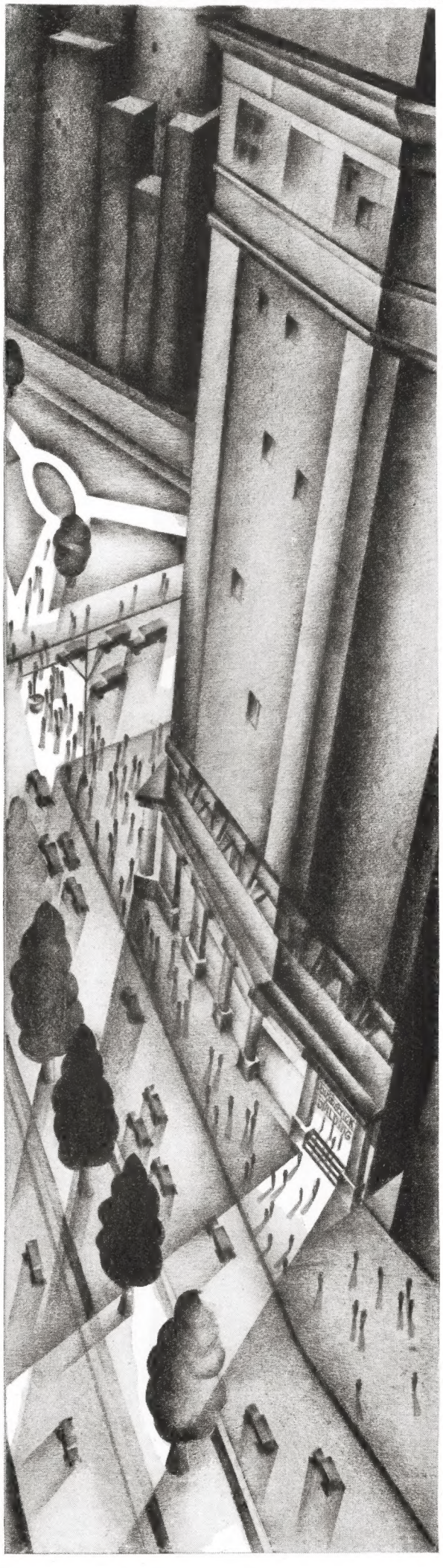
THE LIVING DELINEATOR

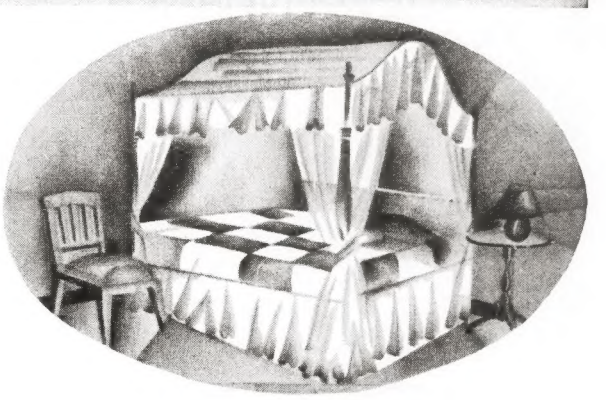


The drawing of Delineator's home, the Butterick Building, won William Kammer his scholarship from Delineator. Most of the drawings were "modern"

NOW TO ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG ARTIST

•

Delineator Inaugurates a Scholarship for Students in a Famous Art School



A sketch symbolic of Delineator Institute's Department of Interiors, the department which is under the supervision of Joseph B. Platt

THE drawings reproduced on this page are by William Kammer, a second year student in the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, and through them he wins the tuition for his third year.

Joseph B. Platt, the Art Director of Delineator, is as much interested in encouraging the young artist as I am in encouraging the new writer. So as a definite step he decided to start this annual Delineator Scholarship in a school which is one of the best of its kind in the world. The students were all given the same problem—to make a large drawing of the Butterick Building and two smaller sketches which would be representative of Delineator Home Institute.

I do not know how many drawings in all were submitted, but the staff of the school selected the twenty-nine best. These were brought down to the Butterick Building, and a committee consisting of two well known art directors, Vaughn Flannery and René Clark; a distinguished artist, Everett Henry; Mr. Platt and myself served as judges. As I've said, William Kammer was the winner, but these students deserved the most honorable sort of mention:

Evelyn Scholze
Mary F. Campbell
Lester M. Cohen
William Luberoff
Hong-kin Chun

Practically all the drawings we saw had merit. As a group they were amazingly professional. The New York School of Fine and Applied Art, we feel, is nursing within its classes some of the most prominent painters, illustrators and designers of the future.

THE MAKING OF AN ART DIRECTOR

LAST month I started a little series of talks telling you about the people who are helping to build this "magazine of the modern home," and it is most appropriate right here to give you some facts about the career of Joseph B. Platt, who not only makes Delineator artistically, but is also in complete charge of the Delineator Interiors which we plan and build right here on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building and then photograph for our pages. (See the Sun Porch on pages 28 and 29 of this issue.)

Mr. Platt is still very young. He must have been a mere infant when he came out of the far West to study art in New York. He, too, became a student in the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, then a much smaller place than now, but, so Mr. Platt says, just as fine in its methods and its ideals.

I have heard Mr. Platt say that there was many a day when his lunch had to consist of a banana and a glass of milk, with an evening meal just as scanty. But he won a scholarship his first year, which enabled him to continue through his second year. During the second year he was put on the staff and soon given a living wage.

After that his progress was rapid. He did all sorts of things to turn an artistic penny. He made stage designs for the Washington Square Players (which later developed into the Theatre Guild). He designed textiles. He lectured . . . Then the war and two years in the Army.

We'll have to turn the kaleidoscope rapidly now . . . The war was over. Mr. Platt was married. Receiving several commissions for murals, he and Mrs. Platt returned to Paris to study. There they stayed, Mr. Platt tells, until they went broke.

Back in New York, he fulfilled his commissions for murals. Decorative wall painting led to interior decoration in general. His success in this field attracted the attention of the publishers of *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue* and *House and Garden*. He did a great deal of work for this group of magazines, including a number of cover designs.

Then, four years ago, he came to Delineator to help make an old magazine young again—with what success, I think we all know. (For one thing, in these four years Delineator's circulation has increased from a little more than a million to almost two millions and a half.)

Although Mr. Platt is kept so busy on Delineator itself, he is called upon for various other forms of service. He goes abroad every year in search of new ideas in decoration and design, visiting various European countries. Constantly, he is in consultation with manufacturers on their art and style problems. And recently he served on the jury of the Harvard advertising awards.

But after summarizing, even so briefly, Mr. Platt's career, it is not difficult to understand his interest in the promising young artist and his establishment of this new Delineator scholarship.

AND NOW FOR JUNE FEATURES

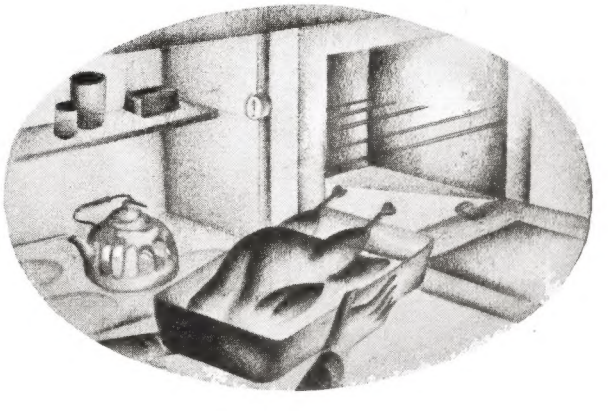
A HAPPY and unusual feature in June will be an article by Kathleen Norris with the title, "The Story of a Happy Summer in an American Garden." It describes how the Norris children and their playmates gave a charming little play in the garden of their California ranch. The play, which will, of course, also be published, is one that any group of youngsters can give in almost any garden. Its title is "The Stolen Prince," its author Dan Totheroh, and from Mr. Totheroh we have secured for Delineator readers the right to produce this play, without payment of any royalties, for one year after its publication in our magazine.

Then there will be a love story by that dean of English literature, John Galsworthy; a story of the Pennsylvania Dutch by Elsie Singmaster; a flaming tale of Indo-China by Crosbie Garstin; and other stories, by Margaret Craven and Dixie Willson.

William Lyon Phelps, who, as you know, is now contributing to every number of Delineator, will discuss "Books Every Woman Should Know," while the Department of Child Training will have a wise and valuable article on discipline, and——

But here I am again with only enough space left to ask once more, "How do you like our new cover?" and then quickly sign myself, faithfully yours,

OSCAR GRAEVE • EDITOR



Here is Mr. Kammer's idea of the Delineator Home Institute's Department of Cookery, so graciously presided over by Anne Batchelder

Swift's Premium . . . appetizer, and entrée too

YOU'VE appetizer and entrée in one when you serve Swift's Premium Bacon for luncheon. Savory . . . tantalizing . . . it whets the appetite. Then satisfies that sharpened hunger with its generous, uniform slices. A luncheon dish we recommend is shown above—plenty of Premium Bacon, and rolled cheese pancakes. Just use any pancake recipe, and mix the grated cheese right in.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Bacon Swift & Company U.S.A.

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

A vote of thanks from the dishes . . .

My new modern crystal and china look so festive and twinkling when they come out of Ivory suds. They seem to be trying to say —"We are so bright because Ivory rinses away so easily . . . and we're very glad you use a sweet-smelling soap." Yes, Ivory does seem nicer for dishwashing, and it certainly is kinder to my Jack-of-all-trades hands!

I could

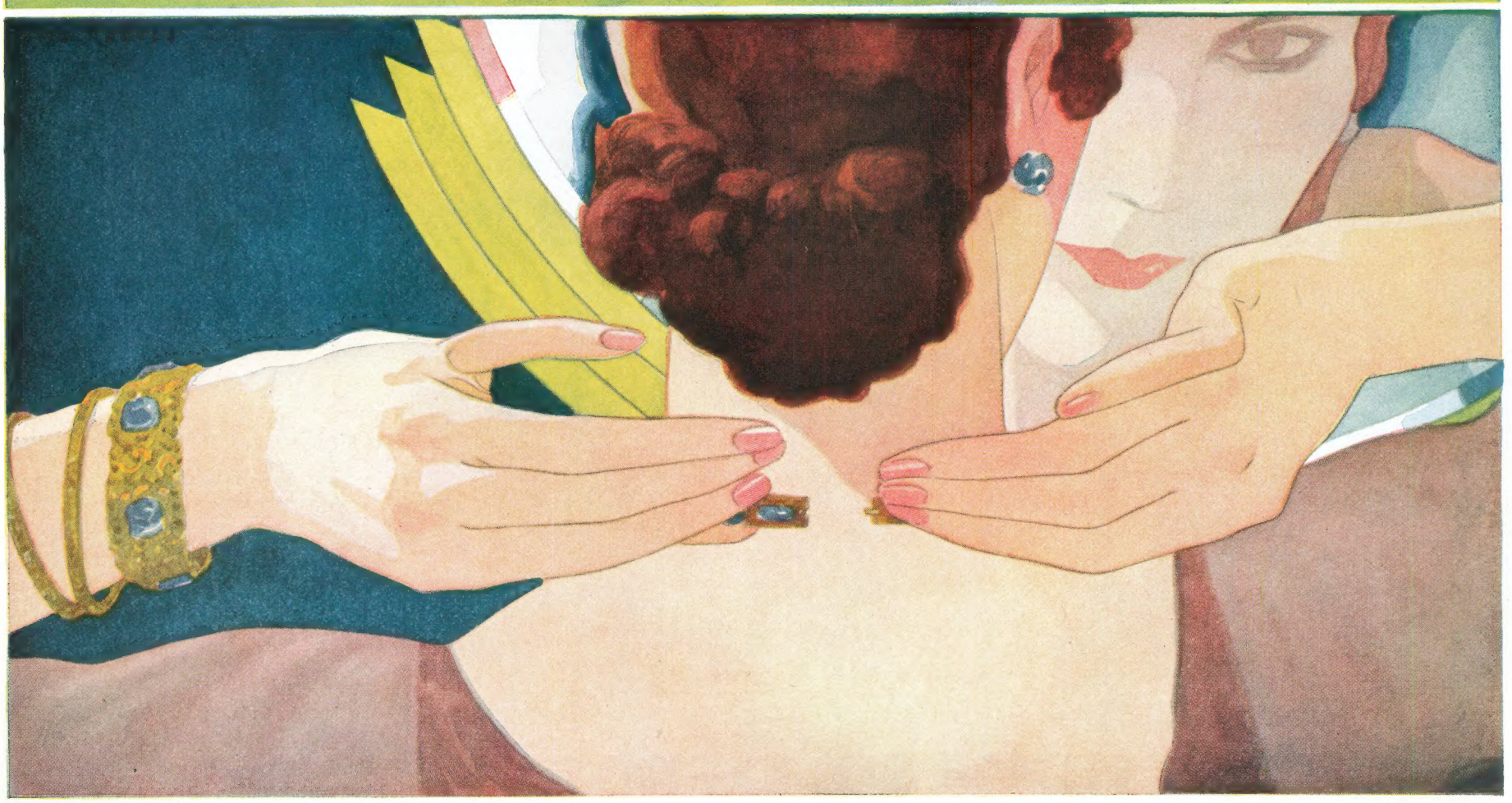
if you think housecleaning

I wish I were a writer. For fifteen minutes I've been trying to think up some exciting way to talk to you about hands. So now I've decided to start in the middle, so to speak! I'm going to tell you what Jane L . . . said about my hands — because it leads right into a beauty secret for yours!

At the last bridge party Jane, who's a new member, refused to believe that I had just finished my housecleaning. She said my hands looked too smooth and too nice!

Well, Jane or no Jane, my hands had been in soap suds for practically a week. I washed my cretonnes and sponged the oriental rugs—then cleaned every bit of the woodwork (and there's plenty of it in a white Colonial cottage!). I cleaned all the cupboards and washed every dish and glass. And then I put the wool blankets and hooked rugs through tubs and tubs full of suds.

But here's my secret: they weren't ordinary suds. They weren't the suds of strong "kitchen" soaps that dry and redden and age the skin so. They were the gentlest suds I know of — *Ivory* suds!



I wish talk to you . . . *is hard on nice hands!*

You see, Ivory treats my hands so kindly that they are smooth all the time — even after my busiest mornings. That's why they earn compliments like Jane's!

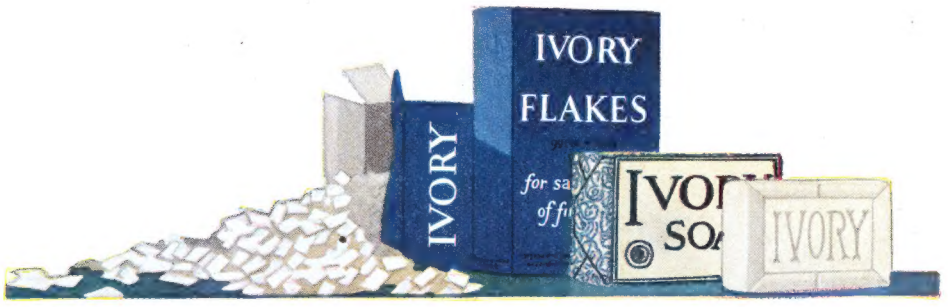
If you aren't quite happy about *your* hands, why don't you try Ivory for a while? In two weeks your hands will be thanking you — in the very nicest way that hands can! And first thing you know, your friends will be asking you what you do for them — what lotion you use — or whether you have a maid!

Every day Ivory proves to me that a pure, rich soap can do hard work well. And where a strong soap cleans and dulls (or bleeds the colors of clothes), Ivory cleans and *protects.*

Though Ivory's pure enough to be my baby's bath boat and my complexion soap—it's equally important to me in the kitchen and laundry. It turns clothes-washing and dishwashing and cleaning tasks into gentle Ivory baths . . . and that's the whole reason why even a spring housecleaning needn't be hard on one's hands!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

– kind to everything it touches – 99 44/100% *pure*



Beauty treatments for the home!

Some months I worry the budget to pieces, trying to squeeze out a new hat. But I never skimp on Ivory Soap and Ivory Flakes. Ivory pays for its upkeep in two ways—it keeps my hands as nice as if I had a maid—and it keeps my home as bright as new! People can hardly believe my linoleum is three years old. That's because Ivory suds have protected its surface. And my woodwork won't need repainting for many more housecleanings. In fact, it looks as glossy as if the painter were here yesterday!

Happier Mondays for colored clothes!

I like to make my baby's rompers and my own printed housefrocks—and they're too pretty to be washed by a soap that will fade their colors! So I use Ivory entirely on washday—and please my husband who's so finicky about his colored shirts. Cottons and linens cost more now—it only seems fair to give them as safe care as my baby's woolens or my own frivolous silk things!

These suds keep working until you rinse!

Chipso suds don't die down— they work better . . . and faster . . . because they are so *rich* and *lasting*

When you put your clothes into Chipso suds, you notice immediately one great difference between Chipso and many other soaps you may have tried.

The suds of many soaps thin out—they lose their richness and life—when soiled clothes touch them. They may even disappear entirely, a sign that your soap has practically stopped its work.

But Chipso suds "stand up"—they start at once to loosen dirt. And they keep on foaming through your clothes, working for you until you are ready to rinse. Without any help from you, they can soak practically all the dirt free from your clothes, so that only very soiled spots need any rubbing.

Chipso is *extra rich* soap . . . it is made of materials especially chosen to give rich, lasting suds which will do much of the work you would otherwise have to do yourself.

A *compact* soap — thrifty to use

Chipso works very economically because it is not a bulky soap. It holds very little air and moisture—this is why the big 25¢ Chipso box will do four or five washings or a month of dishwashings.

Have you ever compared Chipso suds with the suds of other soaps? Chipso suds "stand up" even when clothes are extra-soiled.

New . . . for lightning-fast dishwashing

Like magic for dishes! Chipso Granules are rich, lasting Chipso suds in steam-dried form. Ready-prepared for lightning-fast dishwashing. At your grocer's—look for the blue Chipso box with a *red* stripe.

The world's most popular packaged soap

DELINEATOR · · · MAY · 1930 · · ·

TWO POEMS

BY

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THE CURST KITCHEN

Everything is neat as wax,
Everything is spick and span
From the glitter on the axe
To the glimmer in the pan.

Everything is rinsed and rubbed,
Bowl and chopper, knife and pear,
And the floor has been so scrubbed
You could take your dinner there.

Not a fly upon the shelf
Where the jelly-glasses stand —
But I would not help myself,
Even with a mittened hand.

There is lettuce, there is meat,
And a loaf of country bread —
But I would not sit and eat
Where that tidy meal is spread.

Even with the longest spoon
I would not sit down and sup,
When the finger of the moon
Reaches for the empty cup.

When the twilight smells of earth
And the silence has no name
And the changeling by the hearth
Stares unblinking at the flame.

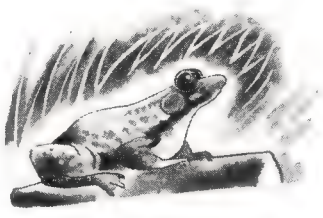
SHORT HISTORY

I saw a toad
Was eating a wasp.
The wings glowed
In the fumbling grasp.

The sting thrust
At the mumbling mouth,
Bitter as dust
And hot as drouth.

The toad swallowed
And spat brown.
His belly hollowed
To take wasp down.

His throat wrinkled,
His eyes bulged out,
His skin crinkled
With lust and doubt.



Ants were a pleasure,
Mayflies sweet,
But wasp was a treasure
Too hot to eat.

He coughed faintly
Like death at a saint.
He looked quaintly.
He tasted paint.

Wasp lay buried
In a leather bag
But his sting still harried
The puzzled hag.

Life was a nagger
And Life had gone,
But the acid dagger
Still hung on.

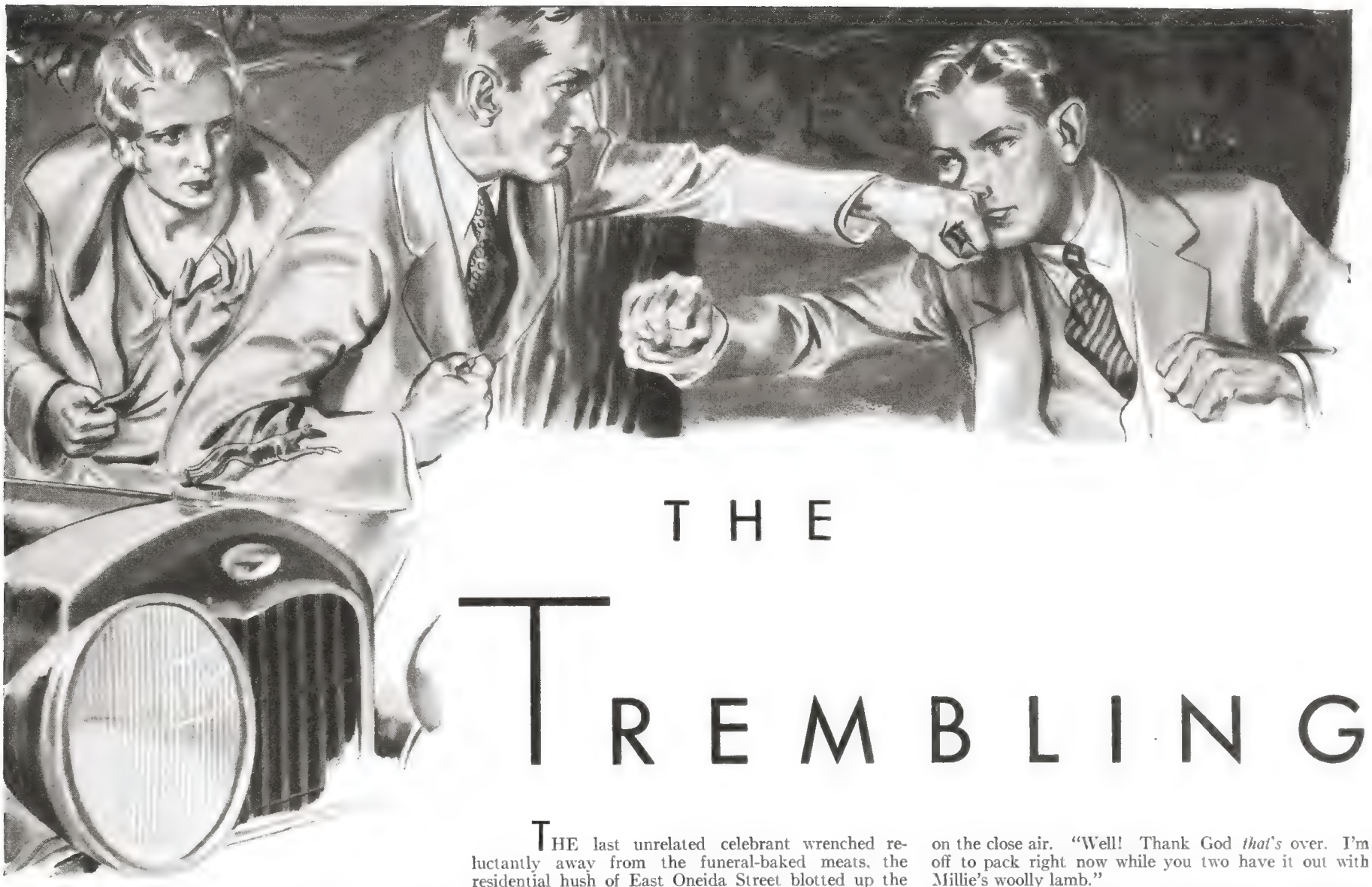
Toad had a pout
Of pain and grief.
He spat wasp out
On a parsley leaf.

Wasp crawled away
In toad's spittle.
Wasp looked gray.
Wasp looked little.

Toad, unbeaten,
Observed the crawl.
Wasp might be eaten
After all.

His tongue extended,
He caught the bruised
Body, defended
By steel long-used.

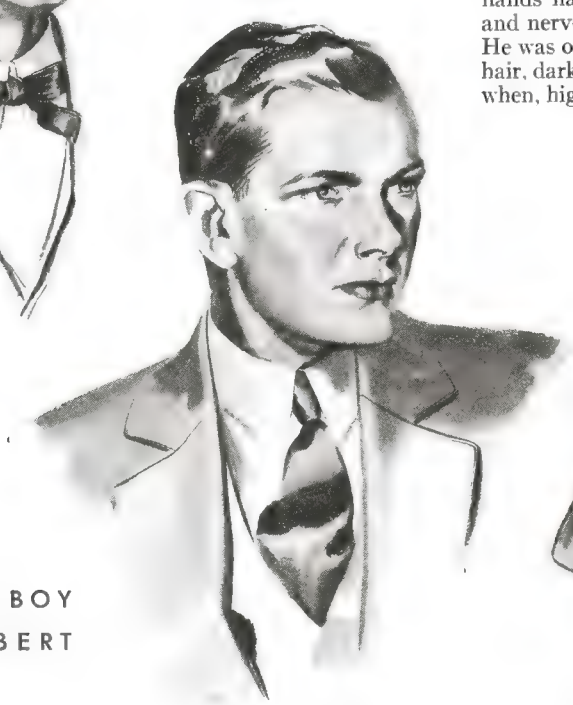
DECORATIONS BY
EVERETT HENRY



THE TREMBLING

As he heard the girl cry out in pain, Gib waded, with both fists swinging, into an affair that was none of his

LAWYER LANNING



THE BOY GILBERT

LYN CASTAIGNE

THE last unrelated celebrant wrenched reluctantly away from the funeral-baked meats, the residential hush of East Oneida Street blotted up the stutters of the last departing car. In the living-room of the old Parke mansion, four were left wilted beyond speech, what with the heat, heavy feeding, and the strain of bearing up bravely: Gilbert Parke, the poor dead lady's stepson, her only brother, J. Stuart Jarnol, Moira Jarnol his wife, and Sam Lanning, his counsel and second cousin.

The same sheer weariness, however, inspired Sam Lanning in the end to flourish the fat old silver timepiece which lent his professional surface its hallmark of plain living and probity; and J. Stuart Jarnol and Moira rose to the hint and traded meaning glances over the head of the remaining mourner.

This one sat in a droop, more bored than sad, over hands half-folded between his knees, hands whose lean and nervous grace, even in this indolence, was arresting. He was otherwise a personable stripling with unruly dark hair, dark eyes, and a dark, thin face which grew mutinous when, high-pitched in affectation, Moira's accents flatted on the close air. "Well! Thank God *that's* over. I'm off to pack right now while you two have it out with Millie's woolly lamb."

The woman bounced up, and switched out, whereupon her spouse sat up, ahemed, and put on a false front of fair intention.

"Moira is right, my lad. 'Do it now' is a rule you would do well to adopt for the new life you are beginning."

"Oh," Gilbert drawled. "Yeah?" And opened a stare, under which the features of J. Stuart Jarnol slowly heated.

J. Stuart's gaze was steel-gray behind nose-glasses, his mouth a trap ambushed by a cast-iron mustache. He had lived all his life on inherited means and the hope of coming into more if and when his sister had the decency to predecease him; but a way he had of making free with the initials of Wall Street's rulers encouraged the belief that he was as a brother to the best of them.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," he said. "It can serve no purpose to put off having our little talk."

Gilbert Parke, at a loss, looked to Sam Lanning; but Sam had never been numbered among Gib's apologists. Sam had the name of the slickest lawyer in the county, and as such, and bound by a cash retainer as well as ties of blood, it was Sam's part now to be busy mending the wrapper of what had but lately been a practicable ten-cent cigar.

THE baffled eyes turned back. "Talk about what?"

"Yourself, my lad—your—h'm—future, what you mean to make of your life now you're—h'm—thrown on your own resources."

"I don't get you." Gib's look grew denser. He had known all along—hadn't he?—J. Stuart would hardly wait till his sister was buried before trying to put something over. "Don't owe you anything, do I?"

"I should say you owed a great deal to the brother of the misguided lady who supported you so many years in idleness—and—h'm—mischief—"

"If she ever did anything for me because you asked her, this is the first I've heard of it."

"If I was you, Gib," Sam Lanning grunted, "and didn't have a Mamma Millie any more to keep a roof over my head and a shirt on my shiftless back, blamed if I'd be in quite such a hurry to climb on my high horse."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. A. BRYSON

A BREATHLESS NEW NOVEL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

STEP-UNCLE JARNOL

FLAME

"Joke's on you, Gib. You're pinched," said the sheriff, waiting for the crowd to cackle. And Gib knew that he hadn't even a dog's chance

"Thanks plenty. I guess that hangs up a record—makes me the first Parke that Sam Lanning ever advised free gratis. But I'm still all set for this big news of Mr. Jarnol's."

"I hardly see why it should come as a surprise to you, my lad, in view of the fact that my poor sister died intestate," said J. Stuart.

"Died how?"

"Intestate," Sam interpreted, "without having made a will."

"Leaving you with no visible means of support, while I, as next of kin, inherit all of Millie's estate, including this house and everything in it——"

"My father's house!"

"Not since his second marriage, my lad. The property was so heavily encumbered it would have been sold under foreclosure if Millie hadn't come to the rescue with her little fortune. But your father deeded all his real estate over to his wife—Millie became sole owner some ten years before your father died."

GIB got to his feet, swaying. "It's a dirty, cheating lie!"

"Tut—" J. Stuart said with maddening forbearance—"tut!"

"I personally put the transfer of title through," Sam Lanning interpolated.

"You were only a kiddie at the time, my lad, too young to understand. And later on, I have no doubt, poor Millie hesitated, out of sheer kindness, to tell you. A gentle soul," J. Stuart sighed tremolo.

"Go on—*you* tell me about her!"

"I was her brother."

"And never came near her except to nick her for a loan you wouldn't have to pay back. If you think I'm going to fall for this bunk about her not having left any will——"

"Shut your fool mouth, Gib," the voice boomed that Sam Lanning used to browbeat a witness with. "If Cousin Millie had ever executed a will, I'd have drawn it for her—and I never did."

"But she always told me I'd never want——"

"I bet she did. Cousin Millie used to talk, off and on, about leaving you something; but I always argued her out of it, showed her how it would do you more harm than good."

"You would!"

"Well, what did you expect, Gib?" Sam asked. "You made her life a misery from the day your father died; you broke her heart every time you got fired out of another school; and when she gave up and let you stay home, you took to batting around with the worst riff-raff in town. Think I'd advise any client of mine, let alone my own cousin, to leave a rip like you money to squander in loose living?"

"You see, Gilbert, we don't dispute your claim that poor dear Millie promised to leave you—h'm—something. But it fortunately so happens that she neglected——"

"I don't believe it. It's a rotten frame-up."

"And every word you utter makes it easier for me to say that, with your best interests at heart, my lad, I can only warn you not to look to me for another day's support. Henceforth you will either work or starve—the choice is yours. You are free to keep your room here until the legal formalities have been complied with——"

"Oh, shut up!" Gib snarled. "You make me sick. You admit Mamma Millie meant I should have enough to start life with. Well, go on and snitch every cent—I guess no one can stop you—and chuck me out of the house my father gave her—for a wedding present, I'd bet my last dollar! But can the lard about having my best interests at heart. I'd sleep in a ditch before I'd spend another night under the same roof with you. Maybe I'm as bad as you and Sam Lanning want to make out—that's my funeral. But so far as I'm concerned, you and your snooty Moira and your foxy lawyer cousin—you can all go to hell!"

That first paroxysm flung him hatless out of the house and down the flagged walk, but at the gate he brought up and hung briefly in the wind, wondering what to do next, where to turn, to the right or—away from it.

Not that any special sensitiveness to the moral aspect of the crisis bothered him. And after all, there was only one road to go. Nothing in the goodly prospect to the right held out any promise to Gib Parke, the ne'er-do-well. That way nothing lay but the long end of East Oneida Street, hive after hive of wealth and rank and fair repute; whereas, on the other hand, the brow was near down which the street dipped to Broadway, with the commercial quarter beyond; and "the Swamp," where, in rookeries along the railroad yards and river front, the under dog, the pariah, and the beast of prey kept house in snug fraternity.

Gib kicked the gate back and turned to the left.

HIGH noon of the next day, burning through a bare window, stung him awake to a thumping headache, an arid mouth, and strange walls reeling. He gave a grunt, and a voice very much like a crow's applauded.

"'Atsa stuff! Snap outa it, fella—'s ha'past tomorrow a'ready."

Gib, all in one surge, roused up on the side of the bed. The universe rocked and thundered, he screwed his eyes tight, bit hard upon involuntary moans, and lost a shade or so of congested color. Further caws, satiric, struck sparks of resentment from him.

"Aw, go jump in the river!"

"Call that a nice way to talk to your best friend?"

GIB'S cosmos consented to ride an evener keel; he made out a silhouette of head and shoulders; and at sight of that pinched long skull, the lees of memory knew a sluggish stir.

"Oh! 'Lo, Flink. Where'd you drop from?"

"Don't know a thing about me helpin' you up here last night to go bye-bye, do you?"

Gib groaned again. His haggard stare took stock of leprous walls and ceiling and a foggy window on the river.

"Where am I?"

"Up over Dutchy's. Feel pretty mean, fella?"

"I'll tell the world. I must've been pie-eyed."

"Don't kid yourself. You was poisoned. I've been settin' up here all mornin', waitin' to give you the antidote."

A siphon made a tall glass melodious. "Wrap yourself around that, fella—you'll feel more human."

The draught was from the first sip grateful. Gib's mumble mixed thanks with remorse.

"'S all right, fella. Only, don't count on ol' Doc Flink to bring you around next *(Turn to page 99)*

SPRING IS NOT

A Double-Barreled Love Story of Americans, Set in the Most Magical of Cities • Paris!

BY

BERNICE BROWN

Lydia's eyes did not waver from her mother's. hours." Her face was hard and she never

MISS POTTER had plenty of time to watch them because for five years they had both been coming to the Pension Buena Vista. The Pension Buena Vista, set back behind its anciently painted iron railing, was old and cheap. That was why Miss Potter stayed there. That, too, was why Mrs. Nancy Featherstone and her daughter, Lydia, had come there five years before.

"Some friends of mine, the Daceys, out home in Lansing, told me about this place," Mrs. Featherstone had confided to Miss Potter that first morning.

Mrs. Featherstone was then thirty-eight and looked older. She was handsome in a way—even Miss Potter admitted that. But there was a harassed line between her eyebrows, and the make-up she used accentuated the thinness of her cheeks.

"Yes, I remember the Daceys," said Miss Potter. "There was a dreadful girl who studied singing. I'm sure she had adenoids."

Mrs. Featherstone giggled. "Emmy. She's married now—the son of the bank president. She gets her clothes from me. That gives her the privilege of rubbing it in that I've never been to Paris. Ninny! I can buy better in Chicago than she could at Patou's," she said. "And as for style, Lyd, here, has got her lashed to the mast and begging for mercy."

"Oh, mom!"

Miss Potter, though she pretended not to notice, could not fail to see the blush that flooded the girl's pale cheeks. Lydia Featherstone was lovely. Miss Potter, who was plain and sixty, had felt for her, from the first, the wondering pity the old and ugly have for the young and fragile. Not that Lydia was fragile. The young weren't these days.

"Lyd could get a position in New York any day as a manikin," Mrs. Featherstone boasted, "but of course I need her." She smiled benignly. "She's through high school now and she's going to help me in the shop next year."

Again Lydia blushed.

"Now I've got to run along," said Mrs. Featherstone. "Maybe Miss Potter would be good enough to show you around a little. I expect she knows Paris better than a guide-book." She smiled. "I won't feel worried if I know she's with you, and Lyd's to pay for all the taxis."

Again the girl blushed, but this time Miss Potter spoke up sharply. "I take a walk every day, and there are a good many interesting things near here she would do well to visit. She drew down her upper lip grimly. "Taxis, I've noticed, are a refuge for the mentally slothful," she said.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE laughed. "I'm sure I didn't mean anything by that remark and I'd be awfully grateful to you for looking after Lyd a bit." There came into her eyes an expression that was as appealing as a gesture. "You see, I want this trip to be educational. I won't have time to go in for that much myself, but I want Lyd to get a lot out of it."

Miss Potter nodded. "I've lived in Paris twenty years. I'm as good as a Cook's guide and I flatter myself that my French history is better." She turned to Lydia. "I shall put on a still more ugly pair of boots and then I shall be ready. I think we'll go to the Luxembourg first."

Never would Miss Potter forget that first visit of the Featherstones to Paris. Miss Potter was not a person given to easy acquaintanceships. For years she had held herself aloof from the shifting group of English and Americans that filled the shabby Pension Buena Vista.

"I would rather be lonely than bored," she told herself grimly. Moreover, Miss Potter was one of the few people who are able to build up a working philosophy of life. What she had missed in human relationships, she was able, almost, to make up for in mental activities. She was an excellent French scholar, and there had for years been a rumor in the Pension Buena Vista that "Miss

FAR BEHIND

"Where were you?" she asked. "I waited once glanced at the old woman on the bed

ILLUSTRATION BY PRUETT CARTER

Potter was writing a book." From the first day, however, the Featherstones had succeeded in breaking through Miss Potter's crust of reserve. Though it was obvious she and Mrs. Featherstone did not have much in common, Miss Potter admired the younger woman's valiance and found it at the same time pathetic.

For all that she ran a shop, Miss Potter knew Mrs. Featherstone was not well dressed, and the defiant rouge with which she decked out her cheeks Miss Potter knew to be a spiritual buckler against the slings and arrows of outrageous fate. It was obvious she had not had an easy life, but it was also obvious she was not going to lie down, defeated.

The girl, however, was something else again. Miss Potter had watched streams of young girls drift through the Pension Buena Vista. Paris was doubtless a city of magic to them, but their prattling excitement had left her untouched. Lydia's excitement didn't.

"You know, Miss Potter," the girl confided that first morning, "I didn't sleep a wink last night. I have never slept in a bedroom with a fireplace in it before, or seen windows like those in our room that swing out and—oh, last night there must have been a nightingale in the garden! I think it's a beautiful place, Miss Potter. Isn't the furniture wonderful? It's so big and dignified and splendidly uncomfortable."

Miss Potter smiled. "Yes, it's uncomfortable," she said.

"Our room is grand," she went on. "I've never seen such a big bedroom. Why, it's as big as our whole flat at home. Our flat is terribly modern and convenient. I think I like things better that are old and unmodern. I don't mind a bit there being no bathtub on our floor, though Mom does terribly. I think it's hard to realize how big and exciting the world is in a modern two-room flat, don't you, Miss Potter?"

MISS POTTER looked down into the girl's shining face. "I think, after all, we'll go to the Cluny first this morning."

As Miss Potter looked back on it, she realized that those three weeks spent as a Cook's guide to Lydia were among the happiest of her life. They (*Turn to page 124*)

BY RUTH HAWTHORNE

GAY FRENCH RESORTS

CONTRARY TO BELIEF, THEY NEED NOT BE APPALLING TO THE POCKET-BOOK

"WHERE are you bound this week-end?"

"I? Deauville, of course. The races are beginning and I wouldn't miss that show for anything. Where are you going?"

"Antibes. I have a few extra days and I'm dying to sit on a rock in the sun. If I could take two weeks, I'd run down to Biarritz. Still, I do love Antibes."

"Deauville! Biarritz! Antibes! Dear me!" I thought to myself. "What stylish girls are these?" But they weren't, particularly. Just two ordinary, everyday American girls, who in no way differed from the great majority of everyday American girls we all know, except that they were living and working in Paris.

But like most Americans on their first visit to France, I cherished the glamourous illusion that the so-called smart resorts were inhabited solely by grand dukes and the Dolly sisters, with, perhaps, a generous sprinkling of bright young things who thought it cute to wear sailors' pants to dinner and spend their days standing on their hands in the front yards. This information I had gleaned from constant reading of the most elegant fashion papers and the Sunday advertisements of our leading shops, some of which I had written myself. Now, all these pretty tales are quite true, you'll find, but they are far from being the whole story. The beaches of France may be full of life and color, swarming with titles, flanked by Hispano-Suizas, but in no sense of the word are they private. The dukes and the Dollys are there, no doubt, but they are very nice about it. They never bother you. You may go *de luxe* or just plain tourist, whichever suits your fancy and your purse. No one cares. For France is a real democracy. Much more so than the United States when it comes to pleasure.

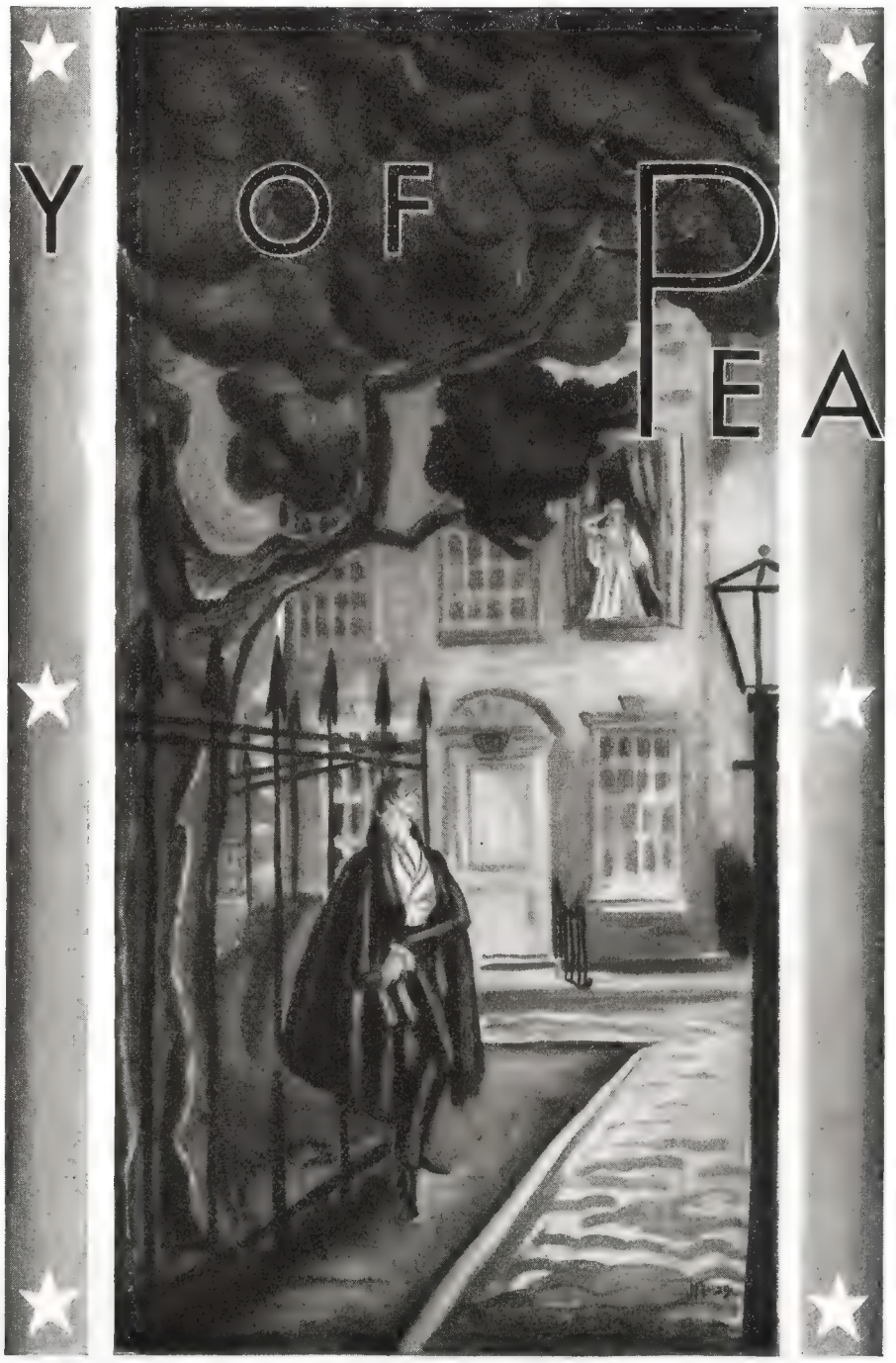
FEW ever buy a railroad ticket to Newport who have not achieved the privilege of entering the city gates by either the accident of being born to the right people or a good year on Wall Street. You might be the nicest person in the world, but unless you were distinctly *in*, you'd hardly have a jolly week-end at Southampton. Just about the only places open to you would be the Indian Village and the Public Library. Neither would compensate you for that drive through Brooklyn and Long Island City. It is the knowledge of this extreme exclusiveness of most of our well known resorts, and the quite human belief that the same thing is true in other countries, that leads the average traveler, on his first trip abroad, to spend most of his time in art galleries and cathedrals. By all means, don't miss a single cathedral, but take in a few casinos on the way. It is only by mixing the past and the present in any country that you get the full flavor of what it has to offer. You can find beauty and ancient romance on the Riviera as well as in the Louvre, and have a good time as well.

TO BE sure, there are clubs of one sort or another everywhere that only members can use. These are amazingly few, however. The casinos are always open to the public and the entrance fees are ridiculously small. The charges for food and wine are (*Turn to page 46*)

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

CRY OF PEACOCK

AN EPISODE OF HAUNTING LOVELINESS



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES REYNOLDS, FAMOUS MURALIST

With a sort of passion he strove to see the expression on her face. But he could not—too far, far, as she always was, as she must not, should not always be. Could she be thinking of him?

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE Ball was over. Soames decided to walk. In the cloak-room, whence he retrieved coat and opera hat, a mirror showed him a white-waistcoated figure, still trim, but a half-melted collar, and a brown edging to the gardenia in his buttonhole. Hot with a vengeance it had been! And taking a silk handkerchief from his cuff, he passed it over his face before putting on his hat.

Down the broad, red-carpeted steps where Chinese lanterns had burnt out, he passed into the Inner Temple and the dawn. A faint air from the river freshened his face. Half-past three!

Perhaps he had never danced so often as that night—so often and so long. Six times with Irene! Six times with girls of whom he now remembered nothing. Had he danced well? Dancing with *her*, he had been conscious only of her closeness and her scent; and dancing with those others, only of her circling apart, out of his reach.

Only fourteen days and fourteen nights—until her closeness and her scent should be forever his! She should be nearly home by now, with that stepmother of hers, in the hansom cab wherein he had placed them. How Irene detested that woman, and no wonder! For Soames knew well enough that to that woman's wish to get her stepdaughter married, so that she might marry again herself, he had owed his own chances these past eighteen months.

From the hall, bright with color and dark, gleaming wood, he moved slowly into half-lit stillness haunted by the drawl of a waltz fading as he went. And inhaling a long breath, grass-scented by the Temple Gardens, Soames stripped off his gloves, thin, black-stitched, of lavender hue. How Irene loved dancing! It would not be good form to dance with one's wife! Would that prevent him? No, by Jove!

By a rambler rose-bush in a tub and a Chinese lantern still alight—last splash of color in the gray of dawn—he turned, past one dim lamp at the corner of Middle Temple Lane, down to the Embankment, and Cleopatra's Needle. Cleopatra! A bad lot! If she'd been alive now, they'd have cut her in Rotten Row, and run her in for suicide; and there was her needle, and herself a great figure of romance—like those other bad lots, Helen of Troy, Semiramis, Mary, Queen of Scots—because—because she had felt in her veins what he felt now! Grand passion, no grander than his own! Well, they would never make *him* a figure of romance! And Soames grinned.

HE WALKED half-conscious, a sensation about his ribs as though his soul were bathing in a scent of sweet briar. All was empty of sound—no footsteps and no wheels—empty, foliaged, broad, the gray river coming to color as the sun trembled to the horizon. All waiting for the one idea of the whole world—heat. And Soames, with his one idea, walked fast. Her window! Surely the light in that window would not yet be out! If, for a moment of fresh air, she drew aside the blind, he might still see her, unseen himself, behind some lamp-post, in some doorway—see her as he had never seen her yet, as soon he would see her every night and every morning. And with that thought racing through him, he almost ran past each paling lamp; past Big Ben and the Abbey, slowly creeping to colossal life from its roof down, into Victoria Street, past his own rooms to the corner of the street where she was staying.

There he stopped, his heart beating. He must take care! She mustn't see him. She was strange, she was fitful—she mightn't like it—she wouldn't like it! He edged along the far side of the empty street. Dared he go further? Surely she could not mind if he walked swiftly past. Fourth house now, first window on the second floor! And by a lamp-post he halted, peering up. Open—yes—and the curtains half-drawn back to cool the room before she slept! Dared he? Suppose she saw him stealing by, stealing on her when she thought herself alone, unseen? Yet, if she saw him, would it not prove to her once more that she was his one thought, one prize and one desire? Could she mind that? In truth—he did not know, and he stood there, waiting. She must come to close the curtains against the brightening daylight. If only she had for him the feeling he had for her, then, indeed, she could not mind—she would be glad, and their gaze would cling together across this empty London street, eery in its silence, with not a cat to mark the meeting of their eyes. Blurred against the lamp-post, he stayed unmoving, aching for a sight of her. With his coat he blotted the whiteness of his shirt-front, took off his hat and crushed it to him. Now he was any stray, early idler with cheek against lamp-post and no face visible—any returning reveler. But his eye, close to the lamp-post's iron, moved not from that blank oblong where the curtain stirred feebly in the dawn breeze.

AND then he trembled. A white arm from the elbow up half slid into his view, and on the hand of it he saw her face resting, looking straight up over the roof opposite at the brightening sky. With a sort of passion he screwed his eyes to slits that he might see the expression on her face. But he could not—too far, far as she always was, as she must not, should not always be. Of what was she thinking? Of him? Of those little fleecy clouds passing from the west? Of the cooling air? Of herself? Of what? Joined with the lamp-post he stood, still as the dead, for if she caught sight of its thickened base she would vanish. Her neck, her hair looped back, were mixed into the folds of curtain—just the arm round and (*Turn to page 57*)

BLUE MARATHON

Lily saw the girl in red beckon to Freddie. "Don't go," Lily begged. "Why not?" he asked, "jealous, baby?" She clung to him. "Don't go!" He frowned. "I'm going!"

THE jazz orchestra drove up to the side entrance of the Hall just as Lily took her place in the line of applicants.

Ten young men wearing bright green coats and white flannel trousers in two station cabs. Glittering metal. White faces. Active, nervous bodies.

"This the place, Pinky?"

"This is the place."

"Where is the manager?"

A small, fattish man wearing a derby and smoking a cigar appeared on the sidewalk.

"I'm the manager. Get on in there. You're late."

Lily suddenly leaped out of the line.

"Oh, please!"

She caught at the fat little man's arm and lifted her face toward the light so that he might see her great eyes and her pretty mouth. "Give me a chance, sir. I'm a good dancer," she cried.

"Ever danced in a marathon?"

"No. But——"

"Got a strong heart?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You don't look strong."

"But I am. I am."

She clung to him, trying to project her prettiness. She was prettier than any girl in the line. She had soft, honey-colored hair, a perfect nose, a heart-shaped face. Her body was incredibly light. Her legs were beautiful.

The fat little manager tried to shake her off.

"Lemme go. I must pay these fellows."

Suddenly she slept, sprawled face down like a lifeless dummy

"Give me a chance, please. I need money. And I can dance. I can dance forever."

Something in her eyes bothered him. He was not given to analysis. Had you questioned him, he might have said that he pitied her. She was so young and desperate.

"All right," he said. "Go on in and see the doctor. If he says okay, it's okay. Got any clothes?"

She lifted a little hand-bag, bulging over with her wardrobe.

"Run along, then."

She ran, dodging angry hands that clutched at her from the line. Who was she, the upstart, to break out of the line and get a chance?

She raced along the unfamiliar concrete corridors of the Hall's backstage.

"Where's the doctor?"

"In here."

The doctor lounged against a pin table in a room that had been crudely fitted out as a dormitory. Iron cots stood in a row—twenty of them—like cots in a hospital ward. An odor of iodoform hung in the place.

Lily smiled at the doctor. She knew that her heart had fooled lots of them. It only acted up when she was excited or overtired. Relax, then. Take a good, deep breath and spar for time.

"Doctor, can I dance?"

A stethoscope already hung about his neck. He adjusted it and bent to listen to her heart. He was a fussy man, a critical man who hated this marathon business because it seemed to him to be a throwback to the Roman arena, to contests of endurance witnessed by morbid weaklings who were willing to pay for the privilege of seeing others, stronger, more resistant, suffer physically in public.

"What are you doing this for?" he asked Lily.

"Money," she said after a moment. "I'm hungry."

"Do you realize what it means? Dance two hours, rest fifteen minutes. Day and night for five hundred hours. Think you can compete with the professionals? They're used to it." He glanced up at her. "You're not."

Suddenly he ducked his head again to listen.

"That's funny——"

Lily laughed. "My heart's all right. I'm excited, that's all. Pass me, won't

A TALE OF THE DESPERATE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO WHIRL TO THE SOB OF A SAXOPHONE

BY

MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ADDISON BURBANK

you? I've got to dance. I've got to!"

The doctor removed the stethoscope, folded it and stuffed it carelessly into his pocket.

"I see," he said. "There's some fellow out there you're in love with. You've run away from home to follow him. Marathon crazy. It's a disease like any other. Incurable."

Suddenly he ceased to care.

"All right. Go ahead. But I'm sorry for your folks."

Lily hurried out again into the labyrinth of corridors. This Hall had once been a motion picture studio. Long abandoned, it was used on rare occasions to house such an attraction as this Blues Marathon, managed by Bloom Solomon.

A circular dance floor had been built beneath the intricate steel rafters supporting the glass roof. The spectators occupied boxes or promenaded behind a breast-high wooden railing. The band—those green-coated lads so smooth of hair and easy of foot—were massed in a pyramid. Spotlights fizzed, blazed. Popcorn venders shouted. And a thin stream of embarrassed people filtered in, grinning, uneasy, their appetite for endurance not yet whetted.

"Where's the manager?"

"Here I am, girlie. Okay?"

"Okay. Say, Mr. Solomon, when do we begin?"

"Eight-thirty."

"Where's—where's my partner?"

Then indeed her heart leaped; it seemed to leap out of her body, to turn over in mid-air, to flop back, like a fish. Awful. Terrible.

Freddie.

Yes, there he was. The same tall, lanky body, relaxed, leaning against the board partition of the men's dormitory. The same ugly, arresting face. The slow smile. The creased cheeks. The same sidelong look out of his eyes. Everything, everything Lily remembered and loved and feared and had followed. He couldn't lose her. He had tried. He had made her love him, and just as soon as he was sure of her, just as soon as he knew that she'd die for him, he left her. Left her with one of his light, evasive kisses, and a whispered, "Goodbye, baby. And take care of yourself. Be good to yourself. Remember me some time."

Remember him!

The sight of him, staring off at the crowd as if he hated it, smiling as if he knew a secret no one else knew, made her tremble from head to foot.

"Choose your partners," Mr. Solomon said.

The professionals were already together, comparing records, testing the floor, examining the flexible soles of their low-heeled shoes, like runners eager to go. The women wore loosely-belted dresses of light stuff. The men had discarded their coats. All of them, men and women, were chewing gum, rotating their jaws nervously, ceaselessly.

Freddie straightened up and shrugged his shoulders.

"Hello, baby," he said to Lily. "So you followed me, after all? What'll your folks say?"

"I had to come, Freddie."

"Yeah?"

"You don't mind? You'll forgive me?"

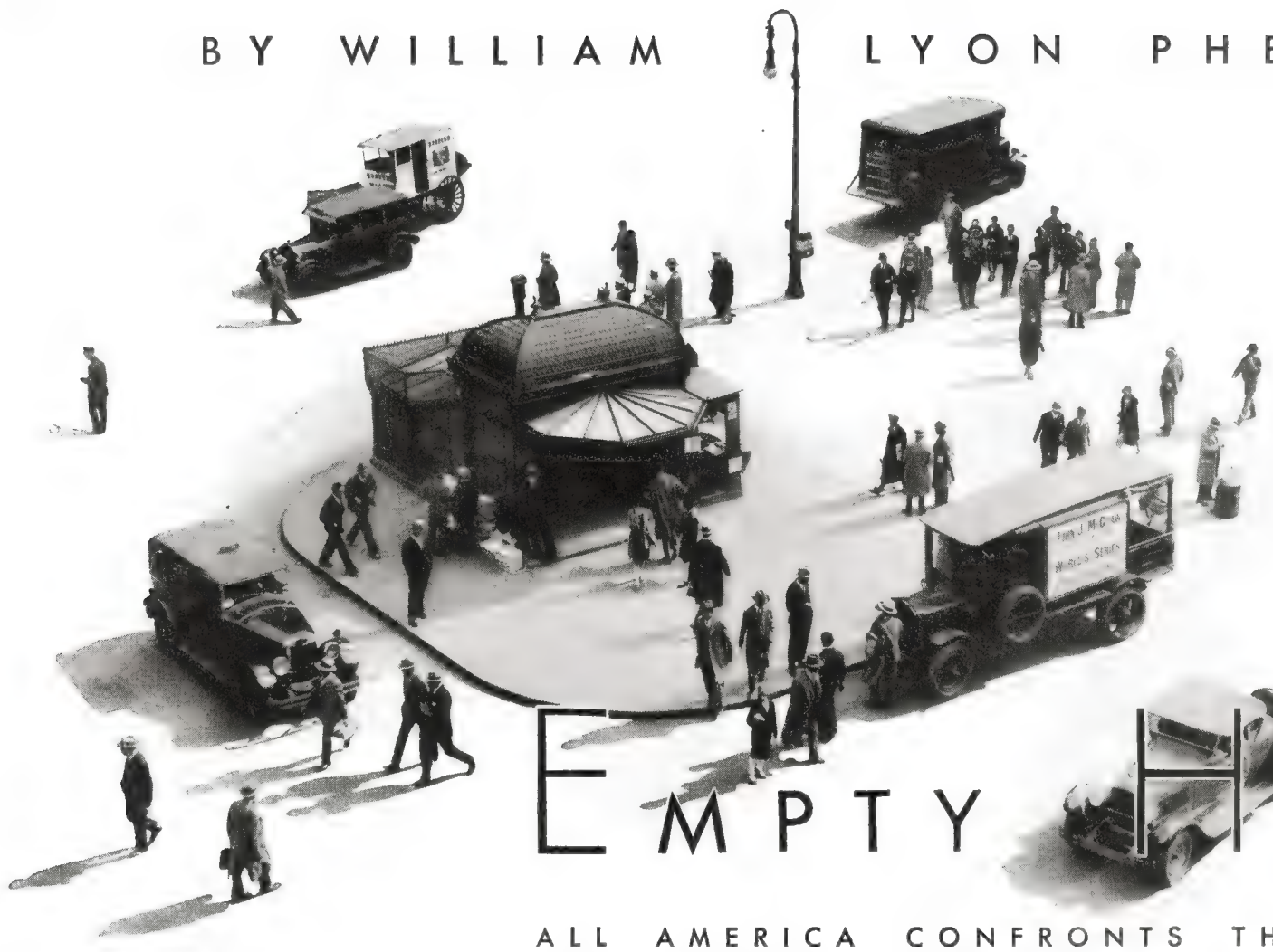
"You're a crazy kid. Following me across the country. I told you not to."

"I had to, Freddie. I had to."

He stared down at her. His slow voice broke against her heart, easing the familiar pain. (*Turn to page 58*)

Saxophone! Wail it! Here comes the bride.
Cornet! Moan it! Make it blue, boys

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER

EMPTY HOURS

ALL AMERICA CONFRONTS THIS QUESTION: WITH SHORTER WORKING DAYS, HOW SHALL WE USE OUR INCREASING LEISURE TIME?

ALTHOUGH regular work is man's—and woman's—greatest blessing—for the worst material misfortune of life is to be out of work, and the haunting fear of laborers is the prospective loss of the job—we really know nothing of the personality and character of individuals during their working hours, any more than we can understand their abilities and ideals when they are asleep. For during the majority of working hours, the inner man is asleep.

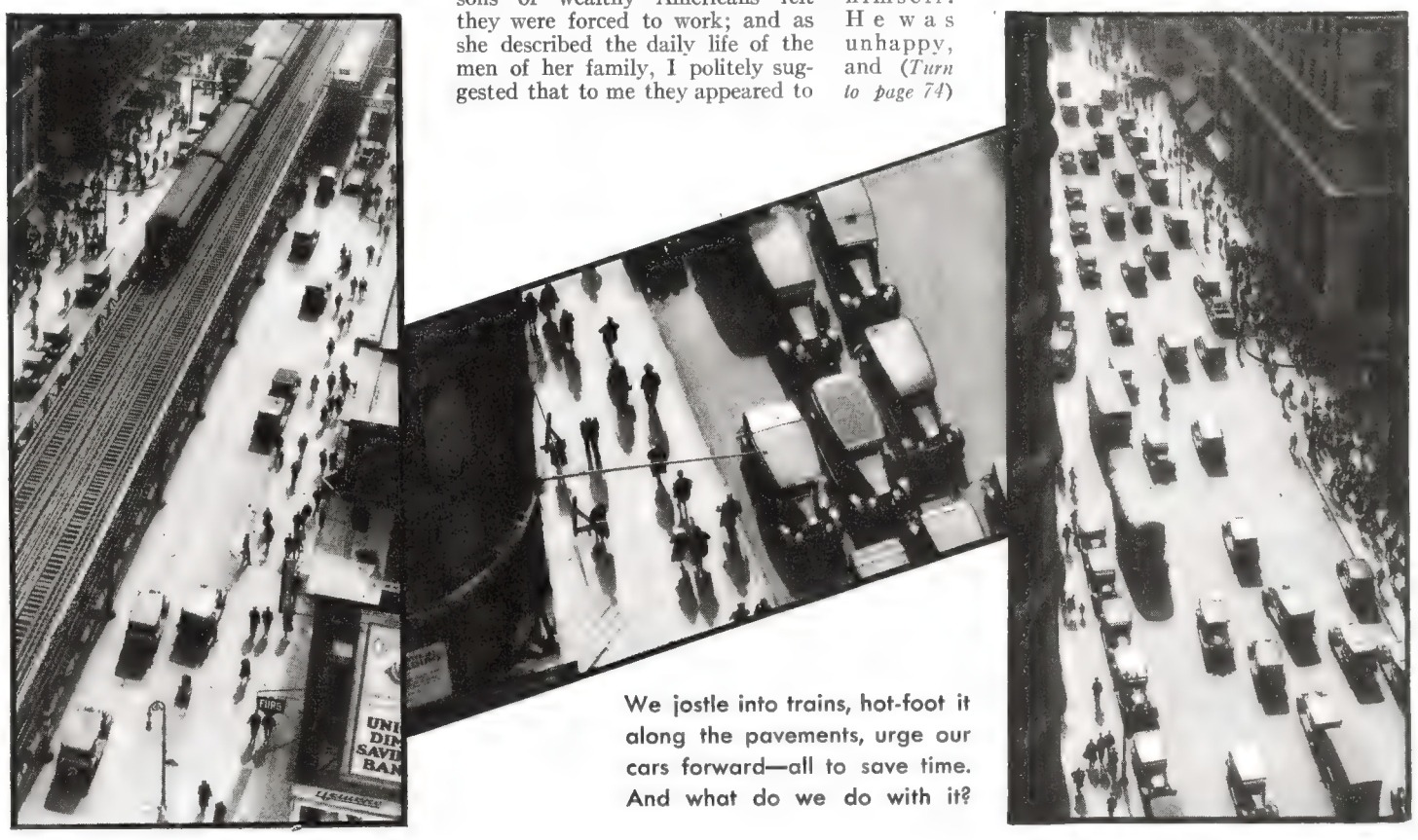
If you enter a factory and see a vast room filled with busy men clad in overalls, you cannot tell—you cannot even guess—the real nature of each individual: what he likes, what he does not like, what his pleasures are. If you enter a bank, and see the white collar brigade deeply engaged in neat penmanship, you might for a moment imagine from the similarity of their tasks that they themselves resemble one another; but of course you know the facts are quite otherwise. A row of men and women steadily writing or plying adding-machines or typewriters bear a resemblance of respectability. But if you wish to know anything concerning the personality or inner nature of these persons, you must see them outside of office hours.

The moment the day's work is over and the worker is free, where does he go? What is his conception of a good time? What use does he make of his leisure? For, except in the rare instances of creative work, it is not the nature of the work or the energy of effort or the quality of production, that determines the man. It is leisure, and leisure alone, that reveals or betrays him.

I will go further. The use of leisure eventually determines the fate of an entire community, or of an entire nation. The Roman Empire was destroyed, first, by too much leisure, second, by the wrong use of it. In the United States of America nearly everybody works; and it often happens that the richest individuals work the hardest. Almost any wealthy young man would be somewhat ashamed to admit that he had no occupation, that he was doing nothing. Perhaps we carry this social requirement too far; but at all events it is better than general idleness.

Once upon a time I was talking with an English lady, and she seemed surprised that the sons of wealthy Americans felt they were forced to work; and as she described the daily life of the men of her family, I politely suggested that to me they appeared to be doing nothing at all. She was genuinely astonished at my ignorance. "Why, my brothers are not idle; they play golf, they play tennis, they shoot in September, and hunt with the hounds in the winter. Haven't you any *gentlemen* in America?" I did not make the obvious and hackneyed reply, "Yes, we have many gentlemen of leisure, but we call them tramps."

On the other hand, an English peer told me he envied with all his heart the young Americans. He said that so far back as he could remember, not a single one of his ancestors had ever "done" anything. He had never done anything himself. He was unhappy, and (*Turn to page 74*)



We jostle into trains, hot-foot it along the pavements, urge our cars forward—all to save time. And what do we do with it?

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

"We always make our calls together, we're such friends. But perhaps you weren't quite ready to begin receiving, Mrs. Conrad?" Anne's head was whirling

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

"ANNE, Anne," Neal Conrad had whispered, "you are a queen in disguise. Help me to earn the lace for you to wear."

That was a summer night long ago, in a moonlit meadow, snowy with that fair, humble flower—Queen Anne's lace.

And Anne was the fair daughter of a humble farmer; Neal a forceful young lawyer of the town of Hinsboro. He knew how to get what he wanted—and he wanted Anne. They were married soon after.

Anne's life with Neal was the story of thousands of young married couples throughout America. Neal drove hard at his work, he entered politics and drove hard at that. Anne kept their house herself, she bore two children—Junior and Nancy. She wished that she could share in her husband's career. And she wholly neglected her beauty.

But one day Neal's friend, Clarence Hathaway, came to Hinsboro. He was in the United States diplomatic service in Paris. Suave, charming, he was destined for great things in public life. He looked on Anne and saw her possibilities. Persuading Neal that he needed a holiday in Europe, and that he must take his wife with him, they all sailed for Paris together. There Hathaway helped Anne to realize and display her loveliness. They shopped for perfect frocks for her, she learned the ways of Parisian exquisiteness. And then, at last, he made love to her.

THE SPARKLE OF WASHINGTON LIFE IS IN THIS NEW NOVEL BY THE WIFE OF A PROMINENT SENATOR

Anne responded—but then came rushing to her the full, deep meaning of her love, her loyalty for Neal. Let him neglect her; let him be wrapped up in his career. They were a partnership. She would stick by it!

That night, when Anne returned to the hotel, Neal rushed out from their apartment to greet her. He waved a cablegram. Anne read it, her heart overflowing.

It was from the governor of their state. He had appointed Neal to the United States Senate! *Here the story continues:*

TO THE day of her death Anne Conrad will remember with driving insistence her first winter in Washington as a senator's wife.

She and Neal discussed the question of a temporary home all the way over on the steamer coming back from Paris, and finally decided, on account of the children, that a small house would be preferable to an apartment. Dora brought Nancy and Junior to meet them in New York; and after a brief and unsatisfactory glimpse of her small son and daughter, Anne sent them back to Hinsboro in care of the faithful maid, who could be trusted with the preliminaries of closing the house there. Anne herself went on at once to Washington with Neal to begin her search for a dwelling place.

She began it confidently. It should not, she thought, be very hard to find exactly what they wanted—their

needs were not extensive or their standards exacting and she urged Neal to follow his impatient desire to begin getting settled in his quarters at the Senate office building, while she went out to look at houses by herself.

The real estate agent to whom she had applied assured her enthusiastically that he had the very thing she wanted. He led her to several untenanted marble palaces, hung with many tapestries and furnished in rickety gilt, and to a long succession of tall narrow edifices made of bright red brick, with one tin bath, and gloomy back parlors. She regarded these docilely at first; then she began to object.

"But this isn't at all the sort of house I described to you. You said you understood perfectly what I wanted."

"Indeed, Mrs. Conrad, I do. Nothing would be more suitable for a senatorial establishment than these residences. You will wish to entertain extensively, of course. The Argentine ambassador occupied this house we have just been in, for several years. His dinners were famous. You noticed, quite naturally, the advantages of the dining-room."

"I NOTICED its disadvantages," replied Anne, the trace of hardness in her voice. "It isn't on the same floor with the kitchen. And the pantry has no windows in it."

"But most houses, I assure you, are built that way. And the rent is so very reasonable—only six hundred dollars a month."

"Almost exactly my husband's entire monthly salary. Now will you please show me what I asked you for in the beginning—small houses, with about eight rooms, conveniently arranged, and at a reasonable rental. Unless it is clear to you now what I want, I think I had better go to another agent. Several have written and telephoned that they would be glad to show me houses."

The agent was grieved. It had not occurred to him that such a young, pretty, and gentle lady would be so unamenable to his blandishments. Allowing her to see that his feelings were hurt, first by coming for her in a dilapidated open car, instead of the limousine he had hitherto affected, and next by maintaining a lofty and dignified silence, he led her from one small dingy dwelling to another.

Anne went back to the Willard, late in the afternoon, dizzy with discouragement, and Neal expressed surprise at her lack of success.

"You don't mean to say you haven't found anything *yet?* I hate to keep talking about money, but it's darned expensive here, as you know—more for this one small room than our two big ones cost in Paris—while the restaurant charges are three times as high. Aren't you a little too fussy? We ought to be getting settled, you know, and having Dora and the children come down. They'll be late starting school as it is, and that's always a disadvantage. Surely you must be able to get *something*. I'd take a day off and help you hunt, but things are so terribly piled up at the office——"

"I know, Neal, I'll try again. But honestly, it's awfully hard. I think I'll write Dora to start the children in at school in Hinsboro."

"Good heavens! Is it as hopeless as *that?*"

"Well—I'm afraid it is."

But the next morning she began again. She dismissed the agent, declined the doubtfully useful services of several others, and started out by herself on foot, stopping before every house that displayed in its window a sign of *"For sale or to let."* The bewildering aspect of the city, in which a hovel and a palace often stand side by side, made her task more difficult.

But at last she discovered, tucked away between two handsome brownstone residences, a small house of yellow-painted brick. It was only two stories high; its location was excellent; and a notice, so large that it completely filled the modest bay window in which this was placed, proclaimed that it was seeking a tenant.

TREMBLINGLY, Anne sought out the agent, one of whom she had not previously heard. He catered to so small and select a clientele that he never advertised, but he received her with condescending cordiality. Yes, he would be glad to show her the house, which had just come on the market—Mrs. Harrison, its owner, had suddenly decided to go to Europe for the winter, perhaps for longer.

It proved to contain a small but sunny drawing-room opening into a dark little dining-room whose one window overlooked a diminutive back yard, and a kitchen in the ell; on the second story two large bedrooms and one small one, and a bathroom; in the basement, under the drawing-room, a storeroom which might conceivably be used as a playroom. The furniture was shabby, and Anne was amazed that any woman could leave her house so far from clean. But she felt, at last, that she had found something which offered possibilities, at least. She asked the amount of the rent.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a month without heat or light, linen or silver, of course. Very reasonable. And the telephone hasn't been disconnected. You won't have the inconvenience and delay of waiting to have one installed."

Anne was aghast. But she was also desperate.

"I'll let you know tomorrow. I think I'll probably take it."

"I'm sure you couldn't do better, Mrs. Conrad."

It was because Anne was so miserably sure of this herself that she painted the little house in brighter colors than it deserved to Neal that evening. And, even with this effort at *couleur-de-rose*, he was not enthusiastic.

"That's a terrible price. Why, we wouldn't have any more room than we did in the cottage—not as much, really, and you know what that cost! There's no place for me to work in it. Dora would have to use the same bathroom we did—imagine, all five of us, mornings—and Nancy would have to sleep with her. And there's no garage."

"I know all that. But we *could* manage. And it's the first place I've seen where we could."

It was on the tip of her tongue to urge him to go out and hunt himself if he felt he could do better. But she managed to restrain herself, remarking only, "I wish you'd come and look at it in the morning."

"I really ought to get at the office in good season. You see——"

"Yes, I know—but it will take only a few minutes."

Somewhat grudgingly, Neal consented to accompany her; and equally grudgingly he signed the lease a few days later, conveying the impression, though he did not actually say so, that he could have done much better himself, if the affairs of the nation had not weighed so heavily upon him. Then Anne, with a regretful look at her pretty hands, which she had hoped were to be kept looking that way always now, bought herself some cheap gingham dresses, a supply of scrubbing brushes, cleansing powders and soft cloths; and began the process of cleaning house from top to bottom.

It was back-breaking work; and her muscles were soft after her summer of physical inactivity. But she did not know where to seek for a scrubwoman; and she already saw, very plainly, that she would have to begin to save pennies again.

SHE did not even have the satisfaction of doing her housecleaning in uninterrupted peace. The telephone rang constantly; she began to feel that the "inconvenience and delay of having it installed" might have had its advantages. At first she answered it conscientiously, believing that its peals might portend tidings of importance to Neal. It usually proved, however, to be a photographer, who had—miraculously, as it seemed to her—discovered that she was in town, and wished her to have her picture taken. She would not have guessed that a city the size of Washington could contain so many photographers, or that a new senator's wife could seem so desirable a victim to any of them. She answered their suggestions with increasing vagueness and decreasing courtesy. When the same firm called her three times in twenty-four hours she hung up the receiver with a bang, and answered the telephone no more. Then, of course, a magnate from Belford who had only a day in the city called and received the report that "they didn't answer." It did not seem to occur to him that he could call up the Senate office building. He went home to Belford and wrote Neal a very indignant letter, (*Turn to page 80*)

ILLUSTRATED WITH LITHOGRAPHS BY CLARK FAY

Neal spoke with unaccustomed and unexpected tenderness. "Darling, it's all right. You'll get the hang of all this in no time. Anne, Anne, don't cry!"

What did Helen of Troy and her husband say to each other when the war was over?

JOHN ERSKINE REVIEWS

JOHN ERSKINE'S BOOKS

THE GLAMOUROUS HELEN • • • GALAHAD ADAM AND EVE • • • SINCERITY • • • UNCLE SAM

WHEN so many good books miss the attention they deserve, it may be ungrateful to think twice about criticism of those which have been kindly received. But the desire to communicate with his fellow is what makes an author, and if his book is liked for the wrong thing, or what he thinks is wrong, he wants to explain his intention. An adverse verdict he can overlook; the critic was obviously incompetent! But praise for merits he doesn't want puts the author on the defensive. Though he may not admit it, he asks himself, very privately, whether he missed his aim, or got the emphasis in the wrong place.

This embarrassment belongs in the experience of all artists. After you have expressed yourself, you learn that those in your audience are using your work to express *themselves*, and you and your purpose are left out. In a number of poems Browning told us that God will understand that subtle residuum which we couldn't put into words. It's the other way round. Only God understands the part of us which gets expressed.

I tried to dramatize this experience some years ago in a poem, "Sonata," about a painter whose work the crowd admired but never truly saw. I was amused to recognize the familiar symptoms when kind people began to make favorable comments about my trilogy, "Helen," "Galahad," and "Adam and Eve." The books were amusing, I learned, even funny; they were attempts to show up the absurdity of the classics; they should be read as the cavortings of a professor who had tired of classroom routine; they were called ironic by some friends who evidently define irony as flippancy or sarcasm.

As the second and the third novel appeared, these praises were joined with advice not to do it any more. I was told that I had a formula, and formulas should not be overworked; the three books were alike; I was in danger of writing too much. This last warning came chiefly from heroic columnists who review authoritatively a book a day, besides a longer article on Sundays, and who must devour what they criticize, one supposes, along with their breakfast coffee.

In "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" I had no intention of burlesquing Homer, or of ridiculing the classics. It was not from Homer that I took my material, as my critics would have known had they recently read him. The Iliad ends before Troy falls. There is a wonderful picture of Helen in the early part of the Odyssey; I drew on it for the last chapter of my book. Anything else I owe to ancient writers, to Hesiod, to Quintus Smyrnæus, to Herodotus, can be found in the great bibliography of Helen literature, the article which Pierre Bayle wrote in the eighteenth century for his "Dictionnaire Historique et Critique." The article is so important and so well known that no competent scholar would think of discussing a book on Helen without making use of it. Some light on the equipment of criticism nowadays is supplied by the fact that no reviewers, so far as I am aware, gave evidence that they had heard of Bayle, nor of the material he brought together. Of course a novel can be competently judged without regard to its literary sources, and so it should be judged, but in the case of "Helen" few reviewers could resist telling the public what I was trying to do to Homer. If they had been better acquainted with the subject, they might not have attributed to me motives I was innocent of, and they would not have encouraged my readers to find in the books effects which I believe are not there.

All that Adam dreamed of was incarnate in Lilith, and yet Eve got the man

The Greeks had a well defined myth that after Troy, Helen settled down once more to a domestic life. Their references to this period in her career are not in the heroic manner of great poetry; it was not a heroic episode, either for her or for the husband who took her back. He wanted to kill her, but the myth says she was too beautiful. What on earth did they say to each other, now that the war receded and they were left alone? I have long wondered why none of the great writers gave us these scenes at length, but since they didn't, why shouldn't a modern man make a guess? There would be comedy and tragedy both, but mixed, as in life, or identical. Helen, of course, would have to be shown as charming and as very intelligent; it would call for brains to reduce Menelaos to a state even of armed neutrality, after what had happened. The neighbors would be interested in the brilliant sinner, unexpectedly returned. She probably would have her opinion of them, as she had had her own good reasons for running away, and no doubt she would have an argument of some kind in defense of everything she had done.

In fact, I first called the book "The Argument of Helen," and only when it was ready to print did I adopt the title it now has. My friends would ask me what I was writing, (*Turn to page 84*)

Galahad rode away to seek a perfection he knew better than to look for at home

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDUARD BUK ULREICH

Lena G. Towsley

Love of the out-of-doors, the fun of knowing trees and flowers and wild things, draw parents and children closer together

TAKE YOUR CHILD TO NATURE

BY ELLEN EDDY SHAW

Miss Shaw is curator of elementary instruction at the famous Brooklyn Botanic Gardens. Nothing pleases her more than to share her knowledge and enthusiasms with young folk

NEARLY forty years ago nature study had its birth in one of the Boston schools, but long before that, nature study in its largest sense was taught. In this country we could go back to the time of the first Thanksgiving dinner, or even before that, when the few children in that little band of first settlers scoured the woods with their fathers and learned to know the flowers and fruits that grew in those woods where the town of Plymouth now stands.

The strongest appeal that nature study makes is this - it is a subject bound up with the daily life of children; not in schools alone, but at home with parents; a subject offering an opportunity vast and far-reaching for parents as well as children.

If we believe that education has to do with learning how to choose rightly all the rest of our lives, then it is very important that normal, healthy avenues of interest be opened by the parent at home, for it is before the school period that we may lay down these interests, and the vital point is to bind them closely to the home and the parents. There is no substitute for this.

Nature study as a subject offers an opportunity for children not only to learn about the world they are living in, the only world they have any experience with, but it develops straight thinking, and ability to carry experiences through to a finish with no chance of sidestepping issues. It is a very easy thing for any educator to say this. One might use this same sentence concerning almost any subject in the curriculum, but this particular subject of nature study offers perhaps the easiest, most delightful opportunity to parents.

It is normal and natural that children should love the outdoors, should delight in their pets, should long to climb trees and run along the brookside; far more normal than it is for a child to sit down and do sums in arithmetic or start a foreign language, or even stick, with joy, to his piano stool. When the American father takes his young son and daughter on a Sunday morning to the park, if he lives in the city (or the woods and fields, if he is a country dweller), he is not only doing a little nature study with his children, but he is also pursuing a natural interest.

A great many parents, possibly the majority of parents, will say: "I do not know enough about this world we live in to teach my child. I shall hire a good nature study teacher to take him and some others on Saturday morning walks." Or: "I shall send him to camp this summer and he will get all the nature study he needs."

Now, the whole point is lost. The child may learn more at camp with a trained teacher, but he has lost that mutual experience, that foundation of delightful memory which binds and holds. All the things we do in our early years with our fathers and mothers are the important foundation for the rest of our lives, and when this foundation is laid entirely by schools, churches, trained teachers, and governesses, something has (*Turn to page 134*)

DELINEATOR'S DEPARTMENT OF CHILD TRAINING

began in our January issue. And hundreds of mothers and fathers have written their praise of this helpful new plan for parent education.

MARION M. MILLER

is the Department's Editor. She will be glad to advise you on special problems.

NEXT MONTH: DISCIPLINE

Hal Phyfe

CONINGSBY DAWSON

Concludes this splendid novel of a man's quest for love in a war-mad world

"Why have you allowed me to sit here talking?"
"Because I love you more than ever," Gay whispered

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

WAR is ruthless. And the girl one loves can be equally so. Gordie Fithian learned both facts to his sorrow.

He joined up with the Canadian expeditionary forces at the beginning of the World War for just one reason—to be near Gay Farling, his boyhood playmate, who had returned to England. The fact that she was now the adopted daughter of Lord Methwaite did not worry him. He had always adored her. Of course she would welcome him and be proud of him in his uniform. Thus he dreamed.

The reality was far different. Gay was now a belle of London society. Gossip said she was engaged to Captain Darfree, a millionaire sportsman. Gordie met Darfree's discarded mistress, Flo Weatherby. When Gay scorned the shabby Canadian soldier boy, Flo volunteered to be his friend.

He needed one desperately. The horrors of the front line trenches assailed him. His father, now a colonel, was far away in Africa—a land he knew well, where Gordie had been born. When Gordie was assigned to an officers' training camp at Folkestone, he would have perished of loneliness except for Flo's gallant comradeship.

His training course ended. Then came two days of leave in London before returning to France. In a night club with Flo, Gordie found Gay. She snatched him away and the following day came for him in her car for a picnic in the country. Here was a new Gay—who wooed Gordie instead of spurning him. When they stopped for lunch beside a brook she threw herself into his arms. *Here is the conclusion of the story:*

GRADUALLY they grew calm, and gazed at each other self-consciously. They were the same people they had been. The gates of paradise were closing.

"You're not really due back at the front, are you?" Gay questioned. "You said that just to frighten me."

"I am, unfortunately."

"Can't you have your leave extended?" Gay pleaded.

"Out of the question," Gordie answered, his voice firm.

"But only long enough for us to be married. If we were married before you go, I should feel so comfy."

Gordie took her tender face between his hands.

"Who in the army cares whether you and I are married?"

She jerked away and sat up, crouching on her heels.

"Then what are we? In the few hours that remain, what can we become to each other?"

"Lovers."

"Not even engaged?"

"Between ourselves if you like. But for your sake we must keep the secret."

"But I'm proud of you, Gordie. I want to shout from the housetops that you're mine."

"Let's lunch," he suggested, "and pretend we're sensible."

As he helped her to her feet, she pouted. "If not loving you is sensible, I hope I'll never be sensible again."

They had filled the kettle from the brook and persuaded it to boil. The meal ended, sprawled at a little distance from him, Gay said: "Isn't it funny? Love isn't plain sailing. Nothing's what it's cracked up to be."

"Come here, Gay." She wriggled close to him. "Nothing is ever what it's cracked up to be. I'm not. You're not. To have learned that now, instead of later, saves us a lot of disappointment. So you see, there's something gained when dreams fall short."

"That's the same as the terrible thing you told me last night—that one doesn't marry to be happy."

"One doesn't. Think of all the married people you know. One marries," he hesitated, "partly because he can't help himself, but mostly that he may have some one with whom to share everything."

Having repacked the hamper, they stowed it in the car. On the point of departure, they glanced back at the little glade.

"It's like a little white church," Gordie whispered. "It's been kind to us. I wonder whether it will be as kind the next time we visit it."

"Whether I'll be as kind—that's what you're meaning." She pressed against him. "Darlingest, please believe me—I'll be faithful."

Once in the car, she whirled him away as though by speed the present could be prolonged. There was little lucid conversation. His arm encircled her while she drove; their knees were touching. Every few miles, when their longing became too intense, they would halt to embrace. Then, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, they would push on.

THE afternoon grew late.

"You're sure you know where you're going?" Gordie asked.

Gay nodded, as in a dream.

"But do you know where we are?"

"Vaguely."

Leaning forward, he switched off the engine.

"I don't intend to scold you. But I must have the truth. What's your game?"

"Trying to keep you a little longer."

"By which you mean that there isn't an earthly chance

"What's Gay doing now? Out with it!" Flo answered him slowly: "Dear boy, why make me hurt you? Tomorrow she's marrying Darfree"

of our reaching London for me to catch my train?"

" 'Fraid not." She smiled impishly, as though expecting him to congratulate her.

His expression became stern.

"If that's the case, you've tricked me into breaking my word of honor."

"You'll get back, old fuss-bag." She advanced her lips temptingly.

He disregarded them.

"How can I?"

"I'll drive you."

In his relief, he laughed.

"Never thought of that. Have you a map handy?"

She produced one and spread it on their knees.

"Here's this village." She pointed.

To his amazement he discovered that they were on the south coast almost within sight of the sea. The entire afternoon, by circuitous routes, she had been leading him further astray.

GORDIE was busy calculating distances. They were less than fifteen miles from Brighton. He roughly measured the road from Brighton to Folkestone.

"It works out at about a hundred miles. Why, you're crying! Cheer up. You've not done much damage."

"But I don't like you to think I'm not perfect." She snuggled her cheek against his tunic.

"We'll discuss that later. One hurdle at a time. Driving fast, we can reach camp in between three and four hours. But then we've not dined. You've been at the wheel all day and must be tired."

"Don't consider my tiredness." She blinked away her tears. "I'll have weeks in which to be tired when you've gone. We can dine at Brighton and get to Folkestone before midnight. That saves your bacon for you, doesn't it?"

"By sunrise would save my bacon." He became nonchalant.

"Sorry I've mucked you, Gordie."

She spoke so penitently that his resentment faded.

"You haven't." He flung his arm around her slim shoulders. "Your way of doing things is splendid—much better than mine. You'll be able to see me off."

"I had that in mind." She beamed up at him. "I want to stay with you as far as the dock gate, because last time I failed you."

The downs began to dip. With the unexpectedness of adventure the sea swam into sight. In a sudden rush of gratitude he hugged her.

"Really, this is jolly."

"Why the appreciation?"

"If I'd had my way, we'd be on the London platform, bidding each other goodbye, instead of which we still have hours together."

SHE became as delighted with herself as a complimented child.

"Here's how I argued, Gordie. What does sleep matter? To steal one night from all the nights we're going to lose is something."

"Do you know how I'm feeling?" He endorsed her wisdom. "As though I'd been penniless and had discovered a fortune."

They entered Brighton in a gale of high spirits and pulled up before the Old Ship Hotel. Having formulated no plans, they left the car against the pavement.

"It's our kind of honeymoon," she whispered.

"An engagement and a honeymoon in one day's rather speedy," he chaffed.

She took his arm. "What a slow old mule you've been, Gordie. We might have been doing this for ages, if you'd hunted me."

They were appointed a table next a window, from which they could watch crowds sauntering along the sea front while they dined. Darfree's name cropped up.

"It's as though he had never existed," she swept the name aside.

After dinner they took a stroll. Halting before shop windows, they played the game, dear to lovers, of furnishing a little house in imagination. Only once did she break through the thin ice of pretense.

"You won't be here soon. What shall I do? It'll be awful."

"I shall be thinking of you," he consoled her.

The sun had long since set. Twilight faded. Weary with wandering, they chose a bench on the promenade. The hour was midnight when they decided to resume their journey.

Returning to the hotel, they found its door locked and every sign quenched that it had ever been inhabited. They climbed into the runabout, which was standing where they had left it.

"Only you and I alive in a dead world." He leaned across the wheel and kissed her.

"When you've finished making a meal of me, you greedy person!"

She turned the switch and shifted the levers. The battery responded, but the car remained stationary. She did it again, with the same result. The petrol tank was empty.

"The old bus must have landed us at the hotel with its last drop!" Gay exclaimed.

At this late hour no help was obtainable. Every garage was shut. Joy-riding, such as they had been indulging in, was frowned on as unpatriotic.

Gay directed Gordie where to find her reserve supply of petrol and watched him while he did the replenishing. This time the test was made, the machinery responded. Immediately she shut off the engine and sat thoughtful.

"Why are we waiting?" he inquired.

"Because I'm not good at arithmetic. How many miles did you say it was to Folkestone?"

"A hundred, more or less."

"Then I'm afraid," she faltered apologetically. "Look here, don't suspect that I planned this. I'm awfully sorry—we haven't enough petrol to make so long a journey."

"How much have we?"

"Scarcely enough with careful driving to carry us to London."

"We'll arrive by two—between two and three at latest." He was speaking to himself far more than to her. "I can catch the early leave-train. If I do that, I can just manage it."

"But you haven't told me that you don't suspect me," she urged him.

"I won't suspect you," he said slowly, "if you get me there."

"I will," she promised.

THEY had been traveling in silence. The phosphorescent plain of sea had been left behind. The misty expanse of shadowy country and shrouded villages, through which they were now passing, did nothing to relieve his tension.

In a small, shaky voice, she challenged him.

"You're not loving me as much," she accused him.

"I expect I am. At the moment I've something else to worry me."

"But I'm loving you more," she persisted. "My back aches. Put your arm behind me to support it."

He obliged perfunctorily, but at the pressure of her warm, young body, his longing quickened. He glanced at her and pictured how he would regret the opportunities which he was now muddling. If there was anything to forgive, he ought to forgive her. She was doing her utmost to repair the error caused by her fondness.

"Poor kid!" He drew her closer.

She slowed down—gradually halted. Twisting in his arms, she was weeping wildly on his shoulder. Between her sobs, he made out what she was saying.

"I could give myself to you, if you asked me."

When they were moving again, he explained. "I've waited for you too long to spoil everything at the last. I might be killed out there. If that happened, I would want you to think well of me. Perhaps I'm selfish."

"Dearest boy!"

They galloped on. The ghostly streak of road unwound and disappeared. He sat clasping her as in a trance.

"We're getting there," she whispered triumphantly.

HOUSES were growing denser. The outskirts of London were commencing.

"How much further?"

At that moment the engine came to a sighing stop. She left the wheel to examine.

"The petrol's exhausted. It's as I thought."

"How much further?" he repeated.

"About nine miles."

He began adjusting his haversack.

"Why are you doing that?"

"What else can I do? Got to get there somehow. I must walk."

"You'll find no taxis or buses running."

He smiled grimly in the darkness. "Then I'll have to do the running for them."

"But I'm too tired to come with you and I can't stay here." The next minute she had regained her courage "Why, of course, that solves it. There's a flying field within two miles. One of the officers is sweet on me. He'll either give us a fill of petrol or lend us a car."

The officer did neither. He was in pajamas when a sentry conducted them to his hut. (*Turn to page 46*)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

BORED TO DISTINCTION

IN WHICH

CELIA CAROLINE COLE

TELLS THE REWARDS OF GROOMING

ONCE long ago I told you how, when I first went around to salons to learn everything about beauty and saw all those numberless bottles and jars which women must use, I could think of nothing but the quatrain:

"Fight on, my men," said Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slain.
I'll lay me down and bleed a while,
And then I'll rise and fight again."

And then a little later, when I was trying them all out, week after week of faithful application, I could think of nothing but the tired old woman's epitaph:

"Don't wake me now, don't wake me ever,
I want to do nothing forever and ever."

It bored me so—the endless necessity of doing it properly and oh, so faithfully. And yet I wanted the distinction of grooming that all those women had whom I saw passing through the halls of the beauty salons. They looked so crisply clean. And so chic. So perfectly cared-for. Did it bore them—all this fussing—the way it did me? They didn't look as if they had ever been bored. They all looked keen and alive and gay, or mysterious like story-book ladies.

It made me think. Did anybody ever reach this distinction without being bored on the way? All the great people of the world—how many times had they been bored by detail and people and seeming waste of lovely hours as they climbed their hills to distinction? What had they done about it?

PERHAPS they escaped by sending their minds right *through* all the boredom, keeping them fixed on the brilliant goal, and then, because the mind was elsewhere, all those boresome motions became automatic and bothered them not at all!

Or perhaps they were clever enough to find a mental slant towards even the boring things that made them seem interesting. Or maybe they simply had shut their teeth and said to their protesting minds, "Now, you *march!*" And then they had gone through those tiresome details by the strength of their will.

Or possibly they had shaken their shoulders loose and grinned at themselves and said, "Stop fussing—take it in your stride. Shoot! Aren't you ever going to grow up?"

There's always a choice in this admirably planned world—you can dance and pay your piper or you can stay outside and pay nobody. And neither is bad if you know how to do it.

There are women who were born so fair and lovely that they don't have to do much to be—and to keep—beautiful. But most of us have to fuss a bit. And everybody has to fuss a bit if she wants the distinction of looking perfectly groomed. I suppose not one woman in a hundred uses her preparations correctly or buys with perfect understanding as to color and texture. Or keeps at it every day until she has attained that look of being a lady with a personal maid and seven generations back of her of wealth and fashion.

But it can be done, and all in one young lifetime.

ACCEPT the fact that you can't keep your face really clean, if you live in a city, by simply going over it once with a cleansing cream. Always after the cream use skin tonic, wiping the face off with it or washing with soap and water. Or using a liquid cleanser that penetrates as deeply as alcohol without the drying quality of alcohol. And don't stop with cleansing face and neck with soap and cleanser and tonic; go down between the shoulders and all over the chest and well up behind the ears. Cleanliness is one-half of this road you're going to walk.

And after cleansing well—not a sin of uncleanness anywhere among you—you can't just slip into bed and off to sleep. Unless you are very young, you must give a little time to toning; anybody in the fiery forties, and up, better never miss a night! Pat your tonic in briskly, get it into the pores and waken them; a few little spanks are just a waste of time. Lie down, if you're tired, and pat briskly for five minutes with the patter or cotton pad soaked with tonic or freshener or astringent—rhythmically up and out. That's the added inch you must go if you want to arrive at the lovely "groomed" look. Unless your skin is dry, pat with astringent; if dry, with tonic. One-two-three-four, up all over the neck, then along the jaw-bone, then from point of chin to temples, then from sides of chin straight up past the droopy corners of the mouth to the antrum; next from between the brows up to the hair.

And after the toning, a thin film of pore cream on all enlarged pores, nourishing cream worked in around the eyes. Don't just smooth it on—that's what the ninety and nine do who never arrive at distinction. And if the face is dry, a thin film of nourishing cream all over the face for the night. Perhaps all those (*Turn to page 120*)

FLAWLESS BEAUTY

Skin without blemishes; hair sleek and shining; a beautiful body—these booklets will help you achieve greater loveliness. SKIN LIKE SILK. . . TOPKNOTS AND FUZZ. . . . REDUCING IN SPOTS. Twenty-five cents each from Booklet Service

DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

NEWS FOR NURSERIES

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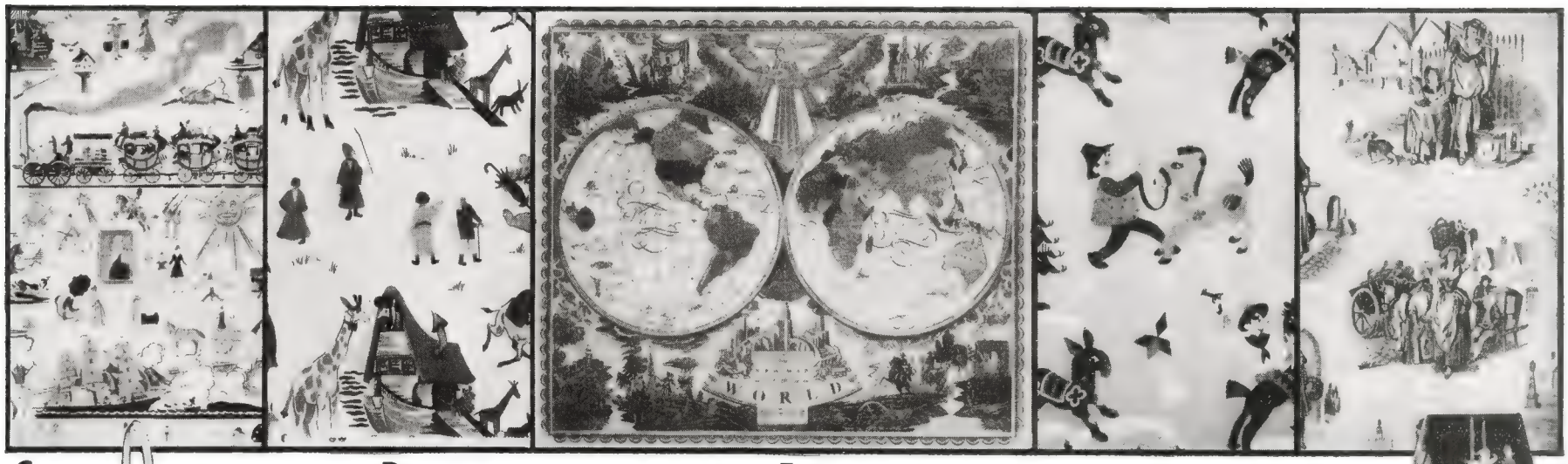
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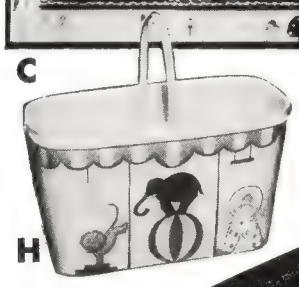
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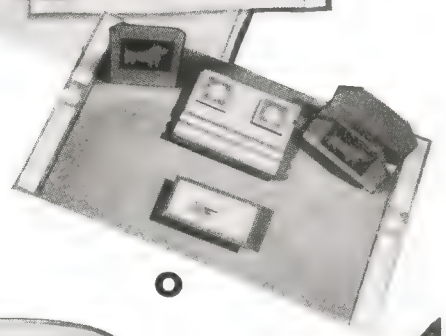
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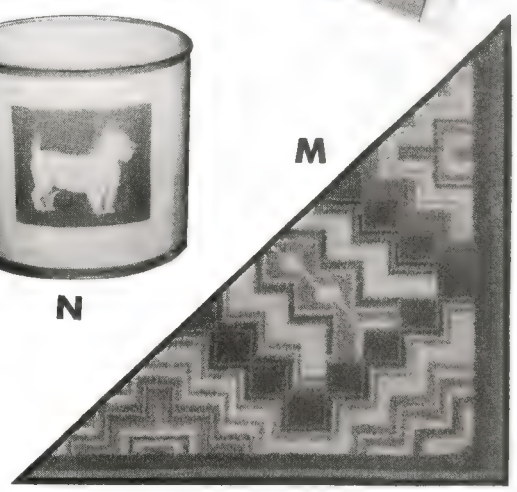
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IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS IN NURSERY GAIETY REPORTED BY DELINEATOR INTERIORS

ANTIC elephants adorn the ivory ground of a Lucite mirror, comb, and brush which we are showing by courtesy of the Wilcox Novelty Co., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BROWN and yellow colorings enliven a metal door-stop cat which is shown by courtesy of Mary Ryan, and found in gift departments and art shops throughout America.

CONVEYANCES of yesterday dominate a Tony Sarg wall-paper design, 15585C; Thomas Strahan Co., 417 Fifth Ave., courtesy Wallpaper Ass'n of the United States.

DOULTON Cretonne shows how the animals of the Ark used their freedom; Noah's Ark 3400, Puritan Fabrics, F. A. Foster & Co., Inc., Boston, Massachusetts.

EASTERN and western worlds are depicted in hues that all children will love on a decorative map of the world. Courtesy of the Washington Square Book Shop, New York.

FANTASTIC animals and their rollicking riders disport on colorful chintz; Toyland, 3620, Waverly Fabrics, a Schumacher Unit, 60 West 40th Street, New York.

GROWN-UPS and children will appreciate "London Cries," wall-paper A-C 7561, from Richard E. Thibaut, Inc., 24 West 40th St., New York. (*Turn to page 66*)

THIEF OF SALVATION

BY

ANNA BRAND

OLD MEXICO IS THE SCENE OF THIS STORY SO SUBTLY CHARMING

DON JUAN DE LA O was displeased with old Felipe. And Don Juan de la O's displeasure was a matter of serious importance. Did Don Juan become angry—the news ran before him like the wind.

"*Don Juan es enojado*—" old Teofila would pant to Luz, as they fanned the charcoal brazier in the kitchen—"*mucho!*" Both of them would make a frightened survey of the kitchen for some sin of omission or commission. Whereupon the small, naked urchin who chanced to be lounging in the doorway would drop his *tortillo* and race for the *corral*. "Don Juan," he would whisper, looking over his shoulder toward the house, "Don Juan has the grand rage this morning—look out!"

"Don Juan is angry this morning!" The news would reach the pump house, the irrigation gates and the fields of maguey. And how every one would work! Bent heads waiting for the storm to break. You never knew whom it would catch. You could only bless yourself and wait until he passed you by.

As far as eye could reach, nay, some said as far as bird could fly, Don Juan owned the land and ruled it like a lord. Every morning he made his inspections. He rode the finest horse and he sat erect in white linen, a grand *caballero*. Far back under his bushy white eyebrows were eyes like blazing black coals. And woe betide the careless hand!

And now Felipe had displeased Don Juan.

Behind the house stood a patch of young rubber plants, special seed, a costly experiment. During the night, wild hogs had broken the fence and devoured hundreds of tender young stalks. When Felipe saw the ruin he said nothing, did nothing, merely waited in stoical despair.

He had loved the little plants, and he had been proud of the neat rows growing under his watchful care. Only the day before he had pulled away the weeds about the largest one and touched it with the pride of a creator. Was he not the creator, he and the good God above? Don Juan merely paid for the seed and forgot them until he rode by each morning.

"*Tonto!*" raged Don Juan, as he brought the whip down upon Felipe's back. "Fool! And I cautioned you to watch the fence. Three months of dry bread for this, and I will give you a penance tonight. Go back to the maguey fields at once. Go!"

DON JUAN'S hand shook as he pointed to the road with his whip. Felipe went. He little heeded the blows on his back, but his heart was filled with anguish over the little plants that had looked to him so trustfully. All day long as he toiled, his thoughts turned to them, grieving.

Dusk came at last and Felipe stood in the yard by the kitchen door, waiting for his daily ration. Dry bread, Don Juan had said, for three months. Felipe shrugged. Indifferently he watched the other peons as they straggled past with *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and bits of *carne*.

A mile from the big house was the village of San Rafael, and it was here that Don Juan's peons lived. Low adobe huts, rude shacks of thatch, and poised in the midst like a great white bird of peace was the church of San Rafael.

As he waited, Felipe could hear the mellow toll of the church bell. The sacristan would be lighting a lamp before the altar of *San Juan* to burn for Don Juan. Don Juan was not only rich in earthly goods but he was storing up heavenly treasures as well. Every day a tiny flask of the finest oil must be carried to the church, that the lamp of *San Juan*, his patron saint, would never go out. Let those who were poor spend hours in prayer and privation. Don Juan did not have to gamble thus on his salvation; it was assured.

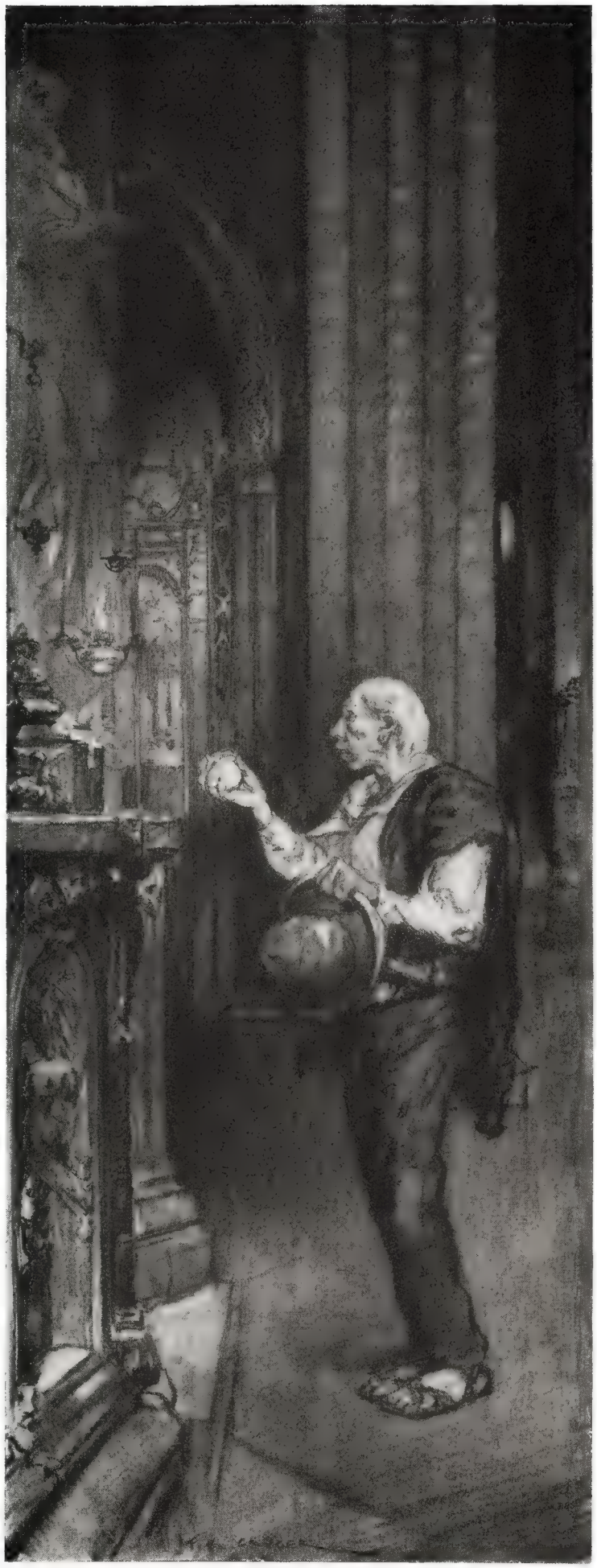
SALVATION was a matter of vital importance to Don Juan. Earth had given him power and he liked it. In his waning years there had come upon him a secret fear of death. It would wrest from his hand the scepter. He was seventy now, and at seventy, one is much closer to the abstract heaven than the concrete earth. Don Juan did not propose to creep into heaven, duly grateful to have arrived. No, Don Juan's celestial arrival was to be a matter as momentous to heaven as his daily round of the ranch.

"Felipe," commanded Don Juan, as he stepped to the back door and extended a small bottle. Felipe took it and waited, wondering. "For your penance you must carry the oil each night to burn before my shrine. Give it to the sacristan, and you must kneel and pray every time for half an hour."

"Pray that God may forgive me?" suggested Felipe, lifting his eyes hopefully.

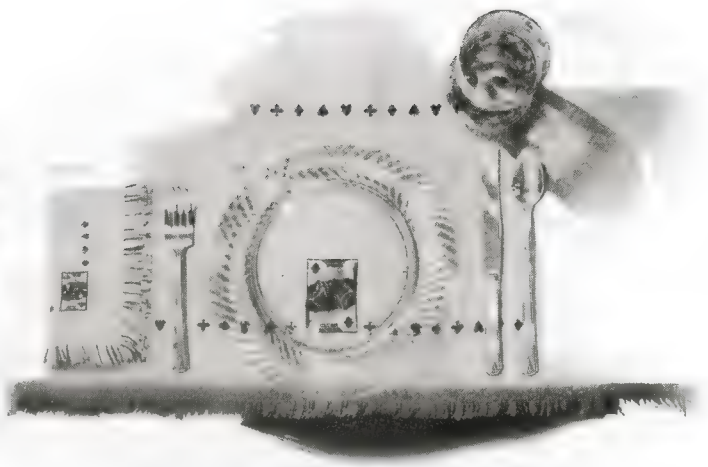
"Forgive you!" Don Juan's face was chiseled in scorn. "No. Pray for your forgiveness at your own convenience. You are to pray that *San Juan* will reward me, your *patrón*."

Felipe sighed with vague relief as he stumbled along the dark road to the village. After all, it wasn't so bad. A trip to the church each evening and a half hour on his old knees. He could take a bit of sacking to kneel upon, and the three months (*Turn to page 51*)



Before he put his desperate question to the saint on the altar, Felipe looked around the dim old church stealthily

ILLUSTRATION BY F. R. GRUGER



Card motifs embroidered on the bridge cloth show through the glass plate

DELINEATOR INTERIORS

BUILDS AND FURNISHES THIS GAY PORCH THAT WILL INSURE YOUR SUMMER HAPPINESS

LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE

Do you wonder why these plans are always so practical? It is because they are actually built and furnished in Delineator Institute. Composed of simple materials cleverly arranged, they are as inexpensive as they are charming, and show that every one can afford good taste Joseph B. Platt, Director, Delineator Interiors

"WHAT a lovely day! Much too lovely to spend indoors." How often have you greeted a glorious summer morning with a remark like that?

We, as a country, are beginning to appreciate the health and joy to be derived from summer activities out of doors. And our manufacturers have come forth gallantly with a marvelous array of gay and practical furnishings and accessories to help us achieve the most complete satisfaction out of living in the sunshine.

You will remember that in the April Delineator we showed a partly enclosed porch designed for semi-outdoor living. This month we have moved farther out of doors and built a porch that affords opportunity for full enjoyment of our wonderful climate. The walls are blinds that can be rolled up, and the roof is an awning which can be pulled back so that the porch is entirely open to sun and wind. Rain, too? A little, perhaps; but what matter? The furniture, fabrics, floor covering, and paints were chosen carefully for gaiety that would withstand the varying moods of the weather.

Delineator Interiors planned this porch and built it in the workshop on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building in New York; we furnished it entirely with manufactured products that can be purchased anywhere, so you will have no difficulty duplicating it for your own home. The scheme is equally adaptable to a terrace of a skyscraper apartment or to the porch of a house with a garden.

Can you think of a pleasanter place to ply an industrious needle in the interests of your summer wardrobe? Aren't you sure that the tone of your correspondence would improve in this smiling atmosphere? Wouldn't even the mundane tasks of shelling peas or hulling strawberries take on a romantically primitive aspect out here among the green things growing in the garden? You'll find many more excuses, no doubt, for spending the greater part of your day on this attractive porch.

The floor is of wide boards painted dark green. On it we placed a green rug of woven fiber which boasts a gaily flowered border that contains in its design the elements of our color scheme: red, orange, green, and gray.

Two walls, parts of the exterior walls of the house, are shingled with dark gray asbestos shingles which combine a picturesque, weather-beaten appearance with the advantages of being fireproof, fade-proof, and very (*Turn to page 122*)

Card table and chairs of metal, lacquered a bright red, can be stowed away in a small space. In one corner stands a smokador

Reed furniture, painted bright clear camellia rose, has cushions covered in almond green fabrikoid which is cool and durable

The sparkling reds and cool greens of the furniture and rug have a charming echo in the fountain-like arrangement of plants

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Is Gratefully Made to Contributors to This Room

THE BACKGROUND: Dubois Woven Wood Fence, Dubois Fence and Garden Company, Inc., New York.—Shingles, Johns-Manville Corporation, New York.—Paint for Trim, Shutters, and Floor, Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.—Vudor Ventilating Porch Shades, Hough Shade Corporation, Janesville, Wisconsin.—Awning, Otis Company, New York.—Rug, Crex Carpet Company, New York. THE FURNITURE: Reed Furniture, Heywood-Wakefield Co., New York.—Fabrikoid Covering for Furniture, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., Newburgh, N. Y.—Folding Card Table and Chairs, Stakmore Company, Inc., New York. THE BRIDGE TABLE EQUIPMENT: Bridge Cloth and Napkins, Gallenga Italian Linen.—Salad or Tea Knives and Forks, and Iced Tea Spoons, Deauville pattern, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.—Iced Tea Glasses and Plates, A. H. Heisey & Company, Newark, Ohio.—Sandwich Tray, Bridge Smoking Set, Coasters, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. THE ACCESSORIES: Smokador, Smokador Mfg. Co., Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.—Hendryx Bird Cage, The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.—Playing Cards, U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O.

Rose glass and tea silver of graceful modern pattern, on linen all embroidered in playing-card motifs

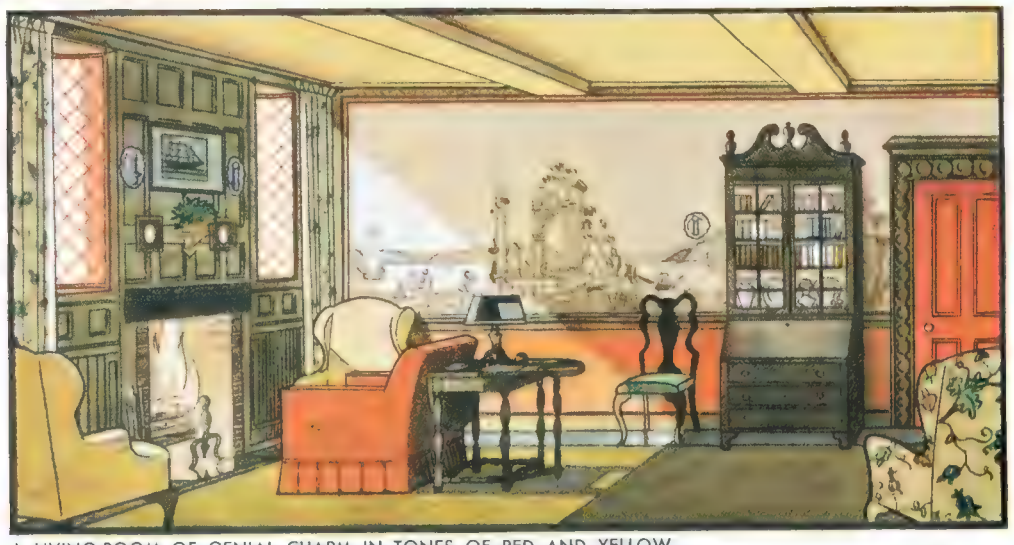
PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. G. HEALY

SEND FOR THESE BOOKLETS

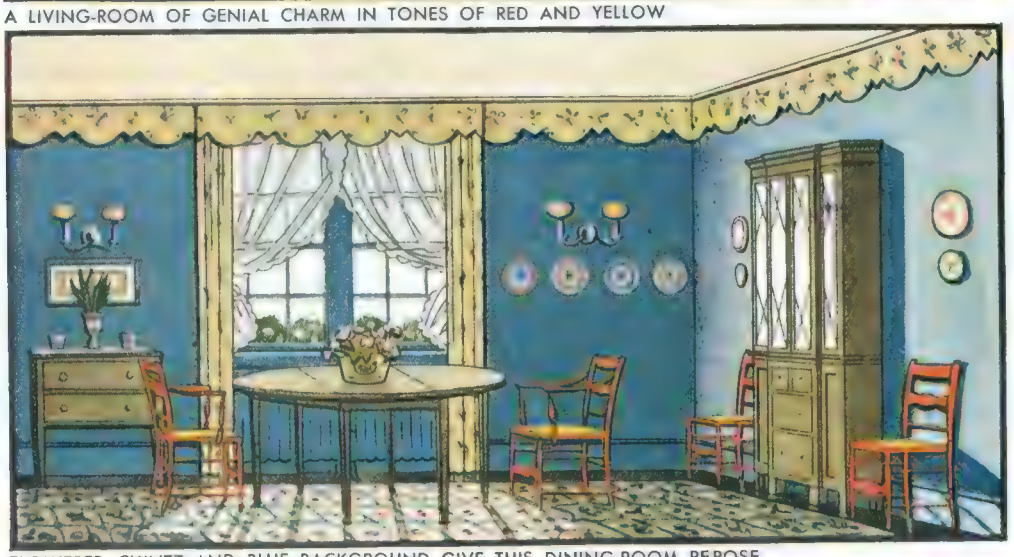
LIVING ROOMS for Gracious Living 25c
DECORATING EIGHT BEDROOMS . . . 25c
SUN ROOMS the Whole Year Round 25c
CURTAINS 35c
SLIP COVERS 50c

BOOKLET SERVICE, DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

WITH RED AS A KEYNOTE

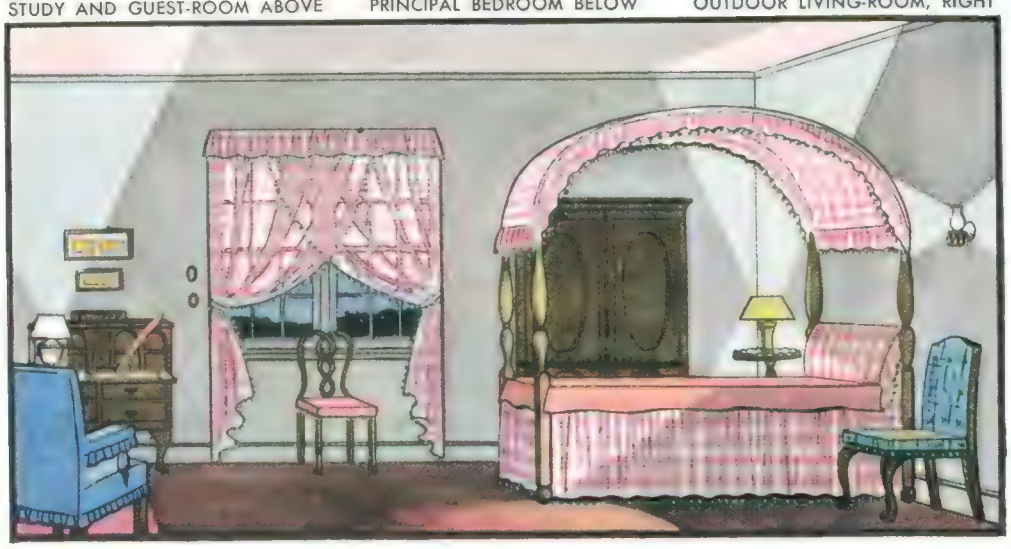


A LIVING-ROOM OF GENIAL CHARM IN TONES OF RED AND YELLOW



FLOWERED CHINTZ AND BLUE BACKGROUND GIVE THIS DINING-ROOM REPOSE

STUDY AND GUEST-ROOM ABOVE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM BELOW OUTDOOR LIVING-ROOM, RIGHT



DELINEATOR INSTITUTE OF COLOR

DECORATES A QUAINT AND COLORFUL COTTAGE WITH A BRIGHT RED NOTE

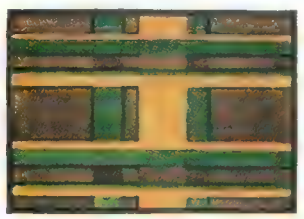
JOSEPH B. PLATT, Delineator Institute of Interiors

RED, important among colors, much loved and much misused, has been chosen as the keynote for this cottage home. It is used in different intensities and tones to give varied gaiety and charm. Brilliant and arresting in its note of welcome on the door, it continues brightly intense through the living-room, and caught in flower accents in the dining-room, it pales to subtle rose in the study, and is delicately pink in the principal bedroom.

On page 48 you will find the exact names and numbers of all the paints, papers, fabrics, and floor coverings we have used in creating these color schemes. Since all of the materials are currently manufactured, you should have no difficulty in finding exact duplicates in nearby shops.

This cottage is well adapted to American living. It is compact in design, which means easy heating in the winter time, and its broad, covered terrace, used as an outdoor living-room in summer, allows full enjoyment of fine days.

The house is made of brick that is whitewashed in a charming, casual manner. Woodwork and shutters are painted white, and the sloping roof is painted very dark green, a shade or so darker than the canvas of the awning that covers the porch. A vermilion door illumines this refreshing combination like a smile of genial welcome.

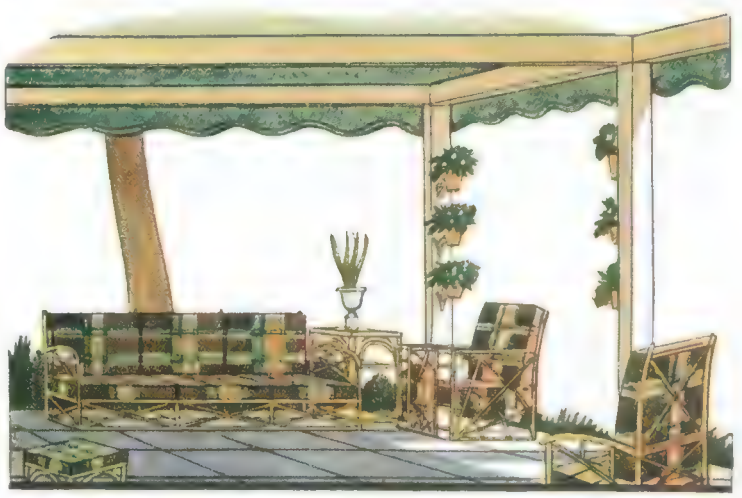


This water-repellent rayon was used on rattan furniture

Burnt rattan furniture, interestingly new in design, is practical on the porch. Its chic is enhanced by upholstery of a water-repellent rayon fabric loosely woven in a rich green and brown plaid.

In the living-room, bright red is combined (*Turn to page 48*)

COLOR IN THE HOME IS THE RAINBOW'S GIFT OF HAPPINESS

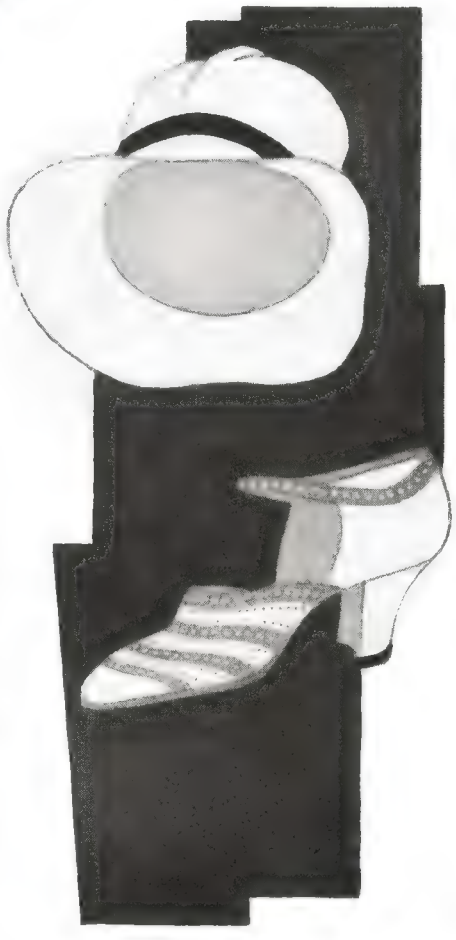


WHAT'S ON THE NEW SPORTS SCHEDULE?

LUCILE BABCOCK ASKS MISS MARY LEWIS, FAMOUS NEW YORK ADVERTISER AND STYLE AUTHORITY

White linen trousers, Antibes striped shirt, and white peanut straw hat. At right, pink shirt-waist frock, worn with seamless hose, brown and white pumps. Best & Co.

Miss Mary Lewis consented to pose for us, wearing a spectator sports frock, a baby blue flat crepe, made with tuck-in blouse, plaited skirt and cap sleeves. Panama and white shoes



A YEAR ago last December, just about Palm Beach planning time, something very interesting was happening in the advertising office of a well known Fifth Avenue specialty shop. The curly-haired, very blond person, who looks more like a schoolgirl than a director of her company and the most important retail advertising woman in America, stood, shears in hand, before a high-back silk sports frock which was fitted on a form.

"I'm perfectly certain that low-back sports things are in for a big run," she said to a friend who happened to be present, "and I haven't seen a thing so far in the wholesale market that I've liked well enough to give it an honest, wholehearted promotion. They're all just so-so. But something could be done with this French thing. It's a year old, and I've a good mind to whack out the back, put a few plaits in the front of the skirt and see what happens."

No sooner said than done, and the shears proceeded to snip out a deep rounded back to the stitched tabs which furnished the decorative motifs.

"Pretty dashing and daring," commented the interested friend.

"It can be whipped into shape and made awfully smart!" returned the small blond Fate, clicking her shears determinedly. "We can do it in silk and cotton and carry that back line through bathing suits and evening things so that your tan will have the same outline. Promote it thoroughly and it'll go across one hundred per cent."

She was right. Mary Lewis usually is right. That particular model with the low rounded back and crossed tabs was sold literally by the (*Turn to page 124*)

DRAWINGS BY PIERRE MOURGUE

3227 3194 3241 3221

THE CAPE IDEA COMES BACK IN OLD AND NEW WAYS

DIRECTOIRE SLEEVES

3227 From the Empress Josephine this frock inherits its puff sleeves. But the rest of it is definitely of this year. The double flares cross the sides, the waist is placed high by small vertical tucks and the V neckline is shallow and collarless. The frock is designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and for 38 to 44.

THE CAPE COLLAR

3194 One smart way to use the cape idea is in a wide collar. It covers the shoulders and takes away the bare look that makes sleeveless frocks inappropriate for the street. Flares attached in V's and a shirred waistline are two more points in this frock's favor. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18); 38 to 44.

THE DIRECTOIRE CAPE

3241 The cape is a Directoire theme too. Here it comes over the shoulders and forms a deep V in front. A cluster of flowers where the two ends meet is a feminine touch. The four-piece flared skirt attached below the molded hipline has an irregular hemline. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

CAPELET SLEEVES

3221 Here the cape is used instead of sleeves—over each shoulder is a double capelet. The square neckline is important. So are the bow, the tucked waistline, and the skirt attached in scalloped outline. The skirt is four piece and flared. It is designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and for 38 to 44.

JACKET FROCKS

EACH HAS ITS OWN LITTLE COAT

THE WRIST-LENGTH JACKET

3209 In a print, this makes a charming town-or-country costume. Under the banded cardigan jacket is a simple sleeveless frock with a gathered skirt and high belted waistline. The tab collar of the frock is of plain fabric which matches the trimming on the wrist-length jacket. The jacket frock is designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

THE BOLERO JACKET

3242 The littlest jacket of all. This costume has the delightful advantage of making you feel that you have two smart costumes—a bolero suit and a sleeveless frock. The frock has a contrasting upper part, a scalloped waistline yoke, narrow belted, and a flared skirt in a good length. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20) and for 40 to 44.

ADDITIONAL FASHIONS FOR SUMMER ON PAGE 108 · THROUGH PAGE 116

3209 3242

3223 3238 3229

THE JACKET BLOUSE

3223 Of coffee-brown marquisette, this costume makes a new kind of "double date" frock. You may have a frock with brief kimono sleeves or you may tie on the jacket-blouse and have a more informal frock with three-quarter sleeves. The skirt is made full by flared tiers. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

THE BOLERO SUIT

3238 This one is curved in front and has tiny plaitings at the cuffs. It is worn over a sleeveless contrasting blouse, and a yoked skirt that may be plaited in various ways. Smart details —the belt buckled at the natural waistline and the rolled-over collar of the bolero. Suit designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20) and 40 to 44.

THE FORMAL JACKET

3229 A charming costume in beige lace that is equally smart at tea or dinner. The jacket is remarkable for its shoulder flowers and a ruffled sleeve detail. Worn over a sleeveless frock with a crêpe corsage contrasting with its flared four-piece skirt. Tucked waistline and uneven hemline. The costume is designed for 34 to 48.

CHARMING "FOUR O CLOCK" FROCKS

LACE SMARTER THAN EVER

3199 Lace is more important than ever right now—colored lace for evening, beige lace and black lace for afternoon. It lends itself gracefully to this frock with straight edged gathered tiers, deep bertha cape and a waistline suggested by tucks. For 36 (size 18), 3⅛ yds. 35-in. lace and 5⅜ yds. 12-in. lace flouncing. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

CAPELETS EVERYWHERE

3215 Capelets are one of the reasons why the new frocks are so becoming. Here the capelet falls from U line in back, veiling the high line of the waist. Slight blousing and soft gathers around the front panel, and a flare across the sides and back. For 36 (size 18), you will need 4⅜ yards 39-inch chiffon. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

SOFT SLEEVES

3203 One of the loveliest of the new sleeves is the three-quarter one with flaring cuff. It is in key, too, with the soft lines of the rest of this frock, the flaring skirt on a curved hipline, the side shirring and the bow and jabot. For 36 (size 18), 4 yards 39-inch bemberg voile (skirt cut crosswise to avoid piecing). Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and for 38 to 44.

THE DIRECTOIRE POUF

3231 Pouf sleeves and frilled edges help to make this frock quaint, for quaintness is in fashion. The skirt flares all around, and the position of the high waistline depends on how you wear your belt. Crushed neckline and bow, and narrow cuff. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 39-inch print (skirt cut crosswise to avoid piecing). Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

ADDITIONAL SUMMER FASHIONS
PAGE 108 THROUGH PAGE 116

PIN POINT CHIFFON

3233 The pin dot is the smartest of the smart polka dot prints, and unusual for a chiffon frock. The short bertha cape ripples like the flaring skirt. The frock is bloused in back and shirred in front and slightly uneven of hem. For 36 (size 18), 5⅜ yards 35-inch celanese chiffon (skirt cut crosswise). This frock is designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and for 38 to 44.

THE NEW SIMPLICITY

3235 Like all the afternoon frocks this is very feminine and pretty, but it has the added distinction of simplicity and the smart note of plain fabric. The flared skirt of uneven hem has a new outline. Long sleeves, V neck and tucked waistline. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 39-inch marquisette (skirt cut crosswise). Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18); 38 to 48.

3235 3227 3202 3215

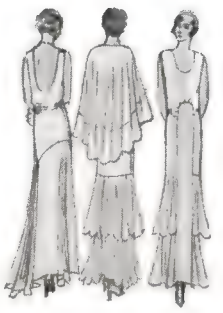
EVEN LINES BRING NEW INTEREST TO EVENING HEMS

LACE IS IMPORTANT

3235 It is worn by the smartest women, at the smartest places, made up into the smartest frocks. This one has a lovely slim line brought in at the natural waist by shirrings and varied at the hips by the slanting outline of the flared skirt. Deep neckline and fabric flowers. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and for 38 to 48.

INSTEP LENGTH AND EVEN

3227 The newest length and newest hemline. In these very long frocks something must break the line between the high waist and the even hem—so we have flared tiers across the sides. The little capes are a throw-back to the Directoire period which has furnished so many of the 1930 fashions. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18); 38 to 44.



THE PRETTY FROCK

3202 Ruffles and bows and the flattery of soft lines. Stiff chiffon is a perfect fabric for this frock, for the little pouf sleeves and shirred straight tiers. Embroidered bow-knots and tiny flowers are interesting as one of the old-fashioned touches that is a new fashion now. High waist. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20).

THE CAPE WRAPLET

3215 A new tied evening cape, made of the fabric of the frock. It is smartly short and rippling. The frock is evenly long—slipper length—and is given skirt fulness by two flared tiers across the sides and back. The bodice is bloused at back—the easiest high waist to wear. The frock is designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR PICTURE INSTRUCTIONS FOR CUTTING, PUTTING TOGETHER AND FINISHING MAY BE PURCHASED AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AT PRICES GIVEN ON PAGE 118

THE RETURN OF PLAITS AS PREDICTED

REAL PRINCESS LINES

3205 This is a princess frock in its most authentic version. Its seams run from shoulder to hem, molding the figure gently. It also has the little demi-sleeves, now so smart, and the lingerie touch of a linen collar and ends with scalloped edges. For 36 (size 18), use 3¼ yards of 35-inch printed silk and ¾ yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18); 38 to 44.

ADDITIONAL FASHIONS FOR SUMMER ON PAGE 108 • THROUGH PAGE 116

PLAITS IN NEW WAYS

3211 Plaits have come back in many interesting new ways. In this frock they are inverted under smartly curved skirt sections at both the front and back. The short puff sleeves and flat collar band and tie add the little feminine touch that is on new frocks. For 36 (size 18), 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18); 38 to 44.

PLAITED FLARES

3243 In this sleeveless sports frock the plait is combined with a flaring skirt, giving a line that is new. The scarf collar falls through an eyelet and ties into a bow. Two ways to turn striped shirting are presented by the pointed section. For 36 (size 18), 3⅞ yds. 32-in. shirting; ⅜ yd. 32-in. or more crêpe. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18); 38 to 44.

PLAITS AT FRONT

3225 Here in a one-piece frock the newly smart plaits are all brought together in a pointed section in the front. Another new note is the short-all-around cape, held by crossover bands which match the belt. The frock blouses easily over a high waistline. For 36 (size 18), 3½ yards 35-inch print. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

JUMPERS AGAIN

3239 A revival and a very youthful one too — this jumper suit. It is in three pieces—tuck-in blouse with small-boy collar and short sleeves, flaring skirt on a yoke, and a jumper tucked at the waistline to fit it and blouse it. For 36 (size 18), 3⅝ yards 32-inch shantung and 1¾ yards 32-inch contrast. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

PARIS NOTES

ELENE FOSTER

Attends the summer openings in Paris, selects these important models from the important houses, and

LESLIE SAALBURG

sketches them for us

JANE REGNY MAGGY ROUFF LUCIEN LELONG SCHIAPARELLI

SPECTATOR SPORTS

JEAN PATOU MOLYNEUX LUCIEN LELONG

MAGGY ROUFF JEAN PATOU MOLYNEUX CHANEL

CHANEL LONDON TRADES JANE REGNY

DAYTIME

IMPORTANT for sports: tweed, lingerie blouses, lingerie collars and cuffs, and suits with coats of any length

IMPORTANT for daytime: plaits, capes, peplums, jackets, small polka dots, lingerie touches, and even hemlines

IMPORTANT for evening: lace, taffeta, instep length and even hemlines, long, straight drapery and trains

IMPORTANT for all hours: the natural silhouette, normal waistline, longer skirt lengths, and black and white

Next month Miss Foster promises us more news of Paris fashions for evening

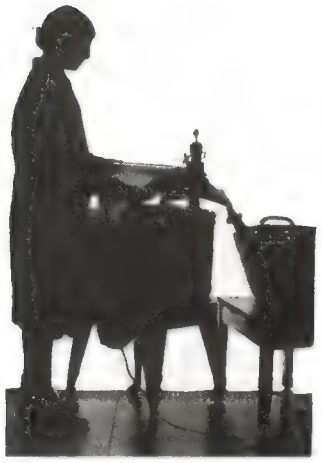
JEAN PATOU CHANEL ARDANSE LUCIEN LELONG

EVENING

DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

PRACTICAL • INTERESTING • DIFFERENT

MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY • DIRECTOR



FOR WOMEN

OUR CONSULTANT HOUSEKEEPERS

IT'S ONLY fair to admit it. We can't go on graciously accepting and selfishly keeping those words of praise you so generously give us for the Institute pages. That they are as helpful, practical, interesting, different, distinctly up to date and newsy as you say is because we have three hundred and fifty faithful, interested, helpful women living in their own homes in every state from Maine to Oregon, from Mississippi to Minnesota, who are actually helping to make these pages. To them we gladly give credit, to them this page is proudly dedicated.

Into their busy lives we have entered with a call for help and they have responded; laying down the egg beater and the vacuum cleaner for the moment to take up pen or pencil; putting aside their own interests, they take up some problem of ours and help us to solve it.

The offices of Delineator are in a high building in New York City, overlooking the harbor. But New York is a great city, it is on the eastern sea coast, it has many advantages; but it has disadvantages, too. Those who live and work in it can too easily forget that everything is not the same to the far north, south and west of us. Our housekeeper editors help us there. They live everywhere, in other large cities, in smaller cities, in towns, in every state. They tell us how things are with them. They keep our feet on the ground.

THE Institute pages are not written by people who sit at desks all day long reading what has already been written and rewriting it. The Institute people spend their days in cooking, washing, cleaning, keeping house, doing things, and constantly finding out things, trying the new devices and products often before they are on the market, creating new things to eat, new and better ways of doing things. And then they write down in the Institute pages what has happened, what has been found out, what is new and good, what has been tested and tried with all the advantages of laboratory and technical equipment for finding out what the woman in the home cannot possibly find out for herself.

But our housekeeper editors tell us what women want to know, what they will think of this or that, what they can use, what is practical for them, what their experience has been. They keep us from being too technical, too theoretical, too much interested in our own Institute home and forgetting that actual homes all over the country are quite different from ours. And from all this we keep in close touch with the woman of today and we write to her.

We write to her, the woman who represents not the isolated or the specialized or the scientifically staffed and managed home, but the woman who presides over the average, the problem-haunted home, where the expected is almost always the unexpected, and the real work of the world receives its impetus and its motivation. The sound and generous and thorough and skilful-handed women who solve the daily problems of the American home are the women we write to; they are the women who write to us and who give and receive the mutual benefits of intimate contact.

STEINER • DELINEATOR STUDIOS

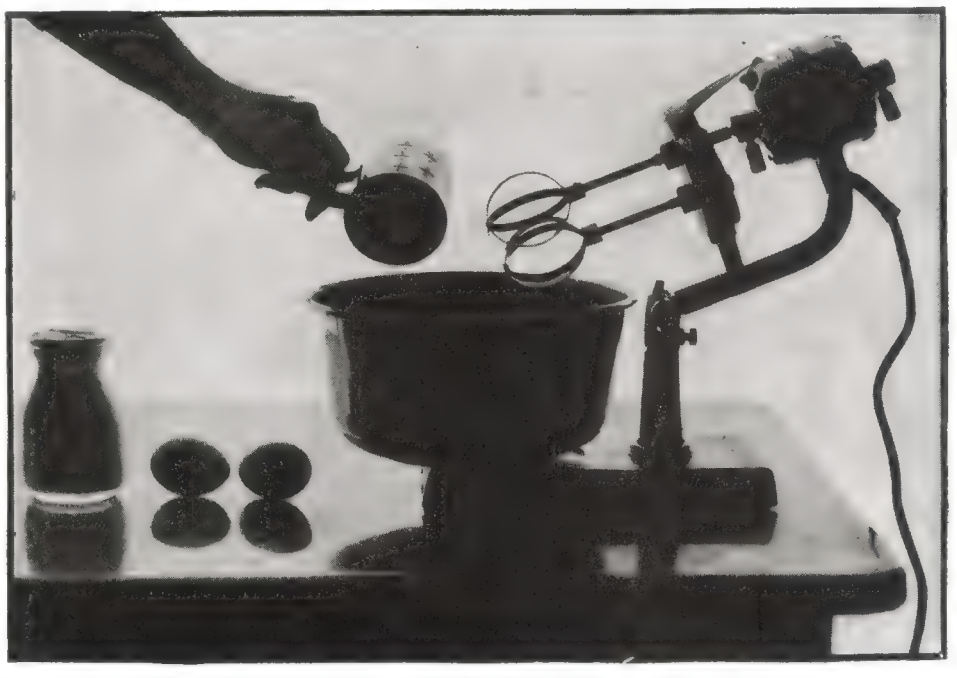
BY WOMEN

HELP EDIT THE INSTITUTE PAGES

RIGHTLY you want to know more about these consultant housekeepers of ours, whose silent partnership in the Institute pages is so important to us and so far-reaching in results to you. For they are, literally, our co-editors; they pass on to us, through the products and mechanical devices they test out for us, information and comment and ideas that help us not only in carrying on intelligently the work in the Institute, but in being of the greatest service to our readers.

Our consultant housekeepers are not theorists. Reality is their daily fare. Their husbands are engaged in amazingly diverse fields. We have the wives of doctors, of tailors; the helpmeets of the young ambitious architect, maker of dreams in steel and stone, and the weather forecaster whose closest friends are the wind, rain and fair weather as they move over this great country.

There is the husband whose life takes him from army post to army post, and the husband with a cloistered career as a professor—unlike as to occupation, but husbands are prone to present the same old enigma and children the eternal and age-old problems. The lawyer husband is not always at his briefs; the real estate man isn't forever selling farms or stores or even old colonial homesteads, and the grocer must take time off for (*Turn to page 80*)



The opinion of women in the home is valuable on washing and ironing, cleaning, cooking, and other household problems

Our consultant housekeepers keep us constantly in touch with changing conditions in the home and customs of today

A delightful variety in soups . . .

Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Campbell's CONDENSED TOMATO SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED VEGETABLE SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED PEA SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED BEEF SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED PEPPER POT SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED OX TAIL SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED MOCK TURTLE SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED BOUILLON SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED BEAN SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED CHICKEN SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED JULIENNE SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED MULLIGATAWNY SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED MUTTON SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED CELERY SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED PRINTANIER SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED TOMATO-OKRA SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED CHICKEN-GUMBO SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED CLAM CHOWDER SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED ASPARAGUS SOUP
Campbell's CONDENSED CONSOMMÉ SOUP
Campbell Soup Company

12 cents a can

YOUR CHOICE

of any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus
Delicious puree of young asparagus shoots. Richer still served as Cream of Asparagus.

Bean
The old home favorite made even more tempting by Campbell's.

Beef
Solid pieces of tender meat blended with vegetables in a hearty soup.

Bouillon
Clarified beef broth, flavored with vegetables; valuable for invalids also.

Celery
All the tonic goodness of snow-white celery; also makes wonderful Cream of Celery; see the label.

Chicken
A rich chicken broth with rice, celery and diced chicken.

Chicken-Gumbo
Louisiana Creole dish. Tempting chicken soup with okra.

Clam Chowder
All the zest and tang of the sea; a real treat for your appetite.

Consommé
The formal soup. Amber-clear beef broth, with delicate vegetable flavoring. A triumph in blending.

Julienne
Shredded vegetables and whole peas in a clear beef broth—famous as a Banquet Soup.

Mock Turtle
Difficult to make at home, yet a favorite wherever known. Its substantial wholesome vegetable puree is deliciously flavored with sherry.

Mulligatawny
Chicken soup, Oriental style, with curry and East India chutney.

Mutton
For children and invalids; broth of mutton with vegetables.

Ox Tail
Thick, rich broth of selected ox tails and beef blended with vegetables and garnished with ox tail joints; hearty.

Pea
Rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment. Sweet nutritious peas, fresh creamery butter, dainty seasoning. Easily prepared as Cream of Pea!

Pepper Pot
What a Soup for hungry men! Real Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Tempting macaroni dumplings, potatoes, high seasonings and meat, according to an old Colonial recipe.

Printanier
Clear chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice—a rare delicacy.

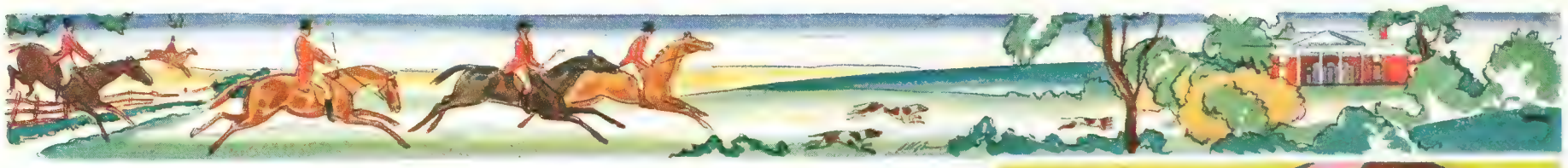
Tomato
The most popular soup in the world. Pure, tonic juices of sun-sweetened tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. Extra delicious prepared as a Cream of Tomato.

Vegetable
The favorite hearty soup. "A meal in itself." Its fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs make it a luncheon or supper.

Vegetable-Beef
Also extremely popular; another thick, hearty vegetable soup, with tempting pieces of meat.

Vermicelli-Tomato
A sparkling tomato puree deliciously flavored with cheese and bacon. Vermicelli garnish completes the distinctive touch of Italian cookery.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS



I brouqht back from the "blue qrass country" Fritters with a future . . . Ginqerbread with a past

I've seen the beautiful women and horses, and tasted the marvelous food, that have made Kentucky famous. And I've brought back some marvelous Crisco recipes from the very heart of the "blue grass country."

A mantle of hospitality hangs over the nice old hotel in Lexington where I stayed. For more than a hundred and fifty years (it used to be a tavern on the Cincinnati post road) cooks in its kitchen have sent travelers on their way happy and well-fed.

The jolly apple fritters I had with my Sunday morning bacon even *looked* different. Round honey-colored puffs of goodness with a hole in the center—strung on a slice of crisp bacon like golden beads on a cord, the kind of fritters that should have a brilliant future in any home. The inspired cook had pared the fruit whole, removed the core and sliced it *cross-wise*.

What good food does to your disposition

And the taste! They almost set me singing. Try them for YOUR breakfast, too. (I've given you the fritter batter with suggestions for other things you can do with it.) But don't try to fry them in any fat but Crisco. For nothing else can wrap fried foods in such a delectable crispness. Every "smidgin" tastes good.

And why shouldn't it? Crisco is so fresh and delicate-flavored itself. Just taste it the next time you're cooking. You'll know then why it actually improves the flavor of foods. It *never* smokes at the right frying temperature (and that's certainly a blessing if you like fried foods as well as I do). And you can use it over and over again for frying because it never carries the flavor of one food to another.

I had tea in the old Kentucky farmhouse where LaFayette was a guest when he visited Lexington in 1825. And, as I sat in front of the fireplace and munched the most wonderful gingerbread I've ever eaten, I heard stories of famous race-horses bred on the farm . . . of a gentlemanly ghost in an upstairs room . . . of recipes that have been used for eight generations in this home.

This gingerbread recipe is one of them. My gingerbread tastes every bit as good as that I ate in Kentucky, when I make it myself in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested.

The shortening I use is Crisco, of course. I never use anything else. Crisco is now so fluffy that there's no tedious process of creaming. Just put the sugar, Crisco and eggs into the mixing bowl together and blend with *one operation*.

Each speck of "spice and everything nice" gets fair treatment in this gingerbread, for Crisco is so delicate in flavor that it allows every ingredient to have its full share in the flavor of the finished cake.

The best bakers, too—I've found—are using Crisco in their cakes and baked goods. And when a baker is so particular about his shortening, you can be sure he is careful about his other ingredients, as well.

I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," which I will send you free, if you write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-50, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

GINGERBREAD WITH A FAMILY TREE

½ cup Crisco	1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon soda
½ cup sugar	1 teaspoon cloves	3 cups sifted flour
1 cup molasses	1 teaspoon ginger	¾ cup hot water
2 eggs	1 teaspoon salt	

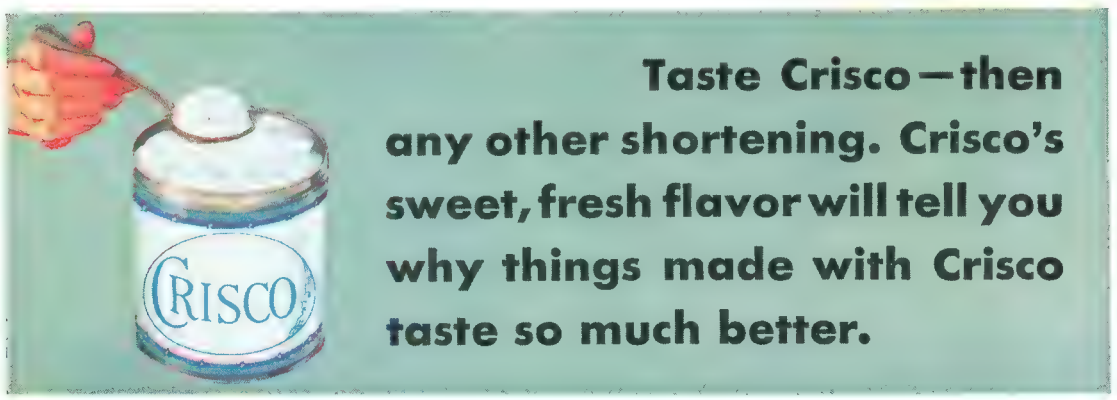
Put Crisco, sugar, molasses and eggs into mixing bowl together and blend with one operation (Crisco is as fluffy as whipped cream. No laborious creaming necessary, now. It mixes instantly with the other ingredients.) Stir in hot water. Add flour previously sifted with salt, soda and spices. Pour immediately into Criscoed shallow baking tin (about 8 x 12) and bake in medium oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

FRITTERS WITH A FUTURE

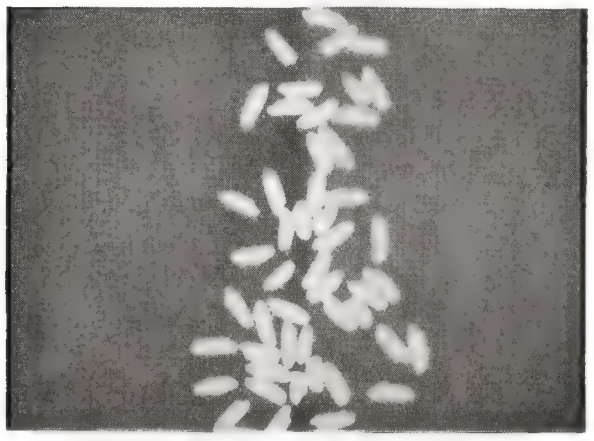
1 cup flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 egg (beaten)
3 apples, pared, cored and sliced thin cross-wise	1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup milk	1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add egg beaten with milk. Mix well, stir in melted Crisco and lemon juice, then fold in apples. Drop by slices into deep hot Crisco (360° to 375° F. or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry to golden brown (about 2 minutes). Drain on unglazed paper. Dust with powdered sugar to serve as a dessert. Serve plain with meat. Other fruit and berries (the juice is used instead of milk) can be substituted. You can omit the sugar and use cooked left-over vegetables with the same batter. There's no end to the things this batter will "dress up."

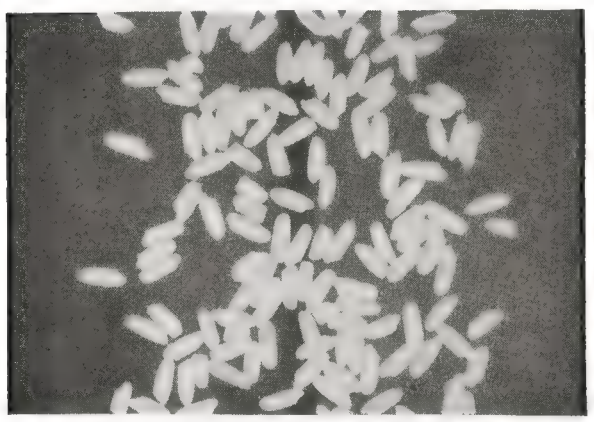
ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.


CRISCO
Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

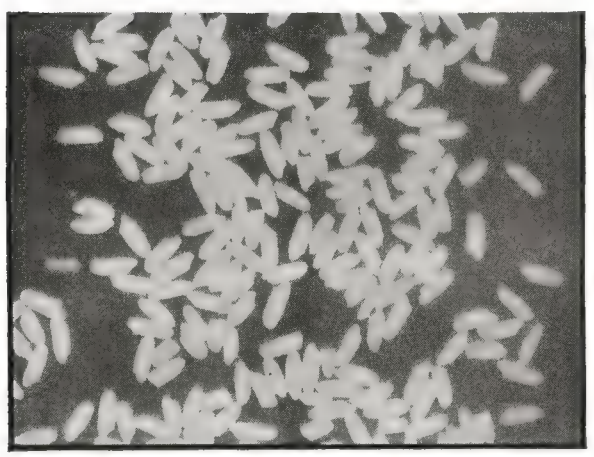
FROM SOUP TO DESSERT



BREAKFAST TO DINNER



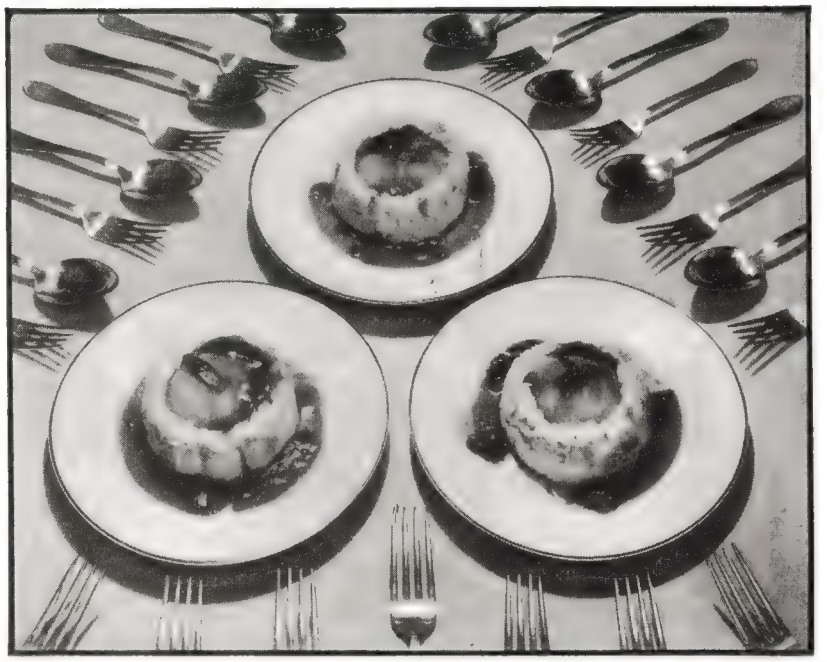
GOOD EVERY STEP OF THE WAY



DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

POINTS OUT THAT MANY FORMS OF RICE ARE SOLD UNDER RELIABLE TRADE NAMES

BY ANNE BATCHELDER



RICE PLAYS ITS PART

THROUGH the three-meal schedule, rice gives an effective performance. Beginning with breakfast—and we must talk about that a little more—it competes with other stars at luncheon, and may show up at dinner anywhere from the soup to the dessert. Equally assured and competently assuring. Now that the hot days are coming on again, and the good old potato is on the wane, so to speak, rice steps in, particularly apropos, and we are off to a new step and a different tempo. And it's all to the good.

About rice for breakfast. Although we have delicious rice cereals in many forms, plain rice as hot cereal is sometimes forgotten, but it ought to have a place among all the other cereals. It is so white, so silvery and shining, and so full of flavor and nourishment and verve. One may serve it with brown sugar or white, with cream or evaporated milk, with butter or maple syrup or with fruit, and so have a variation of pleasurable service that is sure to win a big hand from the family circle.

If one is *very* up to date, one has a rice boiler. This gadget takes care of the process with the thoughtful care that all good cooking devices are educated up to. Otherwise one uses a deep kettle. Put in two or three quarts of swiftly boiling water, two teaspoons of salt, and having washed and washed, under running water, a cup of rice, turn it slowly into the boiling water, stirring carefully with a fork, boil it hard for thirty minutes and drain it. Then rinse it with several quarts of hot water, and it is ready for use. A simple process, but remember the salt; do not stir it after it is in, *and* be sure to rinse it thoroughly, so that each grain stands out bright, shining, separate, irresistible and perfect.

The epicures of the city say our pear condé is the best in all New York

RICE may be cooked and reheated in a double boiler, or boiled up again quickly in hot milk, and if kept covered in the refrigerator, may be on hand ready for any of the multitude of dishes for which it is waiting to be used.

Rice muffins are among the best of their kind and are made thus: Sift together two and one-half cups of flour, five teaspoons of baking powder, three tablespoons of sugar and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat one egg and add one-half cup of milk and three tablespoons of melted shortening, or oil, and beat into dry ingredients. Into one-half cup of milk put one-half cup of cold boiled rice, and stir well. Add to the mixture, beat well and bake in oven at 375° F. for twenty minutes.

Or rice waffles add to the gaiety of nations in this wise: Sift together one and one-half cups of flour, three tablespoons of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt and four teaspoons of baking powder. Work into this with the fingers three-fourths cup of cold boiled rice. Add the beaten yolk of one egg, mixed with one and one-half cups of milk and two tablespoons of melted shortening or oil. Add the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Bake on hot waffle iron. So much for breakfast.

AT LUNCHEON, rice may be prepared in entrées or used as a starchy vegetable or done into fritters or croquettes; or it may appear in the salad course and, to be sure, it makes a distinguished dessert. For some such purpose as this, cold boiled rice is a good thing to have on hand.

Rice croquettes are not difficult to make and are among the nicest things to serve with chicken, with creamed dishes and with sweetbreads or any luncheon menu. To one cup of cold boiled (*Turn to page 83*)

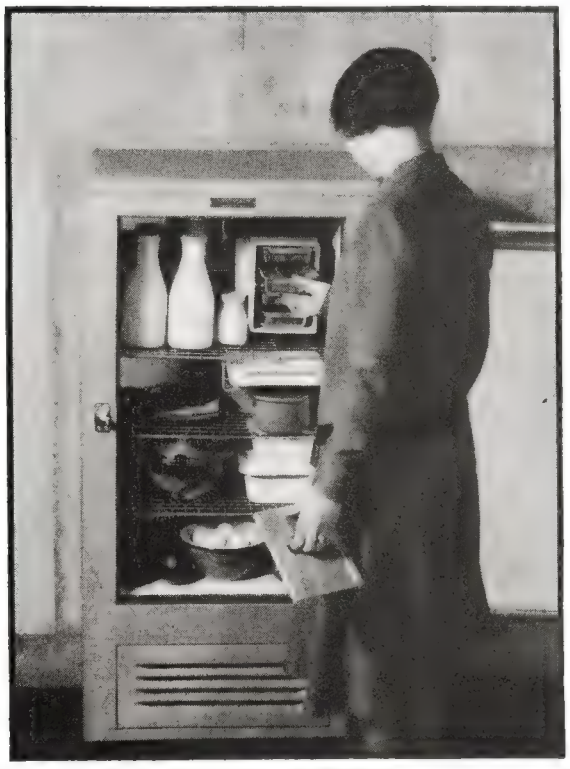
DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE INVESTIGATES REFRIGERATOR SIZE

BY GRACE L. PENNOCK

Members of the Institute staff came early and stayed late, cooking, serving and eating three meals a day, in order to try out refrigerators under actual home conditions

STEINER • DELINEATOR STUDIOS

THREE MEALS A DAY WITH YOUR REFRIGERATOR



Don't overcrowd your refrigerator. Always leave plenty of room for air to circulate around food containers

IT'S when you are getting breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper, that you really get intimately acquainted with that good friend, your refrigerator. Then you appreciate its convenience. It's true, of course, that you buy a refrigerator to prevent spoilage of food, to insure the safety of perishable products and to save waste. But it's well to keep this matter of convenience in mind when you buy and select a refrigerator of the size that will give you the most satisfaction.

Just what adequate size is depends upon your particular circumstances. Of course, size of family influences this, but size of family isn't all. If you have babies' food and lots of milk to store, and if you do a great deal of entertaining, you will need more refrigerator storage space than would otherwise be necessary. Your nearness to markets and the way you do your marketing makes a difference too.

And in giving you this advice we know whereof we speak. We have tried both large and small sizes, not just by standard tests but by living with them as you do. To answer that question, "What size refrigerator shall I buy?" we set out to get more definite information about refrigerators in actual use. Small automatic refrigerators with a food storage capacity of between four and five cubic feet were installed, one at a time, into one of our kitchens, where we cooked, served and ate three meals a day for a week, then later for several days at a time. Four members of the Institute staff came early, to prepare and eat breakfast, and stayed late getting and eating dinner. Other duties and engagements were side-tracked, and efforts were centered on learning all that was possible from these three-meal-a-day experiments.

In addition to using a refrigerator, a stove and a dishwasher which were being tested came in for their share of use and observation.

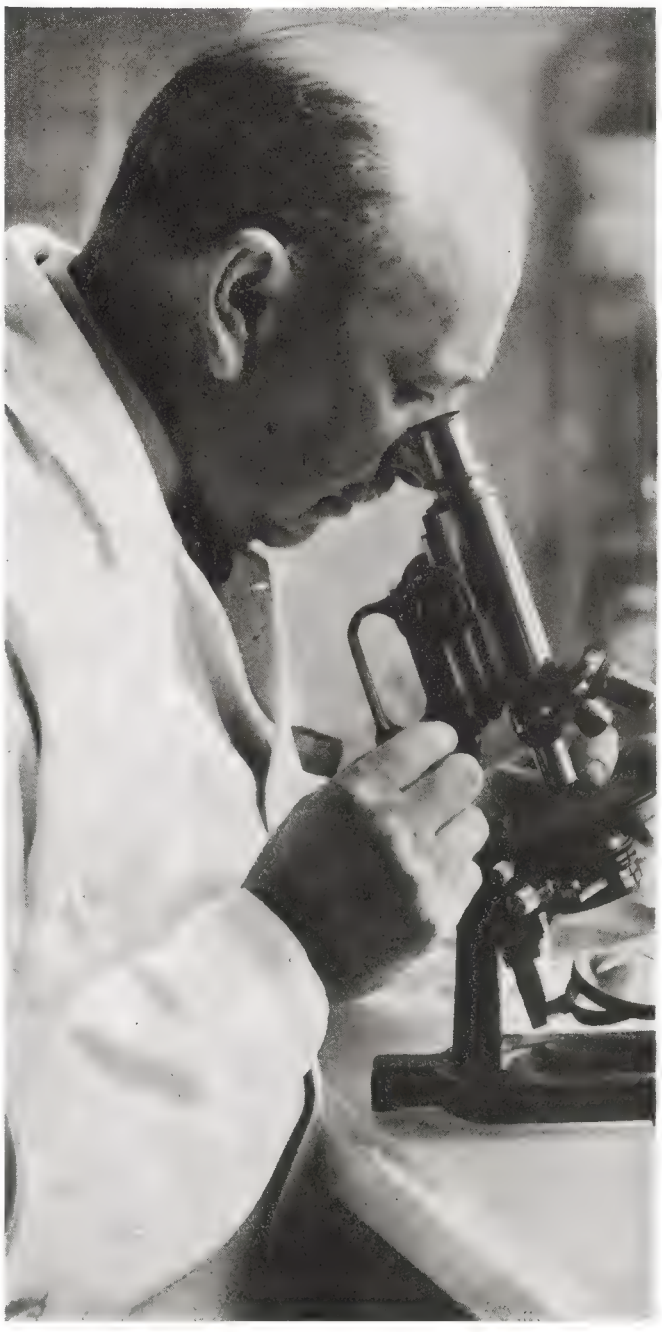
Food storage in the refrigerators was given careful attention: the amount of food kept in them each day and the placing of all containers were carefully noted. Records were kept of power used, and the automatic recording thermometer gave us a constant story, night and day, of the room temperature as well as of the temperature in four places in the refrigerator.

The kitchen used was a small one, with a small dinette attached, just such a combination as one would find in many a modern five or six room house. Storage space for food supplies was available only in the kitchen. There was no back entry or cellar-way with shelves to take care of the extras, but in the kitchen were excellent cupboards as well as the usual kitchen cabinet. A roomy vegetable bin which stands under a table made it possible to care for a week's supply of such fruits and vegetables as did not need to be stored in the refrigerator.

We put the hardest possible task upon the refrigerator and started our week's experiments with a full house so far as food was concerned. Menus were made out for the entire week, and supplies were ordered. Everything was delivered at once with the exception of milk, cream, and bread, and fish and meat for one meal each. Milk, cream and bread were delivered every day. The order for fish and meat, to be delivered later in the week, was left when the first supplies were ordered, so grocery orders did not have to be thought of again. Most of the vegetables were put into the vegetable bin. The day's supply of milk and cream, a week's supply of butter and eggs, a large bowl of salad greens, a box of Brussels sprouts, the meat for three meals, fruit for one breakfast and some small jars of salad dressing all went into the refrigerator, but it took careful planning to get all this in. In two of our small-size boxes the shelves were rather close together. This caused trouble (*Turn to page 57*)

This is one of the new refrigerator accessories: a ventilated enamel container to keep salad greens fresh, crisp and in perfect condition

He saved a life . . . and prevented a revolution



Famous specialist calls yeast "best intestinal purifier known . ."

AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET . . . a great Balkan political leader at the point of death . . .

Telephone, airplane—and the noted Dr. Singer of Vienna was at the wounded statesman's bedside . . . He recovered! The gathering clouds of revolution cleared. All Europe breathed more easily, applauded.

Such astonishing feats of medical skill have marked the career of Dr. Gustav Singer, famous Austrian internal specialist. Dr. Singer says:

"The best way to suppress intestinal poisons is the use of a good yeast. Its action causes constipation to disappear. Another remarkable effect is the disappearance of ugly skin eruptions, which I long ago proved to result from intestinal putrefaction.

"The vitamin D in yeast helps 'sunlight-starved' bodies to assimilate the elements which keep bones and teeth strong."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D so important for building up health after the confining months. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on the label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

What 4 noted doctors say

Another famous internal specialist, DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of the University of Berlin, says, "Yeast tones up the whole system."

The distinguished French stomach specialist, DR. GEORGES FAROY, states, "Yeast encourages digestion and overcomes constipation."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS of Copenhagen, international authority on skin diseases, says, "I invariably prescribe yeast. Its effect is incontestable."

The brilliant Spanish surgeon, DR. CATALINA, declares, "Recent scientific experiments confirm the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms."

"My doctor advised yeast to clear my system of poison"

(Right) MR. C. B. WEBBER, *Boston manufacturer, writes:* "After a short illness, I still didn't feel right, so I called my doctor. He said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered Fleischmann's Yeast. It did everything he said it would. I am now completely well."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* MRS. P. J. RILEY *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely. I haven't a trace of indigestion and no longer feel sluggish and tired."

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DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

SUGGESTS THESE SIMPLE THINGS THAT CAN BE SIMPLY DELICIOUS

COOL · COLORFUL SPRING DISHES

BY

ANNE BATCHELDER

1.

THE melancholy days are gone and summer is ready to try out the age-old blandishments once more. And how she wants to make us overlook or forget that with all her seductiveness she still does bring in her retinue the less melancholy, perhaps, but the exceedingly more trying days when the heat and stress are at their fullest. And there we are again—got to eat, have to cook, must turn up at the same old meal-times, and *wish* we could drop the whole thing and live on herbs by the side of a brook!

Yet let us take heart and see what can be done about it, if anything. Life must go on, even if the golf links and the trout streams and the motor make us forget just why.

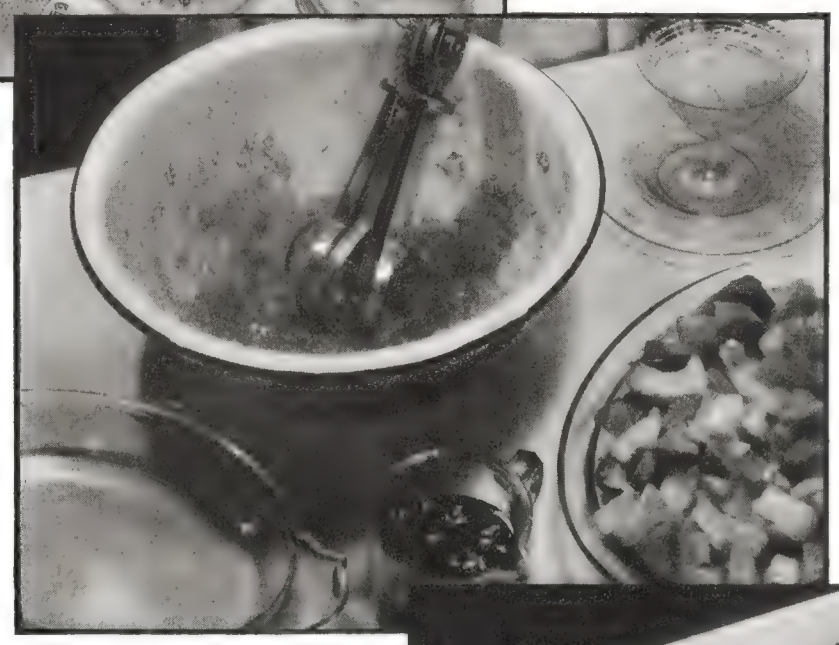
If the rebellion doesn't extend too far, we shall fare into the kitchen and summer may do her worst. We needn't stay there so very long; after all, the outdoors of our dreams won't spoil while we do our bit to make the hot days and the necessary meals a little lighter in aspect to those who gather around our table.

The idea is to give a touch here, make a gesture there, a turn of the wrist that will give a cool and balmy feel to anything we put our hands to. If we can and do cut out the pie and pudding, with the exception of the berry things which are due later, think of the grand vegetable, fruit and salady things that come to mind along with the dandelions in the grass and the forsythia by the garden wall.

AND speaking of dandelions, as who should not, make the best of the dear, despised weeds, and cook them up as greens, using a good sharp vinegar to serve on them, and know that few growing things taste so good at just the psychological moment when dandelions are prodigal gold in the grass on every hillside and by every lane. And on everybody's lawn, too, if I may say so. Dandelions will make an ingratiating salad, done with vinaigrette or a very sharp French dressing. So, as Memorial Day comes round, and the friendly lilac and syringa are in bloom, change the whole salad picture for once in a life, and serve dandelion salad. And it is a strange rarity, for dandelions arrive, and shortly they are gone. Their season is ephemeral, just a gesture, a meaning of growth, a leap into maturity, and all over for another year.

But this never did start out to be an article on dandelions. It really was meant to be a hand up to the task of getting a little pleasant change into the between-the-acts season so far as it affects meal-time. Still, I think dandelions did pretty well. Any little thing helps.

Fruit seems to catch the eye these days, or rather on days like these. There's a difference. Fruit has, like love, no season. It is at perfection, fresh or canned, twelve months in the year. To those who live under the thirteen-months year, it is in season thirteen months, too.



2.

First are assembled the simple utensils and the ingredients that go into the making of a different kind of fruit cup. The initial step is now accounted for

The fruits are cut and mixed: orange, pineapple, peach and cherries. The gelatin, set and beaten into scintillating crystals, ready to be added to the cup. Fruit in the glasses and the refreshing finished appetizer

One thing we have always with us. That is the fruit cup. There are fruit cups and fruit cups—not all alike. But how to get one that tastes different, better, stands out as one in authority, that is the problem. Very well, cut up a mélange, a selection of various fruits—and canned ones are splendid for the purpose—then make a lemon or orange or grapefruit jelly; just before it sets too stiffly, beat it with an egg beater. It will break up into glistening, sparkling, frost-like crystals; and then either mix in the fruit, or fill the glasses with fruit and top with the delicate, topaz-colored crystals of jelly and let them mingle with the fruit in a happy combination of fruit and congealed juices. What could be choicer than that? You needn't go to the trouble of making jelly if you don't want to, for the ready-to-mix (*Turn to page 71*)

3.

4.

Photographs by Steiner in Delineator Studios

Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . in her veins flows the blue blood of the Plantagenets. Now by marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming young hostess of delightful homes in Chicago and in Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and skin like pink hawthorn blossom . . . so lovely that to see it is to wonder how its delicate transparency, its clear fresh English coloring can ever survive life on the windy shores of Lake Michigan.

To a friend in England Mrs. McCormick writes:

"My dear, American women are wonderful . . . smartly dressed, exquisitely groomed. They taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this extraordinary climate, with its sudden changes.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream . . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Follow these famous four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure . . . Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent, ample and so economical!

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and is making a wonderful collection of hundreds of varieties of tropical plants in her Santa Barbara garden. Her charming new winter home is high on a mountain, overlooking ocean and isles.

(*below*) Mrs. McCormick's California home is a treasure house of charming pieces of French provincial furniture. Her dressing table in carved walnut is an unusually fine example of this style.

(*right*) Pond's four famous preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 FAMOUS PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F
115 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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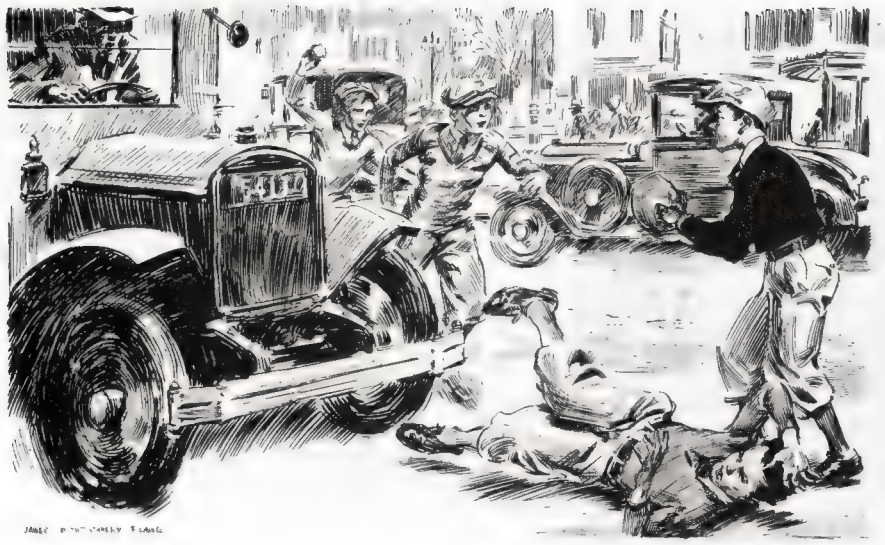


© 1930 *Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.*

Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles—combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents — nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of fire-arms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 530-D. Mailed free upon request.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 24

Gay addressed him as Tony and explained the desperateness of their situation.

"There's nothing difficult about that," Tony announced cheerfully. "At sunrise I'm flying a plane to France. I'll drop him at Boulogne. We can leave word to be phoned through to Shorncliffe to send his kit along with the draft. He'll be sitting on the quay ahead of time. Now that that's arranged, we must take care of you. Tell you what—we'll give you a shake-down and rouse you before we start."

When the plane was ready to take off, she was sleeping soundly.

Gordie took one last look at her.

"No sense in waking her," he thought, and soared into the dawn.

LONG before the boat from Folkestone tied up, he was waiting. When he found that his kit was aboard, the last of his anxieties vanished.

"You took an awful chance," his friend Haywood greeted him. "How on earth did you manage to fly over?"

"It was managed for me," Gordie laughed.

As he recounted the incidents of the past thirty-six hours, humorous aspects which he had missed forced themselves on his attention. By the time he made an end, he had pictured Gay in an entirely new light, which seemed to him altogether convincing. She had always been in love with him.

Haywood failed to be impressed.

"If it's all true, you're lucky. That's the way I used to fool myself—that I was sitting on top of the world. Most of that feeling comes before marriage, unfortunately," he concluded bitterly.

"That didn't used to be your song, and I don't believe you."

"All right, then. Get married and experiment for yourself."

In the train late that night, creeping through desolated country, Gordie tackled him.

"You sounded as though you wished you'd never met Nancy."

"For her sake I could wish it. Wait till your wife has a child coming. If the war's still on, tell me then whether you think you've done the fair thing by her."

After they had rejoined their battery, they had little time to brood over private affairs. As they wallowed in mud and shivered beneath April downpours, everything gentle faded. In this savage nightmare there was no room for the folly of remembered love-making. Whether girls flirted or were faithful seemed immaterial for the moment to sleepless, hungry men in terror of dying.

Gordie and Bert, now that they were officers, saw next to nothing of each other. When the ridge had been gained and they had swept down into the plain, as dramatically as the mad rush had started, it halted. Drunk with weariness, they dragged their guns into a battered billage and established their mess in a deep dugout, lately tenanted by the enemy.

"Well, we've lived through that!"

The remark was made with crooked lips as a grotesque joke, while they passed the bottle and played cards in an effort to forget.

In Haywood's case the effort wasn't successful. Under the strain of enforced inaction his reticence crumbled. He began to bore the mess with domestic confidences. Every one recognized the cause of his revelations, but shell-shock was too contagious for its signs to be tolerated.

The senior lieutenant had the most brutal resentment for such loquacity.

"We're not married to your Nancy," he told him pointblank. "What difference does it make to us whether your kid gets born or not?" Nevertheless, in the last analysis, he was the man who showed him the most practical sympathy.

Toward the end of May, the battery pulled out of the village, the enemy having made the place too hot. (*Turn to page 71*)

GAY FRENCH RESORTS

Continued from page 14

never exorbitant. The music is usually excellent and the people invariably amusing. The casinos are but the central social gathering places of the community; they often include the theater, the movies, a concert hall, and of course a place for dancing. Here is where all the gambling is done. During the day, you can ride, play golf, tennis, anything you like.

Just about all that is necessary to enjoy these many delights is the desire to see and partake of this particular sort of life, and a little money. If you have a great deal of money—well, that may be better. Still, no amount of coin of any realm could buy for me the memory of a sunset hour at Biarritz when I sat on a cliff just off the road to Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and watched a flaming radiance drop like a plummet into the Atlantic, leaving a gold and pink and lavender glow to die away on the mountain peaks that lead the way to Spain. In odd and unexpected corners, your eyes and your heart are flooded with beauty. The trip to any one of them may resolve itself into a glorified sight-seeing tour.

If you go north from Paris, the road to Deauville lies through Normandy. A tranquil countryside of green meadows and gray-green poplar trees; low, dark-timbered, white-plastered houses with steep, thatched roofs, and always geraniums somewhere near. Rouen is not far away, and you should not miss the perfection of this Gothic town where they tried and burned to death poor Jeanne d'Arc. If you are wise, you'll stay for lunch at the *Hotel de la Couronne*, across the Market Square from where her statue now stands. This has one of the most famed cuisines outside of Paris.

And while we are on the subject of fine cooking, there is another spot one really shouldn't miss. *L'Auberge du Vieux Puits* at Pont-Audemer, a small town quite near Deauville. The lunch served here is a magnificent affair, eaten in an enclosed garden that boasts, among other things, a trout pond from which you are requested to net your own trout, and the very well upon which, it is said, Madame Bovary was wont to lean on occasion.

If you choose any of the Riviera resorts, you go through Roman country. Hill towns rising from flat plains, walled against the barbarians, and still walled because time has not yet crumbled them away. Arles, where they now have bull-fights in an arena that some ancient Romans built for celebrating holidays. Avignon, with its Palace of the Popes, and its bridge which was built especially for *les dames* and *les messieurs* to curtsey and make deep bows upon. Carcassonne, the most famous fortified town in France, where they point out that "this section of the wall is Roman—that over there was laid by the Goths."

TO REACH Biarritz, you pass through Chartres, town of the great cathedral, whose windows are the despair of present workers in glass, and the admiration of every one else. The French value them so highly that, during the war, each tiny, priceless pane of glass was taken out, numbered and packed away in cotton; and their restoration has only just been completed. Like most cathedrals, Chartres possesses rows of entertaining gargoyles. Some say they were designed to terrify the unbelieving, and others, to propitiate the powers of darkness in a left-handed fashion.

From Chartres, the chateau country is an easy step, and if you have time for a few days' stop-over, you may gain an insight into the makings of French history.

And, of course, when you get down into the region around Biarritz itself, you are in one of the most picturesque and romantic parts of Europe. The Basque country. Spend one morning, watching a group of native lads swimming on the Basque side at Biarritz, and you'll believe everything they tell you about these extraordinary people.

Biarritz, the town, is just a resort. From European standards it is brand new, being not much more than (*Turn to page 48*)

Once a week do this . . .
Note to Medical and Dental profession:
When prescribing a mouth wash for *germicidal* purposes, please make certain that it is a germicide: and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.
LISTERINE
LAMBERT

Cleans the scalp– checks dandruff

WHENEVER you wash your hair—and most people do it once a week—douse full strength Listerine on the scalp either before or after the rinse. Then massage the scalp and hair vigorously for several minutes.

You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of cleanness and exhilaration that follows this refreshing treatment.

Moreover, it is unquestionably one of the best treatments for dandruff—for preventing it, and for overcoming it once it has started.

Many hundreds of women have told us that since making Listerine a part of the weekly shampoo, their scalp feels better, their hair looks more attractive, and they are never troubled with dandruff.

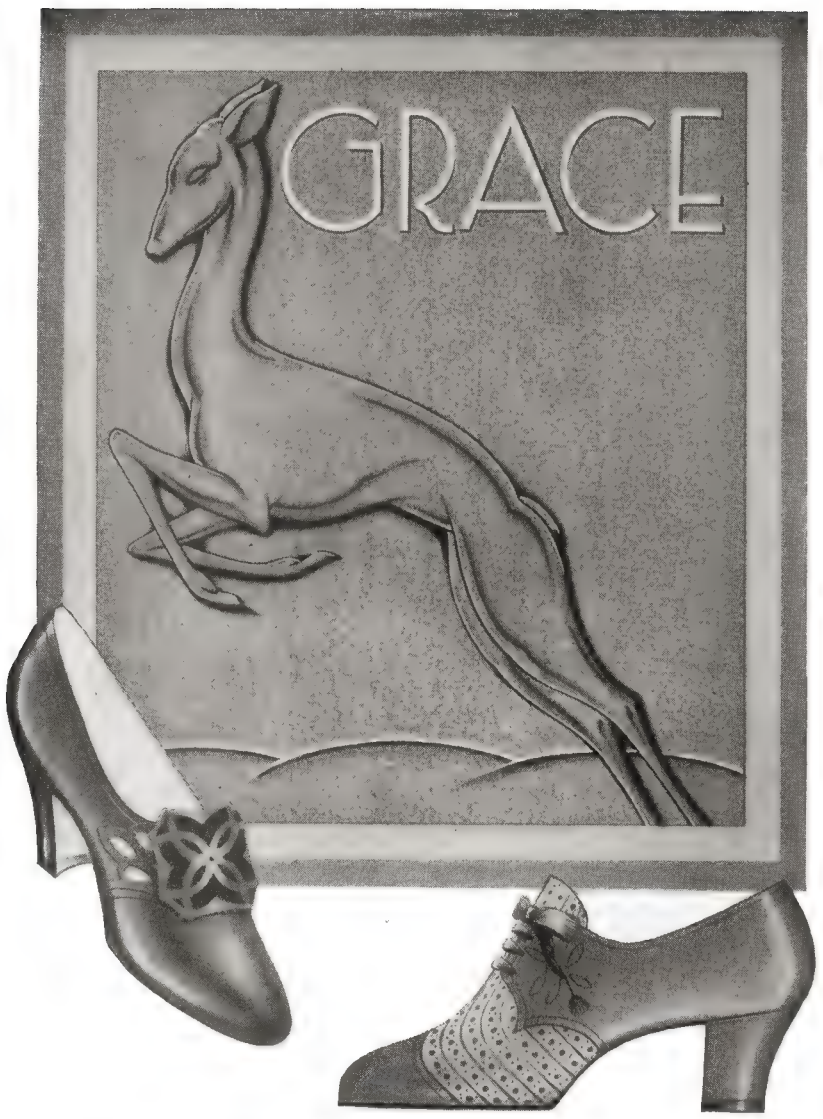
Of course, if dandruff does get a start, it will be necessary to repeat the Listerine treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in conjunction with it if the scalp and hair are excessively dry.

Listerine removes and dissolves the dandruff particles and heals and soothes the scalp. Also, if infection is present—and most dermatologists define dandruff as a germ infection—Listerine immediately combats it.

As you know, Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds; even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000—yet Listerine is safe to use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds



FOOT SAVER SHOES

fit the need, the mode and the foot

FEET that have walked not wisely but too well through the paths of fatigue, take a fresh lease on life with Foot Savers...Twitching muscles sink into lissome calm. Taut, tired lines relax into supple grace. Pain and pressure vanish . . . It is as though the weary foot stretched limberly, and sighed with relief, "It's good to be free again!"

But Foot Saver's talents are not limited to the patented inbuilt construction, so firmly and comfortably supporting the arch. A flair for chic is theirs, as well, and the deftest way imaginable of suggesting ankle-slimness!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio! *The Spring style book radiates with Foot Saver modes that speak with a beguiling Paris accent. Tell us where to send it!*

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 424 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions

Name.....

Address.....

D5-30

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

GAY PARIS RESORTS

Continued from page 46

seventy-five years old. Every now and then you come suddenly upon a brand new shop or bar, done in the most modern manner; sheer planes and cool, unlittered angles.

The people who go there are as unrelated and as diverse as the buildings. You'll see them in a cocktail-bar on one corner, modern and sophisticated.

On the opposite corner is an equally large gathering sitting at little tables on the sidewalk. They are drinking *apéritifs;* fiercely discussing politics, the weather, the tides, always accompanied by the shivering fox terrier.

They will finish their *apéritif* and go on to another sidewalk café for dinner. Perhaps, later, to still another, for their coffee and a discreet liqueur, while they listen to a band concert in the square, the equivalent of which was last heard in the United States the year McKinley was shot.

Biarritz is triply blessed, for it has three separate and distinct beaches, each with its own atmosphere and habitués. *La Grande Plage*, *Port-Vieux*, and *Côté des Basques*, which means the Large Beach, the Old Port and the side the Basques go swimming on. *La Grande Plage* is the important one. It is in front of the leading hotels and the casinos, and draws what you might call the "smart crowd." On a dazzling, sunny morning, it is an unforgettable sight. The brilliant colors of the sea and sky. The multi-hued costumes of the bathers. The myriads of gaily patterned tents set in rows to face the sun, striped and polka-dotted in red or blue or green.

Don't get the notion, though, that you will be able to do any large and fancy swimming at Biarritz. The Atlantic takes good care of that, for never were there such waves and currents as bang noisily up and down these whitest of sands. And if they don't deter you, don't worry, the life-guard will. Just take a step or a stroke a little further towards the coast of America than he thinks is wise! You'll suddenly find yourself the center of all eyes, the while he runs back and forth on the beach, blowing a horn and waving a red flag at you.

If you want a nice, old-fashioned swim, you must go down the coast to Saint-Jean-de-Luz. This lovely old town has a large, protected harbor, and therefore no surf on its crescent shaped-beach. It has, however, one of the most interesting casinos yet built in France. Modern art in design, its plastered walls are chartreuse color with fascinatingly proportioned windows and silver steel trim. Set as it is, against the background of this hill-encircled, sleepy old town, it has a delicate, fairy-like quality.

Unlike Biarritz, Saint-Jean-de-Luz is quite a town in its own right. It is the great Basque port, and it is from here the boats sailed out to Newfoundland in the days when whales were just part of the winter's catch. Its history is the history of the Basques, and here, you remember, was laid the somber and dramatic story of the sorcery courts which Dorothy Canfield wrote for Delineator last year.

The town has been destroyed by the winter seas more than once, so that little of the early part of it is left. During the Second Empire, however, it made a new beginning, and this time as a resort. But it is quieter, more leisurely than Biarritz, and proud of it. For, as one of its publicity booklets puts it: "The sojourn of Napoleon the Third at Biarritz attracted tourists to the region, and if the royal court gathered there at the villa 'Eugenie,' a more discreet class began to frequent Saint-Jean-de-Luz."

SO MANY fantastic tales have been written about the Riviera and its resorts, its mad people and their gay ways, its exotic background. The most fantastic thing about it is that they all are true. Having begun its history by being one of the ancient and medieval world's most fought-over battlefields, it now has settled down to the comparative peace of being cut up into building lots and trodden upon by all types of humanity in quest of pleasure.

All of which makes it a most amusing place to go and stay a while. It doesn't make much difference whether you choose Antibes, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins or Nice. They all are so close together that you can get to one for a swim, one for lunch and another for tea.

And always, as in so many places in Europe, the old is mixed with the new, the genuine with the tawdry, the ugly with the beautiful, in glorious confusion.

Now that the Riviera has definitely arrived as a summer resort, new casinos and bathing beaches are blossoming out every season. Juan-les-Pins and Antibes were the first. Cannes presented a waiting world with the Palm Beach Casino last season. Now there is talk of serious efforts and expenditures of vast sums of money to give dear, dying Monte Carlo a second youth.

Antibes is my favorite. All the Riviera has its old towns, places of narrow streets and tiny, tree-filled squares, huge fountains where the women gather to do the family washing and to gossip; dirty, perhaps, but picturesque, and filled with myriad signs to prove that most of this land was once Italy. Sometimes this quarter is hidden away, as in Nice and Cannes. Not so in Antibes. For there, the old town is triumphant, with its sea wall and fortifications blandly smiling down on you across a little harbor as you drive down the main road from the Cap.

THE rest of Antibes is just a thin wedge of land which before the days of resorts served to divide Cannes and Nice on the map. Now it is full of villas of assorted sizes. There is one large hotel at the tip end and one smaller one in the middle. The latter was made famous by the fact that Mr. G. B. Shaw prefers it; the former because, at the end of its garden walk, is the celebrated *Eden Roc*, one of the few bathing places in the country not absolutely open to the public. It isn't a beach, you see. There's a law about beaches and the rights of the citizen which doesn't apply to rocks, it seems.

So the *Club Nautique* has taken this jumble of bright red, infant-class cliffs and equipped them with floats, spring-boards, pools and all manner of paraphernalia. *Eden Roc* is famous, however, not for its topography nor its floats, but because in the past three or four years it has been sat upon and dived off of by more well known people than any other spot on the globe. And it isn't so devastatingly private, after all. A room at the hotel carries with it the right to be *nautique* there; the restaurant and the bar at the top are open to all; and there are often friends.

La Garoupe, a tiny strip of sand halfway between the Cap and the town, is Antibes' own beach, the one where you find the sign posted up by the mayor requesting you to behave like ladies and gentlemen and not to let ferocious dogs run wild. The Alpes-Maritimes are across the bay, with Nice at their feet in a pinkish haze; the deep, dark green of pine trees is all around you; the Mediterranean at its bluest in front of you.

For " 'igh life," as the French fancy "high life" is pronounced, you can always go to Cannes or Juan-les-Pins. There they make a business of galas which really are gay, casinos, great hotels, smart corner bars and restaurants, night clubs.

Deauville, in the main, is the direct opposite of the Riviera. At this "mad playground of the *haute monde*" you will find neither antiquity nor present-day picturesqueness. August is the peak of the season, when the races leave Paris and move on to Deauville for a few weeks.

We, in America, have no conception of the rôle horse-racing holds in the social life of all classes of French people. The government encourages it and runs the betting as carefully as it does the elections. A race track, large or small, beautifully kept and often part of the town park, is very much a part of the French scene.

But at Deauville, racing is to be found in its sportiest aspect. The large stables move up there *en masse*. Horses, jockeys, grooms, and endless numbers of little exercise boys arrive, unpack and settle down. In their train comes all the world that follows the horses, from titled owners and their families to those gentlemen who look the other way when the *gendarmes* walk by.

Making a killing at Deauville, either at the races or at the Casino, is the ambition of every international gambler and crook. To startle the bystanders by wearing more diamond bracelets from wrist to elbow than have ever before aided the municipal illumination, is the ambition (*Turn to page 51*)

fluffy-light . . . .

these 2-minute pancakes made with four flours *ready-mixed*

Aunt Jemima's secret from old plantation days

At first, it was just a Southern mammy's "knack" of cooking . . .

Four flours instead of one! Aunt Jemima knew this secret when she mixed her rice, corn and rye with wheat flour, years ago, for her tempting, fluffy pancakes.

Now millions of women are using Aunt Jemima's famous recipe. Her *four* flours, together with all her own ingredients, come *ready mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

Husbands (famous consumers of pancakes) are exclaiming over the new tender lightness of these luscious cakes. And wives smile. Glad for Aunt Jemima's secret. Her "knack" of combining four flours in just the right proportions for special lightness and goodness!

No fussing, no measuring. Just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, and stir. Stacks of steaming fragrant cakes—in less time than it takes to make toast!

Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. If it does not give complete satisfaction, he will be glad to refund its purchase price.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Aunt Jemima's Pancake Pie

Stack 6 paper-thin pancakes, plate size, with creamed butter and maple sugar between layers. Cover with maple syrup and whipped cream. Cut like pie and serve.

FREE— to get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon.

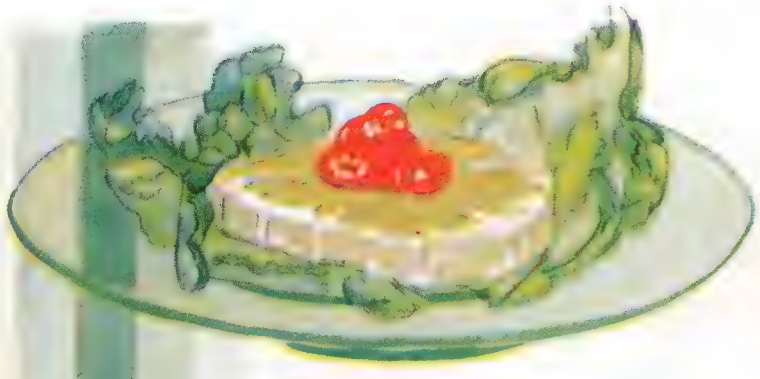
The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. G-21, St. Joseph, Missouri.
☐ Pancake sample ☐ Buckwheat sample

Name.....

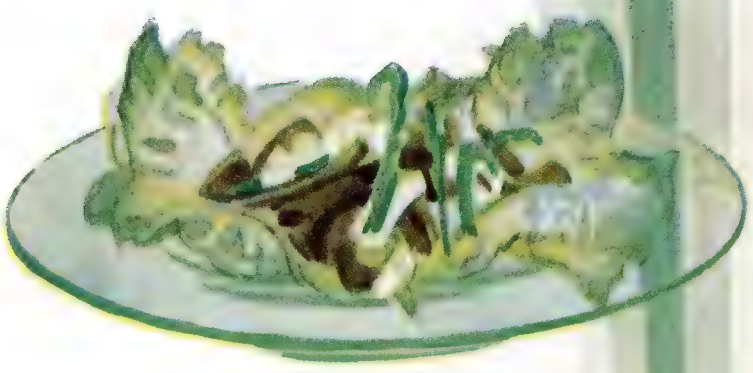
Address.....

We are often asked, "*Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?*' *They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada*

With this dainty salad of tomatoes and water cress—a French Dressing made with mint.

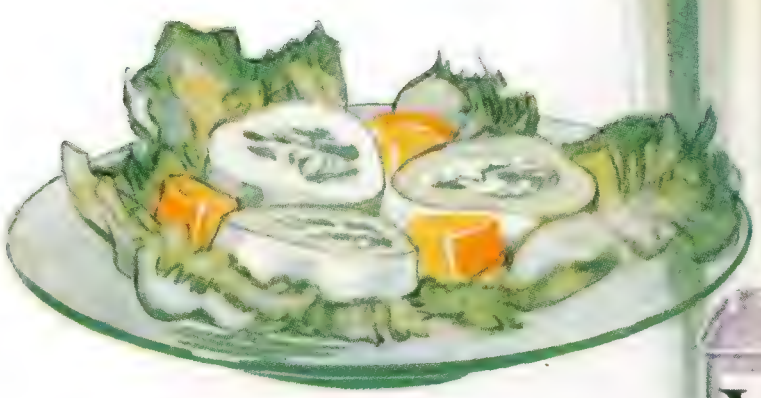


For fresh pineapple, cherries and lettuce—a Nut French Dressing seems a happy choice.



A salad of string beans, celery, green pepper and lettuce suggests a piquant Indian French Dressing.

Asparagus tips and crisp lettuce—a delightful Chiffondale French Dressing goes with it delightfully.



A French Dressing made with Chili Sauce gives spice to this always popular salad of fresh cucumbers, carrots and lettuce.

Grapefruit, orange and romaine—and a French Dressing ever so slightly sweetened with Bar le Duc is quite delicious.

THE SPRING SALAD SEASON ARRIVES !

When nearly every pantry shelf in town blossoms out with a new can of Wesson Oil, you may be sure the Spring Salad season has arrived.

Fresh Spring vegetables—just out of the garden! That means salads—and Wesson Oil.

For there is no salad oil that has quite so completely won the hearts of American women. Probably because it is so choice a salad oil and because it's so really *wholesome.*

Here is a pure, rich oil, golden in color, exquisitely delicate in flavor—and deliciously good to eat.

Indeed it's so good that you'll find women everywhere who like to use it plain, just as it is. Who keep a cruet of it on the table, along perhaps with a cruet of some fine vinegar.

And then, of course, for French Dressing, Wesson Oil goes without saying. For Wesson Oil makes quite the most captivating and *piquante* French Dressing that ever graced a crisp salad. It's good — *always* — and it's good *for* you. Send for our book of recipes. Address The Wesson Oil People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

GAY PARIS RESORTS

Continued from page 48

of their ladies. Which does not at all deter lots of nice, old-fashioned, honest people from going to Deauville for the swimming and tennis.

Between these extremes you find rotogravure society in its most rotogravure mood, the theater, the arts, and hundred of others. And then, just when you are thinking what a madhouse of triflers Deauville is, along the beach comes an orphan school on its way to a picnic, marshaled by two blue-garbed nuns with huge white coifs.

Except on race days, the entire life centers on the beach, which is perfectly enormous. One of its charms, because it accents its singular flatness, is that back of the actual beach is a city block's length of formal garden, flanked by tennis courts. Most of a corner is taken up by the *Bar Sileil*, which spreads its tables and chairs up and down the promenade. And most of Deauville gathers here to watch the rest of the world go by.

These three great playgrounds, Deauville, Biarritz and the Riviera, do not, by any means, exhaust the resorts of France where traveling Americans may find gaiety and amusement in the summer. The whole channel coast is lined with smaller places from Le Touquet to Dinard. Some are frankly *bourgeois*, where one takes the family and settles down for a quiet month or two. Many of them have a slight British flavor, for so much of their summer population is naturally English. They all share the charm of the Normandy countryside, the little inns, the fishing people, the leisurely pace of French country life.

All of them have their casino, golf course, their "dancing" and their galas with skyrocket flowers. All of them have a most gracious way of bidding you welcome when you come and saying farewell when you leave.

THIEF OF SALVATION

Continued from page 27

on dry bread would soon pass, he thought.

Three weeks passed. Felipe followed instructions faithfully. He ate the bread, all of it, every night. Dipped in water and sprinkled with salt, it was fairly good, and there was plenty of it. Yet a gnawing hunger persisted, much to his bewilderment.

When evening came and he waited by the kitchen door for his sack of bread, he found himself eyeing the warm *tortillas* and steaming *frijoles* intently. Once a whiff of roasting venison made him suddenly faint with desire. If he could only have a bit of fat, a scrap of meat, a spoonful of grease, anything to give that bread some weight and make it sit upon his stomach in a seemly manner.

But night after night he ate the bread, at first stoically, then eagerly, and at last wolfishly. It had ceased to taste. It was no longer a meal. It was just something he did because for a few minutes it dulled the edge of that burning ache.

One evening, as he knelt before the altar of *San Juan*, his eyes wandered slowly from the rosary in his hands to the burning lamp. Heated from the tiny, glowing wick, the oil gave off a fragrance—rich, almost meaty.

Felipe's eyes distended as the odor swept his nostrils, and he reeled slightly. Then, creeping closer, he bent over the lamp. He sniffed deep breaths of the tantalizing scent.

He turned his head and looked about the church. It was empty. The sacristan had long since gone and *Padre Balli* would be eating his dinner.

His hands shook as he reached in the sack and drew out a small loaf of bread. But no! That would be stealing, stealing from God and *San Juan*. Weakly he sat back on his heels a minute. Maybe *San Juan* would like him to have the oil if he knew about the ache in his stomach. He would ask him.

"*San Juan*," Felipe mumbled, with his hands held aloft toward the fragrant chalice, "thou canst not eat the oil. Give it to me for the ache, *San Juan*. It bites and gnaws and burns."

He raised his gaze to the image towering above him in plaster silence and he waited. *San Juan* did not answer. He did not say yes, but neither did he say no. Therefore, Felipe reflected, he must be willing.

Again Felipe looked around the church stealthily. The other saints might not sanction his taking the oil. The matter was between himself and *San Juan*, but it would be better if the others knew he had *San Juan's* approval.

He broke a bit of bread from the loaf, and lifting it up he asked aloud: "*San Juan*, may I dip my bread in your oil?" Then, dropping his head until his chin touched his chest, he muttered in deep, guttural tones, "Yes, my son." Let those disapproving saints think what they would, they had heard *San Juan!* With a sigh of delight he dipped the scrap of bread into the warm oil and thrust the delicious morsel in his mouth.

Each time he broke a fresh piece from his loaf he went through the same ceremony.

Ah, but it was good! Good to feel its rich weight in his stomach.

Two weeks passed. Felipe no longer grew weak at the scent of warm *tortillas*. *San Juan* was good. Each night he gave Felipe permission to dip his bread in the oil. And now Felipe was beset by a nagging fear. *San Juan* didn't really answer, "Yes, my son," but he never gave the least sign of disapproval. Was it right to continue?

One morning Don Juan de la O rode down to the church to visit the *padre*. As usual, he stopped before the altar of his patron saint. The lamp was out and the empty chalice yawned like an eyeless socket. Don Juan, in a fine temper, sought the sacristan.

"*Indolente!*" he cried, pointing toward the darkened altar. "Every day I send the finest oil by my *peon*, Felipe, just for *San Juan*, and yet all the lights are burning but his."

The sacristan's face blanched. He stared at the shrine of *San Juan* in bewilderment. "But, *Señor*," he protested, "I fill his lamp just like all the rest. Maybe the wind blew it out."

"The wind!" snorted Don Juan contemptuously. "The lamp is empty, I tell you, just as empty as that head of yours. I warn you, see that it does not happen again!" And he strode out of the church.

There was a great furor when he discovered *San Juan's* lamp dark again, the following day. The sacristan fled before Don Juan's wrath. In trembling haste he stumbled across the churchyard to *Padre* Balli's study. And Don Juan followed him in a towering rage. He paused as the priest met him in the open door. Behind the *padre* he could glimpse the sacristan, intrenched in safety.

Padre Balli listened gravely. Don Juan hurled his accusations at the sacristan. Plucking at the *padre's* (*Turn to page 52*)

The SKIN *should be* SOOTHED

LESSON NUMBER THREE — *In previous lessons, Miss Arden has described the first two steps in her famous treatment — Cleansing and Toning. The next step is SOOTHING. (Extra copies of earlier lessons may be obtained on request.)*

A SENSITIVE skin should have frequent applications of rich cream to keep it from early fading and wrinkling. *Any* skin must be regularly soothed and softened to offset the evils of steam heat, windy weather and uncertain spring temperatures.

The best time for applying cream is at night. First cleanse and tone according to my earlier instructions. Then, when your skin is thoroughly awakened and receptive, cream should be patted on. My Velva Cream is a preparation of great delicacy that is most gratifying to the sensitive tenderness of a fine dry skin. It should be, too, the choice of a young skin that is not yet in need of a heavy cream.

My Orange Skin Food is a heavier preparation whose rich ingredients make it suitable for the older skin or the unusually dry, flaky skin. And for scraggy necks and unlovely hollows, there is Adona Cream.

Using the cushion tips of the fingers pat on the cream with definite upward strokes, beginning at point of chin and working upward to the ear, the corner of the eye, the temple, with rhythmic, lifting pats. Pat around the neck with the four fingers slightly curved; smooth extra cream just under the chin where a "crepey" look must be guarded against. Pat until the face and neck are warm and glowing. Look up as you "fingerprint" lightly under the eyes.

Then dip your fingers in Muscle Oil and pat this directly on lines on forehead, neck or cheeks to smooth and give flexibility to dry or furrowed skin.

If this treatment is taken the last thing at night, a little of the cream should be left on, especially around the eyes where first fine lines are sure to gather. If you have managed to squeeze in a half hour before dinner for your "patting" you will remove the cream at the end of ten minutes of brisk work with Cleansing Tissues; following that, pat with Skin Tonic to take away any possible greasy look, and then be ready for your make-up. Last month I explained the correct and convenient way of applying tonic or astringent with an Arden Patter, which should be part of your regular dressing table equipment.

Another treatment which you must not fail to try when you wish to look unusually lovely for an evening engagement, is the Anti-Wrinkle Treatment. This cream has been specially prepared to produce quick results and you will be thrilled with the real beauty of your skin, if you use it according to directions.

WINDHARPS

Do you know those little harps that draw music from the wind? They are so sensitive that the lightest breeze will draw from them a chord.

Suffering and ecstasy and despair belong most wholly to the sensitives. It is they who carry the treasure, it is they whom life should nourish and protect, for it is because of them that man rises from clay to potter. Strike out the great people of history and we would still be tattooing our skins and calling it painting.

And yet we starve the sensitive ones among us and develop a comfortable philosophy about them, that continued contact with this practical unsensitive world brings out the best in them, quite forgetting that without any help from us, the wind howls harshest around the highest peaks.

Among all the charming friends you have, who is the one that is most satisfying? The most sensitive—not that pathetic supersensitiveness that is so close to egotism it can scarcely be distinguished from it, but the kind of responsiveness that can slip most swiftly and deeply into your mind and see the thing as you see it, that can touch your wound so gently that there is healing in the touch, that sees without peering, that knows without being told, the kind of delightful person who draws music from the wind.

PREPARATIONS REQUIRED IN THIS LESSON

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening. . . . $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
A rich cream that is indispensable for a thin or middle-aged skin. It keeps the face smooth and round. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25. $8.

ADONA CREAM
To be used liberally on thin neck, shoulders and bust, and scraggy throat.
$1.50, $2.50, $3 50, $6.50.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which stimulate flabby muscles. . $1, $2.50, $4.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
Specially adapted for a quick treatment before going out at night. . . . $2. $3.50.

ARDEN VENETIAN PATTER
Round and flat, with unique flexibility of handle for accurate patting strokes. . . $5

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cassock, the sacristan chirped a feeble but stubborn protest. He had always filled the lamp, *Padre Mio!*

"My son," observed the priest mildly, addressing Don Juan, "there must be some mistake. Francisco has been my sacristan for years. He does not lie. You must look elsewhere for the solution of this mystery."

Don Juan hesitated. His fingers were itching to lift the cringing sacristan from behind the *padre* and lay the whip across his shoulders. The priest waited. For years he had longed to give Don Juan this novel experience. He also knew Don Juan, and he knew what the *peons* did not know: the fear that was creeping into his old heart as the shadow of the years lengthened behind him.

Don Juan departed. All the way to the *casa grande* he lashed his horse. All that night he fumed and tossed. He dared not dispute the *padre*. There were many masses to be said for his soul, and *Padre* Balli would say them. In that last hour there would be extreme unction, and the *padre's* hands would give it. At forty, fifty, even sixty, one may grow and reap many crops, but at seventy salvation must be in the barn, with all the rest.

The next morning Don Juan did not ride his ranch. He rose at daylight and slipped into the church of San Rafael. There he hid behind the altar of *San Juan* and waited.

MORNING sunlight filled the church while *Padre* Balli said mass, attended by the aged sacristan. Then hours of stillness followed. *San Juan's* lamp burned brightly.

Noontime came. Three naked *peon* children crept into the church with a handful of wild flowers. They genuflected awkwardly and tiptoed to the altar of the Blessed Virgin with the blooms. He could hear their bare feet smacking briskly on the flagstones as they trotted out again. Still the lamp burned.

Twilight filled the church. Then darkness. Still the faint glow rose before the altar and Don Juan waited. At last he heard footsteps. Nearer and nearer they came, moving with a shuffling familiarity toward the altar behind which he stood. A scraping sound as some one knelt before *San Juan*.

"*San Juan*," quavered an old voice in the darkness, "may I dip my bread in your oil?"

A pause.

"Yes, my son," came the answer in deep, commanding tones.

Don Juan stood paralyzed. In the silence and blackness there was an eery something, a supernatural hush. Then it was broken by the crunching, gnawing sounds beyond the altar. Who had spoken? Who had answered old Felipe?

Cautiously Don Juan crept from his hiding place. Again old Felipe's voice quavered, "*San Juan*, may I dip my bread in your oil?" This time Don Juan was close enough to catch the deception. At last! He had snared the thief of his salvation.

With a hoarse cry of rage he seized the aged Mexican. "Thief!" he cried, kicking him. "*Ladrón!*" In the torrent of his passion he dragged the stupefied Felipe to the door and flung him down the steps.

Felipe lay on the ground quaking with terror. He had feared it. All along he had known in his heart of hearts that he was stealing. All along he had trembled, dreading that the day might come when *San Juan* would break his saintly forbearance and accuse him.

His sin was terrible. Far more terrible than a sin against man. It was a sin against a saint. It was so dreadful that *San Juan* had come to life and cast him out of the church. What was to become of him now?

An outcast, he lay sobbing on the ground. What was the anger of Don Juan de la O beside the holy wrath of *San Juan* himself? Far better that he had been content to keep that gnawing ache in his body for food. Now he must carry a gnawing ache in his soul for forgiveness, and his days were numbered. He was old, and it was terrifying to realize that he must soon face *San Juan* again when he could not flee from the righteous wrath.

Don Juan de la O went at once to the priest. He quivered with triumph when he told the story. And he told it all, going clear back to the broken maguey field that had brought Felipe's penance.

Padre Balli listened. His elbows were on his desk and he shaded his eyes with his hands that Don Juan might not follow their expression. It was unnecessary caution, for Don Juan was carried away by his own eloquence. Three times this man had wronged him. First by his carelessness with the plants, second by stealing the oil, and last of all by frustrating Don Juan's carefully laid plans for salvation. Punishment, real punishment, would be meted out to him this time. Don Juan fingered the whip in his hands.

Don Juan paused for breath and a strange thing happened. The *padre* rose and faced him. For the first time Don Juan saw that the priest's face was deadly white. Grasping the whip in Don Juan's hands he flung it behind him with a snap. For years Don Juan had been proud of his temper. He had glowed over his exhibitions and the terror they spread. Now as he stood gaping before the priest, he realized that his wildest rage had never approached the cold fury of this holy man.

"Down on your knees, Juan de la O!" cried the *padre*, with tears streaming down his face. "*Dios Mio!* That you could have done this thing!"

Shaking with consternation, Don Juan dropped to his knees. "But," he protested vehemently, "I tell you Felipe sinned. He stole from *San Juan!*" Surely that would move the priest.

"It is you who have sinned!" The *padre* pointed a terrible finger before which the soul of Don Juan cringed. "Have you not sent this oil day by day, that your patron saint would save you? Has he not fed this starving man, day by day, that you might not face your God with murder on your soul? What more could you ask, ingrate? This night you have stolen your own salvation. Go now, if you dare, to the altar of *San Juan*—go!" *Padre* Balli flung open the door and waited.

Don Juan's eyes followed the gesture, but his knees refused to move. His gaze sought the *padre's*, starkly. "The masses!" he exclaimed. "The prayers. The oil. Assuredly I cannot be lost like an unshriven *peon!*"

And still that terrible finger pointed. "Why not, Juan de la O? Why not?"

There was no answer. Silence in the little room. Slowly Don Juan crumpled to the floor. "*Padre*," he cried, lifting his hands in despair, "then *San Juan* has cheated me!"

"No, my son—" the priest shook his head sadly—"you have cheated *San Juan*."

ALL that night old Felipe lay shaking on his pallet. Over and over he heard the terrible voice of *San Juan* crying "Thief" as he had cast him from the church.

And all that night Don Juan lay sleepless in the big *hacienda*. The priest had said that he must make amends to Felipe, and he must restore his trust in *San Juan*. He knew only too well the superstitious terror with which Felipe would avoid the church and the altar of *San Juan*. What could he do?

The following night, when Felipe stepped to the kitchen door for his bread, great was his surprise to behold Don Juan himself, holding a bowl of steaming *carne*, covered with warm *tortillas*.

"Felipe," remarked Don Juan, "I have changed my mind about your penance of bread. But—" he eyed Felipe narrowly—"do not forget your prayers before *San Juan*."

Each night Don Juan repeated the admonition. Days passed, and still Felipe would not go near the church. Only in the safety of his hut would he beat his breast and sob, "Forgive me, *San Juan*, for stealing your oil!"

One night he approached the church on tiptoe. He clung to the portal and peered in. It was empty and still. All the saints stood on their altars in a reassuring manner. Even *San Juan* was poised above his burning lamp in orderly silence.

Slowly, cautiously, with many backward looks to keep himself in line with the open door, Felipe made his way to *San Juan*. Still the statue did not move. With a shuddering sigh Felipe dropped to his knees, and his eyes swept upward to the image. There they stopped, rooted in horror. *San Juan's* eyes were blazing coals, blazing as old Don Juan's blazed when he had the grand rage!

"*San—San Juan—*" mumbled Felipe, crawling backward from the altar in abject fright. "*San Juan*, do not wink those devil eyes at me! I have not come to ask if I may dip my bread in your oil."

"My son," came gutturally from the altar, "fear not. I gave you the oil gladly."

Felipe lifted his face and stared. Had he heard right? "But, *San Juan*," he reminded him, half afraid to trust his ears, "why did you cast me out of the church?"

"To test your loyalty, my son, and you have come back to *San Juan* for your reward. Pluck out my eyes, Felipe. They are yours."

Felipe was frozen to the floor in amazement.

He rose very stiffly. In fearful joy he approached the altar, his eyes fixed in adoration on those eyes that burned above him. His fingers closed over them, and lo!—the eyes fell into his hands!

Holding them under the faint glow of the sanctuary lamp, he stared at them. Each of the eyes was a twenty *peso* piece of gold!

Felipe fell on his knees again. "*San Juan*," he sobbed, "thou art good! Thou hast blessed me, and I have sinned. I have not prayed for my *patrón* as he commanded me."

Felipe rose and with trembling fingers replaced the pieces of gold in the plaster face. "Look!" he cried again. "I will give you back your beautiful eyes of gold. Now do thou bless Don Juan de la O!"

And behind the dusty altar Don Juan bowed his head and whispered "Amen."

THIEF OF SALVATION

Continued from page 51

THE POPULAR PET

A STORY FOR CHILDREN BY PEGGY BACON

ONCE upon a time there was an alley cat. She hadn't any name and she hadn't any home, but she had plenty of sense, and by concealing from every one on the street the fact that she was a stray cat, she managed to make a very good living. Every morning she started out to visit from place to place, dropping in on the butcher, the grocer, the chemist, paying friendly calls on the washwoman, the milliner, the doctor, the barber, the lawyer. Everywhere she went, she passed for the family cat, was warmly greeted, generously fed, and called by some special pet name. Since she covered the whole street each day, her visits were short and everybody liked her.

But one day it so happened that the chemist, holding a sardine on a saucer, stepped to his door and called: "Here, Sarsaparilla!" at just the moment when the grocer outside his shop was busy feeding the cat a can of salmon. The chemist looked on for a moment in some annoyance, then remarked that the cat was his; to which the grocer retorted: "No such thing. This is my cat, Vanilla." They discussed the matter with growing irritation, a crowd gathered, and it appeared soon that every one claimed the cat. At last they decided to hold a mass meeting in the Town Hall to determine the ownership of the cat.

IT IS all very well to hold a mass meeting, but the folk grew more and more quarrelsome, till some one suggested that they let the cat decide. This seemed to be a good idea, and it was agreed that they should gather on the street the following morning, and the very first person the cat approached should be its future owner.

Accordingly, next morning early, the crowd collected; each person held in his hand a tempting saucer, full of whatever he considered to be the feline's favorite food. Great was the excitement when the cat appeared around the corner. Down the center of the street she walked, sniffing the air; but, to the wonder of all, the animal took no notice of her friends and their offerings. Instead, she gazed with interest at a white butterfly above her head.

WITH a neat leap she caught it, ate it with evident relish, and while the throng stood in hushed suspense, she proceeded to wash her face very carefully, then, climbing to the top of a high fence that enclosed a vacant lot, she went to sleep.

The situation was more puzzling than ever. It was now plain to everybody that the cat refused to choose a home or an owner. She was her own cat and nobody else's. So far from the folk owning her, she might almost be said to own them. Finally the lawyer arose and suggested that in order to settle the matter with justice to every one, they grant the cat the freedom of the street. "Who'll pass the resolution?" he cried.

This proposal was greeted with applause, all admitted that it was a very fair arrangement, and the motion was passed unanimously. And so the cat continues to lead her pleasant life, going from house to house, visiting about and about. Many are the nice meals she gets, many are the pet names she answers to, and no cat alive exceeds her in power—or in popularity.

PEGGY BACON DID THE PICTURES TOO

The woman of today values expert beauty care

Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman can now make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Since Cleopatra's time

The quest for beauty is not new. Neither is the science of beauty culture. Both began when history began. But in more recent years we have had greater leisure, more time for perfecting ourselves, less need for the crude, hearty makeshifts of pioneer days. And we have turned, naturally enough, to those whose experience qualifies them to help us—the beauty specialists.

Your beauty expert applies, to your individual

Modern beauty culture has been making tremendous strides—today, it has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty.

case, the methods best suited to bring out your own natural loveliness. She realizes your beauty possibilities.

Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

Throughout the world

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 18,000 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining palm and olive oils for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not—nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 18,900 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

All for Beauty

Luxuria

THE

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS

Beauty Cream

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
INCORPORATED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LONDON NEW YORK PARIS

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DELINEATOR COLOR INSTITUTE

Continued from page 30

with tones of yellow and beige to produce an atmosphere of cheerful, comfortable dignity. The deep gold tone of a plain rug is echoed in the yellow background of scenic wallpaper printed in tones of sepia, in the ceiling painted bright yellow, and in the gold antique satin of two fireside chairs. Around the fireplace the walls are painted a rich brown which blends admirably with the Mongolian red of window-frames, door, and the walls below the dado. The curtains are excellent reproductions of crewel embroideries in red, brown, yellow, blue, and green on a natural ground; and a wing chair is upholstered in this material. A sofa covered in brilliant crimson mohair rep is placed invitingly in front of the fire as a final gesture of friendly hospitality.

Red appears as sparkling notes in the rug and chintz of the dining-room. A brightly patterned hooked rug on the floor is balanced by plain walls painted a deep, cool blue. The ceiling is painted light ivory, a tone lighter than the corn color of marquisette glass curtains. Over-draperies are fashioned of glazed chintz which has quaint bunches of rose, green, and blue flowers on a yellow ground; and a valance of the same chintz is carried around the room to make a novel and effective wall border. Chairs, enameled Chinese red, call forth echoes in the rug and chintz and are in delightful contrast with the blue walls; they have pads of yellow linen crash.

Rose tones dominate the combined study and guest-room. A neutral taupe rug covers the floor. Walls are hung with a plaid paper that employs old rose, green, and blue on a beige ground. Woodwork is painted tobacco brown, which blends subtly with the Italian pink of window-frames and lining of book-shelves. Curtains are heavy rep in a deep rose that is almost henna, and glass curtains are made of natural casement crêpe. An armchair is covered in green-and-beige-striped mohair, and notes of green, beige, and rose are repeated in the cretonne that we have used to cover a day-bed, which is fully equipped with box springs and mattress.

The use of pink gives this bedroom the fresh, clean, sprightly note of a morning in spring. The deep rose of a plain rug seems reflected in a ceiling painted aster pink; and walls of cool gray give a necessary contrast. Transparent ruffled curtains of white marquisette have a red plaid which is so fine that it gives the effect of pink; the bed canopy and ruffle are made of the same material, and the bedspread is a lustrous rose cotton taffeta. Plaid is found again, and a cool blue note introduced in the upholstery of a chair that stands beside the bed.

SPECIFIC INFORMATION

Here are the descriptions of the materials we have used to create these color schemes. If you like our suggestions and want to carry them out in your home, you will have no difficulty in obtaining the products we have employed in this month's Color Institute.

EXTERIOR

Walls are whitewashed brick; *roof* is shingled, painted with dark green Valentine's Valspar Roof Paint; *wood trim* is painted with white Valentine's Valspar House Paint; *door* is painted with Chinese red 4-Hour Valentine's Valspar. Paints from Valentine & Co., N. Y. C.

TERRACE

Awning is no. 2916, color, green, from Otis Co., N. Y. C.; *furniture*, Burnt Rattan, set R924, from Heywood Wakefield Co., N. Y. C.; *upholstery*, water-repellent rayon in brown and green plaid, no. 242, style 2 from Du Pont Rayon Co., N. Y. C.

LIVING-ROOM

Rug, gold, Claridge C743, from Alexander Smith & Sons (W. & J. Sloane, N. Y. C., selling agents); *walls above dado* covered with scenic paper in sepia tones on yellow background, "La Côte de Villefranche," from Richard E. Thibaut, Inc., N. Y. C.; *wall around fireplace*, painted rich brown Luco-Lac; *woodwork*, *doors*, *window-frames*, and *walls below dado*, painted Mongolian red Luco-Lac; *ceiling* painted Chinese yellow, no. 28, Lucas Tinted Gloss Paint. Paints from John Lucas & Co., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.; *curtains and one armchair*, Fenway Crewel embroidery, color no. 5000 (various colors on a natural linen ground), a Puritan Fabric from F. A. Foster & Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.; *two fireside chairs*, old gold antique satin, no. 9769, color no. 64, from Orinoka Mills, N. Y. C., *sofa*, red mohair rep, no. F362-318, from Lesher Whitman & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

DINING-ROOM

Rug, hooked Saxony, no. 190, pattern 521, from Alexander Smith & Sons (W. & J. Sloane, N. Y. C., selling agents); *walls and woodwork*, painted with turquoise blue Devoe Mirrolac Enamel; *ceiling*, painted with light ivory, no. 811, Devoe Velour Finish; *chairs*, painted with Chinese red Devoe Mirrolac Enamel; all the above paints from Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc., N. Y. C.; *curtains and cut-out border*, semi-glazed chintz, "Lenore," color 1932 (bunches of rose, green, and blue flowers on yellow ground); *glass curtains*, Parisian Marquisette, corn color; *pads for chair seats*, gold Doulton crash; all Puritan Fabrics from F. A. Foster & Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

BEDROOM-STUDY

Rug, taupe Claridge, C742, from Alexander Smith & Sons (W. & J. Sloane, N. Y. C., selling agents); *walls*, plaid paper, no. 33321 (terra cotta and green stripes on beige ground) from Bosch Wallpaper Co., courtesy of the Wallpaper Association of the United States, N. Y. C.; *woodwork*, tobacco brown Devoe Mirrolac Enamel; *window-frames* and *linings of book-shelves*, Italian pink Devoe Mirrolac Enamel; *ceiling*, wall pink no. 862, Devoe Velour Finish; all these paints from Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc., N. Y. C.; *curtains*, Krinkolin Rep, no. 2722, color 22 (terra cotta) from Orinoka Mills, N. Y. C.; *glass curtains*, casement crêpe, natural color; *sofa*, Doulton cretonne, Ellsmere design, color no. 7910 (rose, green, and yellow flowers all over a tan ground); the last two are Puritan Fabrics from F. A. Foster & Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.; *armchair*, striped mohair, no. H849 (shaded green stripes on natural ground) from Lesher Whitman & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

BEDROOM

Rug, rose Claridge, C738, from Alexander Smith & Sons (W. & J. Sloane, N. Y. C., selling agents); *walls* and *woodwork* painted with larkspur gray Valentine's Flat Wall Paint; *ceiling* painted with aster pink Valentine's Flat Wall Paint; both paints from Valentine & Co., N. Y. C.; *curtains*, *bed canopy* and *ruffle*, Eton marquisette, color no. 1400 (fine red plaid on white ground); *bedspread*, rose cotton taffeta, mirage drapery no. 900; both these are Puritan Fabrics from F. A. Foster & Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.; *pads for side chair*, Sardinia, no. 2886/1, color no. 5, (blue ground with embroidered plaid design) from Orinoka Mills, N. Y. C. *Upholstery for armchair*, Doulton Crash, blue; a Puritan Fabric from F. A. Foster & Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

COLOR IN THE HOME IS THE RAINBOW'S GIFT OF HAPPINESS

~ and over 40 other easy ways to serve them!

You know how good DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are—right from the can, in their own rich syrup.

But not long ago we gathered together—in one recipe book alone—more than 40 easy ways to serve this tempting fruit—with cereals—in gelatines, puddings and pies—for salads, shortcakes, cobblers and sherbets!

Remember, too—with all their fine flavor and convenience—DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are most economical. One large can serves four to six people; smaller sizes if your needs require! And in *every* can—the same quality and flavor for which this label always stands.

Let Us Send You This Book

The recipe book mentioned above is entitled "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them." A fine addition to any recipe file. Sent *free* on request, with six other DEL MONTE recipe books and folders. Write today to Dept. 438, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE
Sliced Peaches

FOOD PRODUCTS
Over a hundred delicious varieties

MAKE your creamed vegetables so good that you'll always want them creamed. Give them the much-to-be-desired "cream and butter" taste plus *better* vegetable substance and flavor.

It has recently been said by a noted authority on foods that the lack of interest in vegetables by fathers and sons is a reflection on our cooking.

IT'S a crime not to have vegetables "creamed." They taste so much better—they afford so much more of appetizing variety—and they *are* so much better food. Much, of course, depends on the "creaming." You want your sauce rich and creamy—you want to retain all the valuable substances and fine flavor of the vegetables. You can do both when you use Pet Milk for the creaming.

The Milk Makes the Difference

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, you dilute it with an equal part of the cooking water from the vegetables. Your sauce will be rich and creamy and nothing is lost either in substance or flavor of the vegetables. If bottled milk were used you'd have to throw away the water, or use more butter and flour and still not have the important milk solids which the Pet Milk sauce contains.

In Many Other Ways

For every use you have for cream or milk, Pet Milk better serves the need. Pet Milk is so rich that you can whip it. You can make frozen or gelatine desserts that have the texture and taste you'd get from cream. And the desserts are better in all respects than cream can make—better, because they have the "whole milk" richness.

The Most Severe of Tests

Specialists have proved Pet Milk to be the best of milk for babies because it is surely safe, uniformly rich and more easily digested than ordinary milk. The same qualities make it superior milk for children to drink—better for every use.

At Less Cost

It's strange, but true, that these creamed vegetables that taste better, and are better, cost less when Pet Milk is used. Because you can get it from your grocer, it costs less than the milk in bottles delivered on your doorstep—costs less than half as much as cream. Yet it is the purest, safest, richest of milk.

PET MILK instead of the usual egg, *in* your croquettes—then dip them in the undiluted milk, and roll in bread crumbs for frying—there never were such delicious croquettes.
ESCALLOPED VEGETABLES—made with Pet Milk, less butter is required and still they have a superior, rich, cream and butter flavor.
MACARONI LOAF surrounded by beets in orange sauce—a fascinating dish—will make you like beets—and it is Pet Milk that makes the combination delicious.
PET MILK CO., 1436-F Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.
Send, free cookbook—recipes for these dishes—and other suggestions.
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YOUR REFRIGERATOR

Continued from page 42

when we tried to put certain covered containers on one of the shelves. But on the whole the shelf space and arrangement was good for the size of the cabinet. You can't expect a small box to do for a family of four everything that a larger box would do.

Of course the refrigerator cannot be too tightly packed. Dishes must be so arranged that air can circulate freely or the refrigerator temperature will be seriously interfered with. One morning our records showed a wide variation of temperatures on the different shelves. The shelves were particularly full and the air circulation was evidently badly interfered with. The temperature was down nearly to freezing on the coldest shelf, and 12° higher in the warmest part of the box. In a refrigerator with the best of air circulation which is not interfered with, the difference in temperature between the warmest and coldest shelves will be very little: 2° to 4° perhaps. When the air circulation is interfered with as it was in this case, the temperature difference becomes much greater. If the temperature setting had been higher so that the coldest shelf was 40° or over, the warmer parts of the box would have had a temperature above 50°, the danger point in refrigerator temperature.

AND remember that it is not only a question of storage space for the supplies which come in day by day, but of having space for putting foods in for a short time so they may go on the table crisp and cold, and of room for hardening gelatin desserts and keeping various things cold until served. For instance, on the first day of the week salad was on the luncheon menu, and salad to be its best should be thoroughly crisp and cold—should in fact go straight from the refrigerator to the table. In the small refrigerator, overworked in its attempt to serve four people, it was nearly impossible to chill the salad plates, but after some rearranging of supplies a place was found for them. But the refrigerator door had to stand open while the rearranging was done and it took a bit of time too, and this used refrigeration.

WE FOUND it wise to keep in mind the conveniences wanted from a refrigerator other than keeping foods. Setting a bowl and an egg beater into the refrigerator to chill is a convenience. If ice cream which is being frozen in the freezing compartment has to be whipped during the process, it is much better to have bowl and beater as cold as possible. Then sometimes cookie or pie crust dough needs chilling. Surely it is worth while to have room for these extras.

It seemed very definite from our use of these small boxes and from our routine use of them in connection with our usual kitchen work that these small refrigerators, about four cubic feet in size, are too small for the family of four under any circumstances. They will serve admirably for the family of two when no great amount of entertaining is done. And, of course, if you already possess one of these small boxes, you will learn to use it to the best advantage, being thankful that you have all that it does furnish you.

FOR an automatic refrigerator will furnish much, whatever its size. It is only being prudent and foresighted to get the refrigerator that will give you the most for your money, not only for daily use but for emergencies or for possible different daily circumstances.

These automatic refrigerators are really long time investments, and a far-sighted policy as to what to buy is most desirable. Adequate size is essential. Be generous on this score; you will not regret it. It is safer to err on the side of too much space; a refrigerator of generous size will give you ample food space when you entertain or are doing some special cooking as well as for every day needs.

KATHLEEN NORRIS

writes about a Chinese play given by American children in her California garden, in next month's issue. And the play, "The Stolen Prince," will also appear. It's a lovely thing. Maybe you will want to give it in your garden some time this summer.

CRY OF PEACOCK

Continued from page 15

white he saw, just the oval of her lifted face, so still that he held his breath there, a hundred feet away.

And then—the sparrows cheeped, all the sky brightened. He saw her rise; for a second saw her nightgowned figure, her hands reach up, the long white arms, and the screening curtains close. A sensation as of madness stirred in his limbs, he sprang away, and, muffling his footsteps, fled back to Victoria Street. There he turned not toward his rooms, but away from them: paradise deferred! He could not sleep. He walked at a great rate; a policeman stared at him, an early dust-cart passed, the thick horse clopclopping out the only sound in all the town.

SOAMES turned up toward Hyde Park. This early world of silent streets was to him unaccustomed, as he himself, under this obsession, would be to all who knew and saw him daily, self-contained, a diligent, flat citizen. In Knightsbridge a belated hansom, with a dim couple, fled jingling by, another and another. Soames walked west to where the house, which he with her would inhabit, stood bright with its fresh paint, and a board with a builder's name. In the garnishing thereof he and she had been more conjoined than ever yet, and he gazed at the little house with gratitude, and a sort of awe. Twelve hours ago he had paid the decorator's bill. And in that house he would live with *her*—incredible! It looked like a dream in this early light—that whole, small, long square of houses like a dream of his future, her future, strange and unlived.

And superstitious dread came to the unsuperstitious! Soames; he turned his eyes away lest he should stare the little house into real unreality. He walked on, past the barracks to the park rails, still moving west, afraid of turning homewards till he was tired out. Past four o'clock, and still an empty town, empty of all that made it a living hive, and yet this very emptiness gave it intense meaning. He felt that he would always remember a town so different from that he saw every day; and himself he would remember walking thus, unseen and solitary with his desire.

He went past Prince's Gate and turned. After all, he had his work—ten-thirty at the office! Road and Park houses stared at him now in the full light of earliest morning. He turned from them into the Park and crossed to the Row side. Funny to see the Row with nc horses tearing up and down, or traipsing past, like cats on hot bricks, no stream of carriages, no rows of sitting people, nothing but trees and the tan track. The trees and grass, though no dew had fallen, breathed on him; and he stretched himself at full length along a bench, his hands behind his head, his hat crushed on his chest, his eyes fixed on the leaves patterned against the still brightening sky. The air stole faint and fresh about his cheeks and lips, and the backs of his hands. The first sunlight came stealing flat from trunk to trunk; (*Turn to page 58*)

Fresh and Moist

to the last delicious crumb...

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW LAYER CAKE: Cream ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

Add 2 cups pastry flour, sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, alternately with ⅔ cup milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Bake in 3 greased 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Put together with the following:

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW FROSTING AND FILLING: Boil 1½ cups granulated sugar and ½ cup water to 238° F. or until syrup spins a thread. Add 6 large marshmallows cut into very small pieces, but do not stir into syrup.

Pour very slowly into stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and beat until smooth and thick. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Spread between layers. Sprinkle thickly with fresh grated cocoanut and small pieces of marshmallow. Cover top and sides of cake with remaining frosting, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and decorate top with pieces of marshmallow.

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it!

IT'S a pleasure to be hungry when this cake is being cut. And when you taste its delicate flavor . . . you keep wanting more and more!

But if, by chance, there's some left over next day it will be just as delicious. For cakes made with Royal keep their freshness as long as a morsel remains.

It's the Cream of Tartar that does it. This precious ingredient improves even the best recipe. Enhances the flavor... gives a smoother, more velvety texture.

Makes your cakes more wholesome, too. Doctors, you know, say that Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best from the health standpoint.

If you do your own baking, be sure to make your cakes with Royal. Notice what a difference it makes in lightness . . . texture . . . flavor!

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

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remove all cream and dirt completely

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till they show no soil

Cleansing creams are essential to remove make-up, soot and grime. But avoid the beauty-destroying danger of clogged pores—see that your skin is freed from all impurities! . . . Soft, spotless, safe, Pond's Cleansing Tissues *absorb* all cream and dirt completely. Use (two at a time) till they show no soil—then you know your pores are free to function normally. In gay new boxes, 50¢ and 25¢.

Then POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

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Lingering oiliness after cold cream cleansing gives an unwelcome shine. Pond's Skin Freshener takes it away. By contracting the pores it prevents blemishes which are formed by dirt sinking below the surface . . . Cool and refreshing, this delightful mild astringent tightens your skin, refines its texture, revitalizes sallow tissues, brings fresh color to your cheeks! Smart new bottles are $1.00 and 50¢.

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CRY OF PEACOCK

Continued from page 57

birds did not sing, but talked; a wood pigeon back among the trees was cooing.

Soames closed his eyes, and instantly imagination began to paint, for the eyes deep down within him, pictures of her. Picture of her standing passive in her frock, flounced to the gleaming floor, while he wrote his initials on her card. Pictures of her adjusting with long gloved fingers a camellia come loose in her corsage; turning for him to put her cloak on. Pictures, countless pictures, and ever strange, of her face sparkling for moments, or brooding, or averse; of her cheek inclined for his kiss, of her lips turned from his lips, of her eyes looking at him with a question that seemed to have no answer; of her eyes, dark and soft over a gray cat purring in her arms: pictures of her auburn hair flowing as he had not seen it yet. Ah! But soon—but soon!

AND as if answering the call of his imagination, a cry—long, not shrill, not harsh exactly, but so poignant—jerked the blood to his heart. From back over there it came trailing, again and again, passionate—the lost soul's cry of peacock in early morning; and with it there uprose from the spaces of his inner being the vision that was forever haunting there, of her with hair unbound, of her all white and lost, yielding to his arms. It seared him with delight, swooned in him, and was gone. He opened his eyes; an early water-cart was nearing down the Row. Soames rose, and walking fast beneath the trees, sought sanity.

BLUE MARATHON

Continued from page 17

"How old are you, baby?" he was asking her.

"Seventeen."

"Why did you follow me out here?"

"I love you, Freddie, terribly."

"Well, that's too bad. But maybe I can cure you of a mighty useless habit. An awful lot of girls fall in love with me, and fall out again. You'll dance with me, see? And you'll dance through to the end."

He glanced down at her slippers.

"I'm sorry for you, baby, in those heels."

HE CAUGHT her close with the first blare of brass and strings.

The contesting couples whirled out from the enclosure into the polished arena beneath the bright banners. And now it didn't matter whether her heart . . .

All her life mamma had said: "You mustn't get excited, darling. You mustn't run or dance. The doctor says it's dangerous. You'll be all right, darling, as long as you take things easy."

Easy!

But Lily knew already, at seventeen, that nothing is easy, that life is a long struggle to keep above water, to keep from suffocating, to keep from drowning. All the things about love in books, in poems, in pictures, all the sweet, tender, gentle things were lies. Love, she knew, was cruel. The eyes of love were sealed, blind eyes. To love you must learn not to love. Mamma had said: "You don't want to be following a fellow like Freddie Dietz. He's no good—he'll only break your heart. I don't want you to get hurt. I don't see the sense in it."

The sense of it was this:

When you love, you don't mind being hurt. And there is always the chance, elusive, exquisite, of happiness.

Freddie's arm tightened.

"Pretty good tune. Try to smile, baby. The crowd's coming in. Shouldn't be surprised if we drew the swells. People who are too refined to kick their dogs take it out on people like us."

Lily drew in her breath, quickly.

"Tired already?"

"No. Hungry."

"Run out of cash, did you?"

"In Los Angeles. Two days ago."

"They'll feed you every two hours. Think you can wait?"

"I'll wait."

A great, brazen-faced clock hung above the pyramid of jazz boys, its black hands advancing jerkily on its five-hundred-hour journey. Every fifteen minutes a gong rang, the orchestra tipped their saxophones, dropped their banjos and a rag maniac attacked a tinny piano with passionate violence.

Nine-thirty.

There was something about it—the shuffle of feet, the music, the gong, the staring crowd, the sudden, sharp cries, the courage and the desperation; exhausted bodies pressed together, pallid faces straining to smile, to smile, to smile . . .

"Fifteen minutes' intermission!"

She found herself in the cold dormitory, stretched flat on one of the cots. All the other women stretched flat. Shoes kicked off. A baby-bottle full of warm milk—a rubber nipple gushing . . .

Suddenly, they slept, sprawled face down like lifeless dummies, their faces crumpled and flushed.

Lily jerked herself up on her elbow and watched. It was funny, but her heart didn't seem to be beating at all.

"Well, it *is* beating, or I'd be dead!"

She could quit, of course, but she wouldn't because Freddie expected her to quit. Maybe, if she stuck it out, he'd love her again.

Dong!

The women snatched at consciousness, at their shoes. Smoothing down their hair, they ran back to the arena. The men were slower; they only just beat the clock.

"Four hundred and ninety-eight hours to go," Freddie said.

"I'm not tired."

"Wait a week. Wait till you're dancing in your sleep. Wait till your feet feel like cast-iron balloons and you've forgotten whether it's day or night, last year or next."

Suddenly he drifted away from the stolid dancers. Passing beneath the pyramid of jazz boys, he smiled and called: "Tango!"

"Sure!"

The broken rhythms of "Painted Doll" shattered and fell. A fat youth with a banjo twanged violently — ping-a-ping-a-pang-a-plung-plong-plong-a-plung — evoking the slow, thrusting music of the Argentine. A brass horn uptilted. A voice, at first brazen, then muted, languorous, sang the melody. The spotlight swept along the dancers, found Freddie, focused on his pale, fixed smile, his questing eyes, the little blond girl in his arms.

"Tango, baby. Take it easy."

"I can't, Freddie."

"Yes, you can. Follow me. Shut your eyes. Forget yourself. Think of me."

Think of him! What else had she thought of for weeks and weeks? What else would she ever think of, as long as she lived? How long could she live? Long enough to make him know how deep, how true, how everlasting her love could be?

A burst of applause rattled along the railing. Money showered into the arena and was gathered up by the popcorn boys.

"Here y' are, Freddie. Twenty dollars."

Freddie smiled his bored, indifferent smile. He could have been the tango boy of the Western World had he been born ten years ahead of schedule Valentino arrived first.

"Twenty plunks, baby. I'll bank 'em until the end of the run."

Her feet . . . Already the paper-thin soles were rubbed hot; the stilt heels slipped and wobbled; and narrow toes squeezed and squeezed, tighter and tighter. She laughed.

DANCE. Dance. Sleep. Try to sleep. Sleep too heavily. Drugged. Beaten. Black and blue with sleep.

Dong! ! Fifteen minutes!

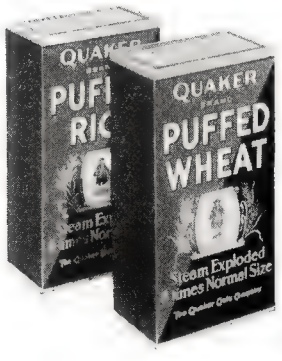
God! The women circling dizzily toward the cots, to fall, like the victims of a massacre, face down, hideously careless, into sleep like death; worse than death because shot through with remembrance, threat, the terrible need to waken again, (*Turn to page 60*)

Ready to fire! Millions of Puffed Grains Produced every minute for the breakfast tables of America.

Food Shot from Guns!

Noted scientist explodes a hundred million food cells in every grain of wheat and rice

That's what makes Puffed Grains more easily digested – gives them the nourishment of hot cooked cereals.



WHAT? Wheat and rice grains shot from guns? Yes, to make them completely digestible. To give them the same nourishment as hot cooked cereals possess.

For each grain contains 125 million food cells. To make the grains completely digestible, each cell must be broken. So Professor A. P. Anderson said: "I will explode these 125 million food cells."

He seals the grains in guns. Then revolves them for hours in a fearful heat. Then he fires the guns. This causes over 125 million steam explosions in each grain.

But the grains keep their shape . . . they are merely puffed to 8 times the usual size. And every morsel is completely digestible, just as if it had been cooked for hours.

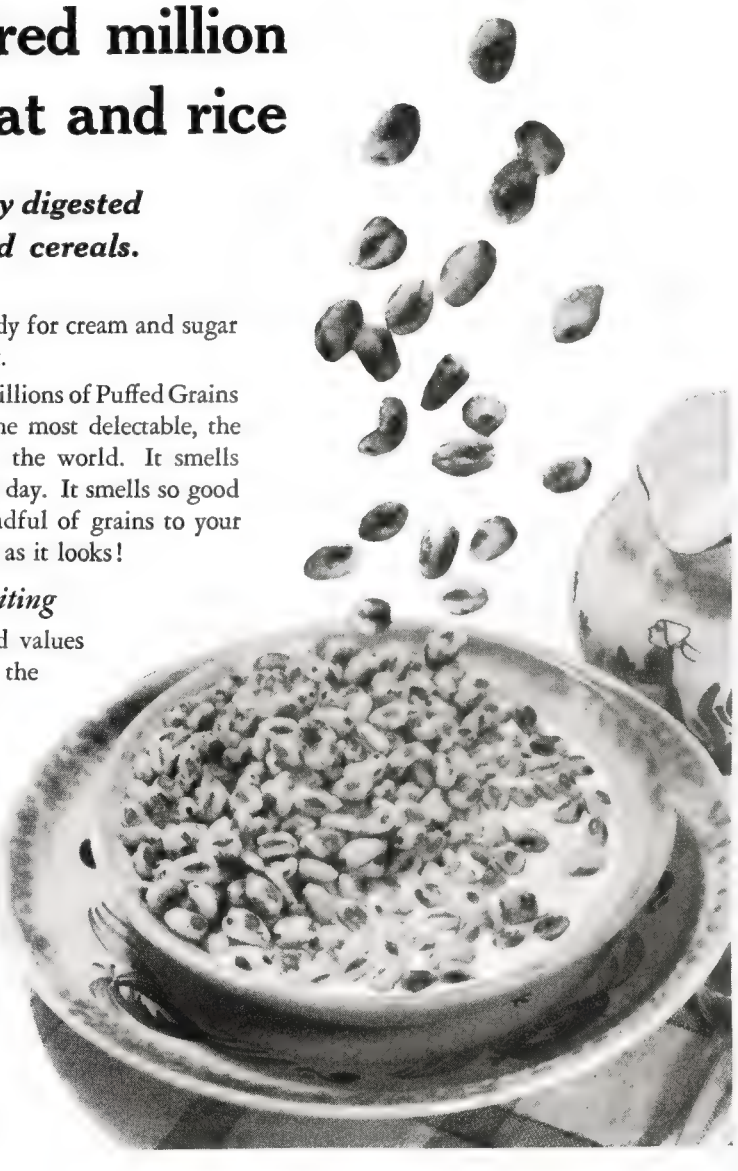
Digestible, therefore nutritious

Because every bit of the grain is made available for food, it is, of course, more richly nutritious. Indeed, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice offer virtually the same nourishment as hot cooked cereal. And they're all ready for cream and sugar when you pour them from the box.

Today, 75 huge guns pour out millions of Puffed Grains every minute . . . sending forth the most delectable, the most tantalizing food odor in all the world. It smells like an old-time kitchen on baking day. It smells so good you can scarcely wait to lift a handful of grains to your mouth. And it tastes just as good as it looks!

Whole wheat made inviting

Puffed Rice has all the vital food values of selected rice. It offers protein, the great repair food. It releases instantly a rich flood of energy. Puffed Wheat provides matchless minerals for strong bones . . . good red blood. It is 25% bran. Thus these two delicious grain foods are wonderfully good for your children. Order today from your grocer. The Quaker Oats Company.



Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice

Today's Skin is just a VEIL★

★

DESQUAMATION

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath

DESQUAMATION. It's happening all the time to every healthy skin.

Invisible peeling.

A veil of dead skin so light and thin you cannot see it.

But it's enough to cover up the fine, transparent beauty that lies just underneath.

Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories to clear such skins:—

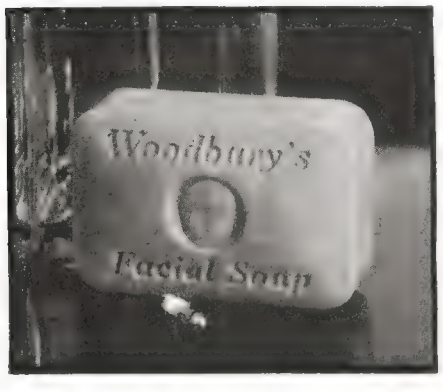
FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Rub this vigorously into your skin, rubbing from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface, for Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin with a brisk splashing of *cold* water followed by another application of the healing Woodbury lather. Wash off with cold, clear water. Ah! how good it feels!

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for care of the skin

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than ordinary soaps for general toilet use.



SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1909 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1909 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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BLUE MARATHON

Continued from page 58

unsatisfied, and to crawl back over the black edge of consciousness, and to dance, dance, dance.

Two days. Three days. Four days. There was always, even during those curiously suspended hours between midnight and dawn, an audience. Inexorably, the clock struck off the quarter hour.

Now the boxes were filled. Fashionables. Gathered there night after night to watch for signs of faltering, to bet on this one or that.

"The white-haired fellow has courage."

"I prefer the fat couple."

"Daisy's going to have a fit."

"Give her ten dollars; she'll foam for ten dollars."

But it wasn't a fake. Daisy's fits were authentic and epileptic. She explained to Lily, in an intimate, terrified moment of confession, cot to cot, that she was dancing because she had no other way to get enough money to pay for treatments.

"You see," she said. "I'm not quite bright. It's affected my head. There's a sanitorium in Kansas. They can cure it. But cures cost money, see? I'm trying to win the prize."

"Prize?"

"Sure. Didn't you know? The couple that sticks longest gets a thousand."

"Shut up, you pole-cats! Let us sleep."

Daisy said in a hoarse whisper: "I'm afraid to sleep. I'm afraid I won't wake up no more."

"That'd be great," Lily said.

She lay back. Again her slender, [illegible] white fingers curled over her heart, cupping it, treasuring it. So faint the beating, so [illegible] small. Such a strange numb pain.

"DONG! !"

A girl leaned down from one of the boxes, her brown, bare, lovely arm outstretched, her fingers holding a ten-dollar bill. She was not a beautiful girl, as girls go, but she had what Freddie termed class, what Lily, for lack of a better word, called pep, what in the last analysis Barrie called charm. Something careless and brave, something born of having your own way, always, an awareness of prerogative, superiority. And with it a sort of experimental selfishness, an impudence, an immunity.

"Come on, Daisy. Ten dollars for a fit."

Daisy's lusterless eyes filled with tears. She was unable to oblige. She shook her head.

The girl in the box was the sort that squeezes the ultimate, reluctant drop out of experience. She had come to the Marathon with a group of jaded youngsters who pretended to find the contest fascinating. Society picked its favorites. Betting ran into the thousands and tens of thousands.

The girl in the box wore a red dress cut to reveal her flexible brown back to the waist. Jeweled bracelets glittered on her sunburned arms. Her hair was cut close to her head. She painted her lips scarlet-orange.

She caught Freddie's eyes.

"Is that Freddie—the tall, fallen angel?"

"That's Freddie."

"I like him."

Her crowd laughed. Lily heard them laugh. She saw the girl in red beckon to Freddie to come over to the box. Lily had spent four days watching Freddie's eyes. Now she saw them narrow, and a light came into them for the first time.

"Don't go, Freddie!"

"Why not?"

"She only wants to laugh at you!"

"Jealous, baby?"

"Don't go! Please don't go!"

"I'm going."

The girl in red extended a cigaret.

"Smoke?"

"Thanks!"

"Come back, won't you?"

"Maybe," Freddie said. He turned away.

"Pippin, that one."

"Please don't talk to her. She's laughing at you!"

"Laughing at me? That girl'd eat out of my hand, baby."

Abruptly he shifted the familiar pressure of his arm about Lily's waist.

She stumbled, deprived of an expected, necessary support. Whe clung to him.

"Don't! Don't let me go, Freddie!"

A murmur from the crowd. "The blonde's slipping. Pale, ain't she? White as a sheet."

"Don't let me go, Freddie!" she pleaded.

He laughed and caught her up again, whirling suddenly into a fox-trot.

"Tired, baby?"

"No! No!"

Her feet in the worn slippers stumbled, caught, ripped.

"Her heel's off!"

"Both of 'em!"

"It's against the rules to stop. Stop for half a second and they're disqualified."

"Half hour to the rest period, too."

Lily sobbed. Clinging with both hands to Freddie, she tried to dance in the mutilated shoes; then, frantically, she kicked them off.

The girl in the box beckoned again. Stooping quickly, she removed her own slippers—satin, buckled with rhinestones and emeralds—and gave them to Freddie as he passed.

"Take them. I'm betting on you."

Lily shook her head.

"I won't wear her shoes!"

"Nice partner, you are! So you're going to quit. And I thought you were game."

"Lift me up," she sobbed. "Lift me so I can put on the slippers."

They fitted. Blessedly cool and firm they were. When Freddie put her down again, without missing a step, the crowd cheered.

The girl in the box sat there in her stockinged feet, smiling a strange smile, watching Freddie until day whitened the glass roof. Then she rose, gathered her wrap about her brown slimness and sauntered away.

To bed. To sleep. To sleep for hours.

"I envy her. I hate her. I must go on and on and on . . ."

Six days.

"Slap her! She's bound to wake."

But Flora wouldn't wake. She flung her arms over her face and snored. Some one in the boxes lost four thousand dollars on Flora.

Then the married couple dropped out. Just walked off the floor on the sixth day.

Then Daisy quit.

"I ain't going to die on no dance floor," she told Lily. "I choose a nice, soft bed. I'm going."

"I wish I could," Lily whispered.

"Why can't you?"

"I can't let Freddie down."

"Say, you're in love with him, ain't you?"

"I guess I am. A lot."

Daisy told Solomon: "The sick little blonde's in love with Freddie."

Solomon's flair for publicity had already led him to inquire the name of the girl in the box. A few discreet questions, a few guarded telephone calls, and he had the facts.

"She's rich as Croesus," he told Freddie. "Unmarried. Wild. Crazy about you."

"Yeah?"

Freddie received from her strong, jeweled hand gifts of money, cigarets, food, clothes. It was part of his game not to speak to her. He let his evasive, smoldering gaze rest upon her briefly. Every night she occupied box number eleven, whether amused or impassioned no one, unless perhaps Freddie, knew. Once she beckoned to him, and his fingers closed over a fortune in rubies. Indifferent to the public interest in her infatuation, wrapped in mockery, she watched the dancers with a look of contempt and bitterness. So might a Vestal have stared into the blood-stained pit at the Roman games.

A HAZE of dust hung in the air, palpable, acrid. As one by one the exhausted dancers dropped out, Solomon increased the tension by postponing the finish.

Seven days . . . Eight days.

"Tired, baby?"

Lily stared hard at the corners of Freddie's mouth, trying to determine whether he was smiling or frowning. She did not dare to look at his eyes.

"No," she said at last.

"You're game, aren't you?"

She thought—she could not be sure—that his arm tightened. This was an hour when the tall, brown-skinned girl was not sitting in box number eleven.

And suddenly Lily was crying.

She didn't know why.

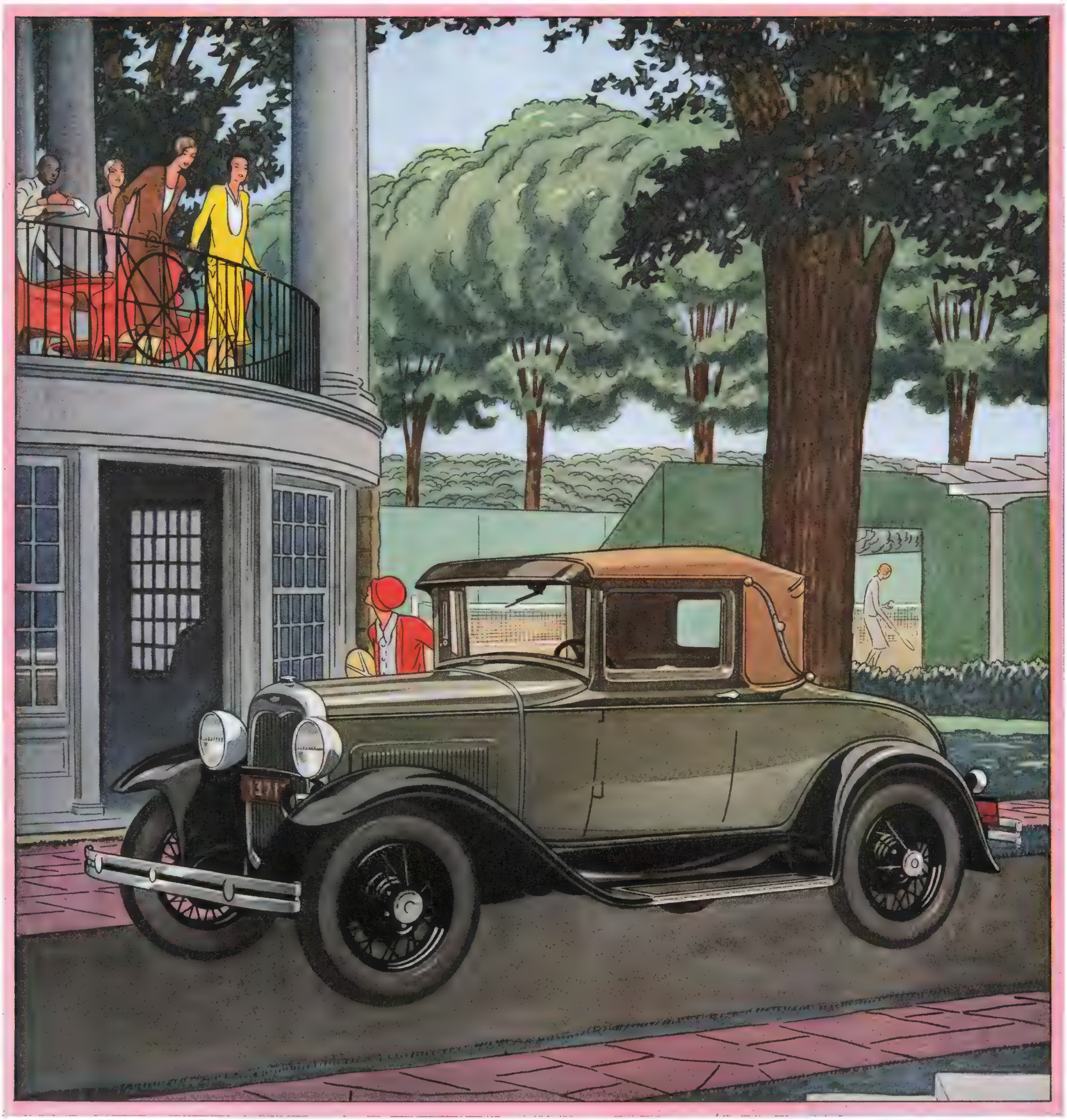
"It's no use—I can't go on. I can't!"

"Aw, now, baby."

Freddie's voice was different. There was a touch of fear, of deprecation, of pleading, a new, unfamiliar humility.

Please stop. Please!" (*Turn to page 65*)

A charming companion for a busy day



THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

THE NEW FORD offers many advantages to the woman who uses an automobile constantly for quick trips to the Country Club, for shopping, the theater, for the many social and business activities of a busy day. Rarely is there to be found such an ideal combination of charm and utility. « «

In addition to its beauty of line and color, the new Ford brings you an unusual degree of mechanical excellence and good performance. You will drive with a new feeling of confidence because of its safety and ease of operation and control. « « « « « « « « «

Modernize the plumbing—hold your tenants!

Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Landlord, that paint, varnish and wall paper, while they can keep a house or apartment looking attractive, cannot hide old-fashioned, unsightly plumbing fixtures?

The bathroom is no longer the neglected room of the home. It receives as much consideration as an interior as the other rooms. And a great change has come in the design and construction of plumbing fixtures. "Standard" Lavatories and Baths have a new beauty of line and proportion. Water closets are more hygienic. Kitchen sinks are so made that they can be placed under the window in the direct light.

And now all "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures are made not only in white but also in Ming Green, T'ang Red, Clair de Lune Blue, Royal Copenhagen Blue, St. Porchaire Brown, Ivoire de Medici, Orchid of Vincennes, Ionian Black and Rose du Barry. Good tenants are well informed about this new trend in bathroom furnishing and decoration. They are no longer satisfied with mere utility.

Are your houses or apartments hard to keep rented because the plumbing fixtures are not all they should be? Have you thought of replacing them? And has the lack of ready cash deterred you from doing so? Then you should visit a "Standard" Showroom or write at once for the details of the "Standard" Time Payment Plan.

This easy financing plan will enable you, as it has many home owners, to install at once the modern "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures which will do much to maintain the value of your property and the income you derive from it. Use the convenient coupon.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., PITTSBURGH

Please send me complete details of your Time Payment Plan and a copy of the book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, with a list of "Standard" Showrooms.

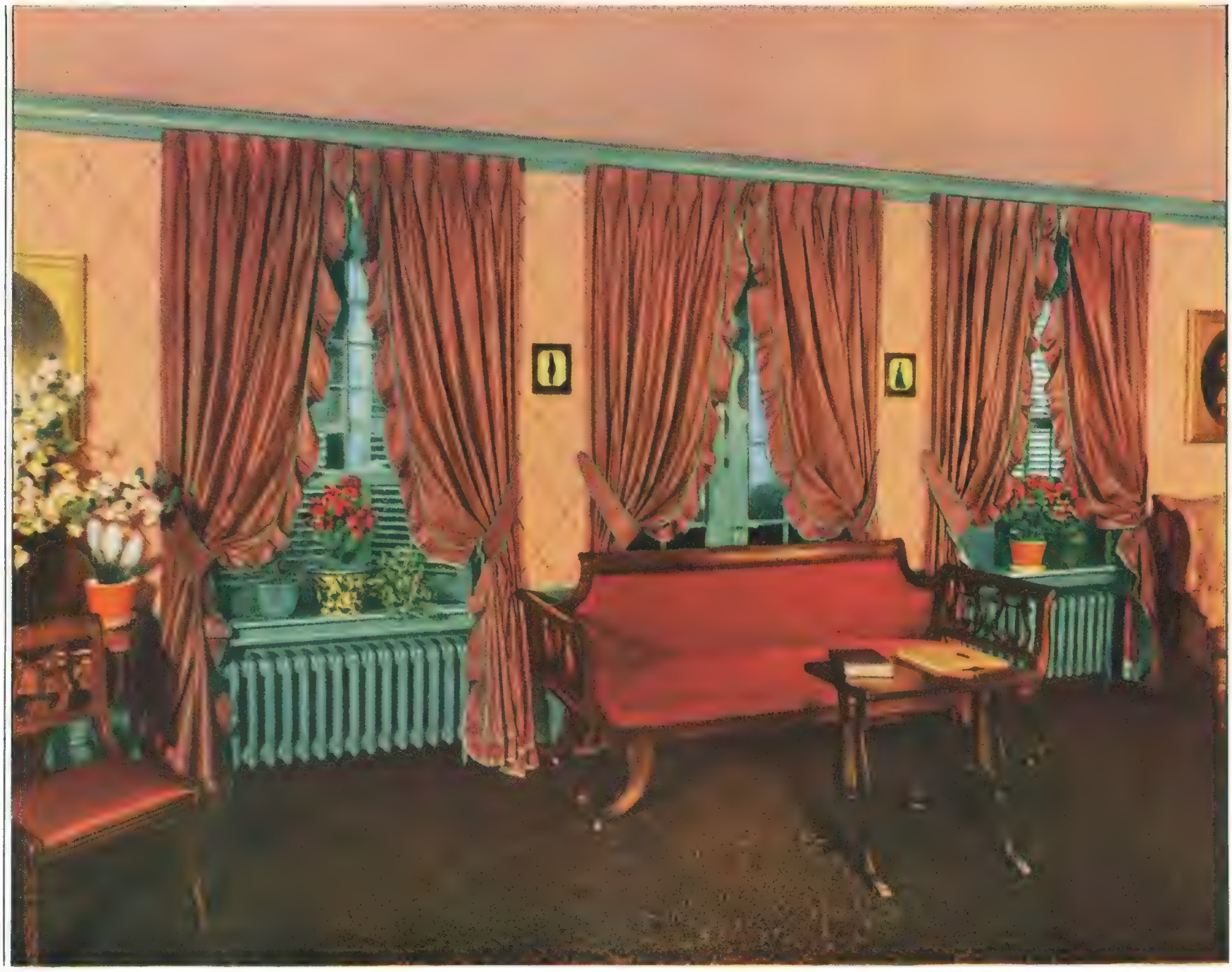
My name is.....

My address is.....

.....

DEL—5-30

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
106 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION



Modernize your heating — this easy way

You can have all the time you need to pay for a heating plant that makes summer a year-round proposition . . . a total cost that is relatively small—approximately $75 per radiator, including boiler, and completely installed—paying a little down and a little monthly . . . Our own Heating and Plumbing Finance Corporation will take care of your requirements.

American Radiator heating is not a novelty for keeping warm, it is a necessity for keeping well . . . it is a custodian of family health, a caretaker of property values and a contribution to the beauty of home.

American Corto Radiators in your rooms bring the welcome warmth and cheer that makes your guests like to stay . . . and an "Ideal" Boiler downstairs puts even the cellar on a social footing . . . showing what happens when you modernize your home with American Radiator Heating.

And now is the time to take care of the installation. Remember last winter's resolution and do not shiver through another winter with cold, drafty rooms. Call in a reliable heating dealer for an estimate and mail the coupon for descriptive literature. No obligation whatever.

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40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK
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Please send me catalog on Ideal Heating. The fuel I plan to use is Coal ☐ Coke ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐. Also send me particulars of your Time Payment Plan.

My name is.....

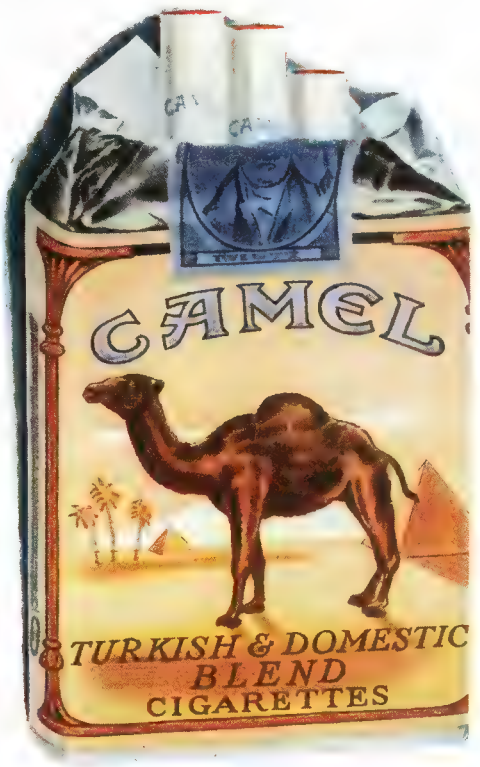
My address is.....

City.....State.....

DEL.—5-30

"Something borrowed"

Traditionally, it's the bride's own rhyme, but there's a thought in it, too, for those who wait with her for the momentous hour. "Something old" . . . the certainty that a good cigarette will never fail you, whatever happens. "Something new" . . . a quickened appreciation of the inherent excellence of *this* one. "Something borrowed" . . . a Camel, when you've smoked the last one in your case. "And something blue" . . . the friendly haze that lends its fragrance to the whole occasion.



© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

BLUE MARATHON

Continued from page 60

She twisted her hands into his coat.

"Aw, now, baby. Only ten more days. And think what we'll get: a thousand dollars. We can't quit, now."

"I want to go home! I'm not game! I'm scared! Let me go—my heart—my heart . . ."

"Your heart's mine. You used to say it was."

But Lily couldn't stop crying.

"Listen, baby," Freddie said. He leaned down so that his lips brushed against her cheek. His voice was tender, provocative.

"Listen, baby," Freddie said again, and kissed her wet cheeks. "Suppose we get married. How'd you like that? Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Dietz, winners of the Marathon. How'd that look in print? Baby. I want you. Honest, I do."

"That girl . . ."

"She don't mean a thing to me."

"Honest? Honest, Freddie?"

"Cross my heart, baby."

"Can't we stop, now, and get married like other people?"

"I thought you were game!"

That look in his eyes, as if he saw beyond you! Lily lifted her tearstained face. "All right, Freddie. I'll do anything you say."

The jazz maniac at the piano, as if inspired, clawed at the weary keys and drew forth "The Wedding of the Painted Doll."

"THEY'RE going to be married!"

"Who?"

"The tall fella and the little blonde."

If the girl in box number eleven heard, she gave no sign.

"I wish she'd stay away," the red-haired professional said to her partner. "She's only waitin' for one of us to kick off."

"Well, I ain't goin' to oblige her."

Whenever a dancer fainted, the crowd jammed the rails, jabbering, staring like a crowd at a street accident: the same gloating pleasure in disaster.

But this wedding. A wedding was different. Suffering brought you to the dark portals of the mind, but happiness opened doors into unimaginable bright gardens. Soon the papers heard of it and there were human interest stories, photographs. A camera man, tangled in tubes and wires, followed the happy couple, cranking reels of emotion.

"Register happiness, can't ya?"

A microphone, held before their lips, caught Freddie's: "Sure, she's a fine little girl. I'm the proudest man alive."

And Lily's: "I'm not a bit tired. And I'm *awfully* happy. and *awfully* grateful to the public."

The girl in the box smiled.

"She thinks we're funny!" Lily said.

"Yeah"?

Freddie's eyes narrowed. "She ain't givin' me rubies because she thinks I'm funny, baby."

When Freddie signed the register, his eyes were on the girl in number eleven. When the Orange Blossom Jewelry Company donated an engagement ring—pin-point diamond set high in symbolical scrolls of genuine platinum guaranteed—Freddie slipped it on Lily's finger in the presence of two thousand people, but forgot to look at Lily. Her own happiness was shot through with fear.

Solomon was complimentary.

"We're going to give you a real wedding. Flower girls. White ribbons. Organ. Red carpet. Everything. The town's crazy about the idea. You keep going until Wednesday, see? Wednesday noon, sharp, the wedding. Friday, we quit."

Ten days.

Eleven days.

"Tomorrow," Lily thought.

She couldn't sleep. When the other dancers sank into the brief, drugged respite allowed them, she lay awake, counting her chances. Her heart against a jazz band.

Giulia lifted a pale, creased face from the flattened pillow.

"Say, kid. Awake?"

"Yes."

"Listen. Where are your folks?"

"Back home."

"You send for 'em, see? You look too pale, your lips is blue. I don't like it. This Freddie has got you hypnotized or something. You marrying him for publicity, or what?"

"I love him."

"Why *him?*"

"I don't know—the way he looks."

"The way he looks! At that million-dollar bareback in the box?"

LICKING her dry, puffed lips, pulling herself up on her elbow, Giulia whispered fiercely:

"I'm giving you this fifteen minutes. I'm keeping myself awake. I'm warning you, see? That guy ain't no good."

"He's marrying me! Tomorrow!"

"And all the time getting love notes from that swell! She's nuts about him. She'll get him. When you're through."

Lily sat up. She shook her head.

"Shut up! Shut up!"

"All right. I warned you."

Daylight washed over the glassed roof and filtered in. The piano maniac slept with his head on the keys. A phonograph brayed out-dated fox-trots. Turning sedately, stiffly, five couples. One danced with bloodshot eyes fixed on the clock, as if there he sought reprieve, or pardon. Another danced with closed eyes, asleep. Another sobbed, quietly. Freddie alone seemed alive. He hummed under his breath. Those people who hung on the rail, staring with the wolf-look in their faces, turned their eyes away. Freddie confounded them.

"Mrs. Freddie Dietz."

They brought her a wedding dress, a veil, donated by Ross Fashions; shoes and stockings by the Bootery Bazaar; a bouquet from Tilton's Flowers, a bead necklace from Ryto Jewelers; a suitcase, an umbrella, a cake, down payments on lots, furniture, cars, houses, radios, phonographs. Six beauty treatments. Six free dinners from Jones' Cafeteria. A week's groceries. Gum. Candy. A kodak. Gifts of money.

"Biggest day in dance marathon history," Solomon crowed. "Sold out, Freddie. I don't play no favorites, but I hope you and the little lady win. We quit Thursday, sure."

Thursday! *Sing Halleluiah!*

They dressed her in the slimsy white satin gown. Even in the dormitory you could hear the crowd: something new in the voice of the crowd. A certain hysterical tightness.

They unrolled a long strip of carpet.

"The preacher'll stand there and marry 'em. They'll dance around him. Round and round."

She must not fail, now.

"Lily! Lily! Fifteen minutes. Noon! Time to get married."

They pulled her out of the silence, shook her, set her on her feet, arranged her veil.

"Hello, baby!" There he was, spruced up, combed, shining, waiting for her.

"This is your wedding, baby. Dance as you never danced before."

And there was the girl in the box, leaning down, smiling. "Congratulations, you two."

Freddie's hand touched the long, brown fingers, took from them a folded bill.

"Thanks!"

Away again, spinning the length of the carpet toward a man who awaited, holding a book.

If her heart would only—would only——

"Freddie," she said.

"Keep going. Not tired, are your

"No!"

(Turn to page 66

The Saline Springs of Youth Eternal

How the saline method brings youth and health to modern women

Neglect not your creams and your cosmetics—your powders and your lotions. Avail yourself of every artifice to enhance your beauty and to increase your charm. But never, *never* forget that true beauty—radiant, glowing loveliness—comes only from within.

For, without internal cleanliness, beauty is marred—the eye is clouded and the cheek is dulled. But, with the famous saline laxative, Sal Hepatica, you have the safe, sure way to sparkling radiance and a blemish-free complexion.

Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally. It banishes the poisons that dim your lustre. It brings freshness and clarity of skin to all who drink it.

Physicians here and abroad have long advocated the saline method. Regularly do they send their patients to the famous spas of Europe to partake daily of the health-giving waters. Thus, by ridding themselves of constipation, the fashionable women of Europe regain health, beauty and youth.

Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of the European spas and, like them, cleanses the system thoroughly of the poisons of congestion. With Sal Hepatica's gentle aid, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are relieved. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within 30 minutes. Get a bottle today. See how this treatment can improve your complexion.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin, how it helps relieve many ills.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ *and* $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

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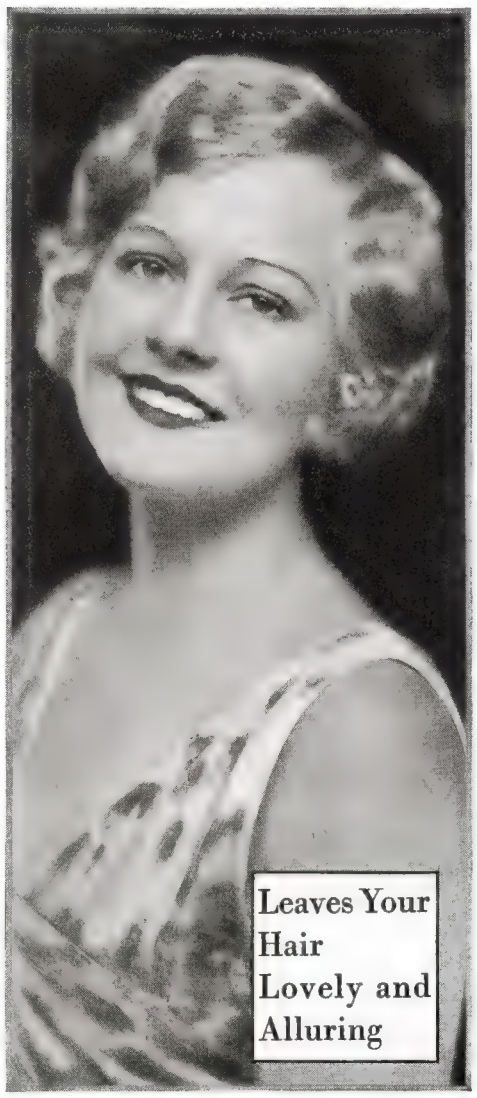
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-50
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes



Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle .. its gloss and lustre .. depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt —hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

To Set or Wave Hair

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

BLUE MARATHON

Continued from page 65

"Here's the preacher. Keep going."

Ta—ta—ta-ta, ya—da—da-da——

Softly. Here comes the bride. Tune it down, boys! Saxophone! Wail it! Cornet! Moan it. Violin, sob it! Here she comes. Make it mysterious, religious, you know. Drums! Traps! Come on! Make it blue, boys, make it blue!

"Freddie——"

"Yes, baby."

"What——"

"Here, catch her, will you? *Catch her!*"

A sound from the crowd.

Wail and hunger, gratification and terror, pity and rage.

"The bride's fainted."

"Get back there!"

"Give her air, you fools!"

DOWN the strange, dark vamp of the mind, Lily heard a galloping, a bell ringing louder and louder, a penetrating sweetness. I am happy . . . drowning . . . drowning . . .

Ambulance!

The girl in the box rose hurriedly. She ran away from the thing she had seen. Lily, tangled in her veil. Freddie's eyes searching. Horrible! Horrible!

"Is she dead?"

"Yes."

"Let's get out of here."

"They killed her. Murder, that's what it is."

"Back! Back there. Take it easy, folks. We don't want no panic. The Marathon's closed. Sure. Move along. Easy, now. Back. Get back. Quit your pushing. The show's over."

The girl in the box used her strong shoulders to thrust a way through the crowd. But Freddie had always boasted that he was quicker than opportunity. He followed her, panting at her elbow through the concrete corridors. His hand closed on the flying chiffon ends of her wrap. He twisted her about, held her, smiled at her.

"Where you going?"

"Away from here. Let me go!"

"Now it's over, don't you want me?"

"No!"

Freddie's eyes expanded and contracted. He licked his lips.

"What's the idea?" His boredom was gone now.

The girl caught his hands, freed herself.

"Did that girl die?"

"Sure. She had a bum heart."

"Why did you marry her?"

"I didn't."

"You mean——"

"Solomon staged a fake wedding."

The girl met Freddie's eyes briefly. Her lips curled into a smile that might have meant anything.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Give me a cigaret, will you?"

"Sure!"

Freddie obliged. There came into his eyes the look of conquest; the jaunty look of prowess and satisfaction. Narrow squeak, that. But now he had her where he wanted her. Ready to his hand.

He flicked a light for her cigaret.

The girl bent her head over the little flame.

When she lifted it again, her face was as unreadable as a mask.

"Both of us," she said with a laugh, "beasts. Both of us trapped, by the nose."

"Not me," Freddie said.

"No?"

The girl flipped the cigaret against the concrete wall. It burst into a shower of sparks. Gathering the floating chiffon about her, wrapping herself in her own invincible reticence, she lifted her head and stared into Freddie's eyes. Briefly. There was a flash like the baring of a steel blade.

Freddie moved aside. He let her go. The match burned down and bit his fingers.

"Damn!"

LEFT alone in the echoing corridor, he sucked his fingers. Suddenly his eyes went blank, flat, and his lips sagged. He saw himself for what he was. And there was something pitiful, something terrible and tragic in the look of him: the bridegroom. His shoes were dusty, cracked and split. And on the little finger of his left hand a circle of rubies.

The jazz boys, seeking an exit, passed. Saxophones. Horns. Metal, brilliant, glittering, silenced.

"Hello, Freddie!"

"Turn you down, did she?"

"Too bad, Freddie."

"Love 'em and leave 'em!"

"The show's over . . "

NURSERY GAIETY

Continued from page 26

HABITS of neatness are promoted by a toy basket showing a circus in full swing; Mary Ryan. Found throughout the country.

INVITATIONS and note-paper by Tony Sarg have musical animals in color; Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. Inc., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

JUVENILE activities, in color, adorn Pequot crib sheets; Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Massachusetts.

KNOWLEDGE of sewing should be taught in the nursery: the Singer Sewing Machine Childs' Set is sold in all Singer stores.

LARGE colored roses make this hooked rug lovely; pattern 187, color 5, Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co. Inc., New York.

MULTICOLORED figures pattern a hooked rug, pattern 190, color 11, Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co. Inc., N. Y.

NO NONSENSE about the serious-minded scottie shown on a red and buff waste-paper basket from Mary Ryan. Found in gift shops.

ON A child's desk set, also buff and red, scotties are again the decorative motif; Mary Ryan. Found in shops throughout America.

PERILOUS adventures of Winnie the Pooh on a set of child's table linen. The Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild, New York.

A smart chifforobe for any nursery

QUAINT figures of colored paper, cut out and pasted on a black shade, tell the story of Tom, Tom, the Piper's son; pewter base; Mary Ryan.

RADIO programs form an important part of the modern child's education; Majestic Distributors, Inc., 1775 Broadway, New York.

SMART chanticleers adorn this modern chifforobe from Trimble Nursery-land Furniture, Incorporated, 1040 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

THEN there's T and U and V, W, X, and Y, and Z,
We haven't space to show these here,
But on a future page, don't fear,
We promise you we won't forget
To finish up the alphabet.

Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous even under the closest fitting gowns?

The lasting softness of Kotex; the fact that it deodorizes; the way it absorbs so quickly and so thoroughly are other reasons you will prefer this sanitary protection.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. That is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge, or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so exceptionally comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material used today by 85% of the leading hospitals of America. Cellucotton is a cellulose substance that performs the same functions as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

Cellucotton is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers, each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers take the moisture quickly away from the surface. That's why Kotex stays comfortable for so long a time in contrast to ordinary pads.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex, too: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you the security and safety so very important to perfect ease of mind.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 ***Kotex is soft . . .*** Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

4 ***In hospitals...*** The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5 ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

What Else *Could a Young* WIFE *Do?*

"DON'T be silly! You know I always have a better time at your house, Dorothy—wait a minute, I'll let you talk to Betty—Betty dear, Dorothy has just invited us to dinner—isn't that great? Here, talk to her."

My heart sank when I observed the eagerness with which Jack handed over the telephone to me.

Surely, Jack couldn't be in love with Dorothy. Yet I must face the facts. Almost any one of my other girl friends could call up and argue till doomsday—Jack would always make excuses and somehow get out of going. But it was different when Dorothy telephoned. I became insanely jealous . . . I couldn't help it. An explanation was demanded. Here is what Jack said:

"Dear, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but, honestly, Dorothy Denton can make the best food a man ever ate. Really, if I hadn't fallen in love with you, I'd have married that girl just to have somebody around who could cook the way she does. . . . You see, dear, before you and I were married Dorothy and I used to sit up nights arguing about nearly everything—you know, just to make conversation—and gelatine being my favorite dessert, we finally got around to that. At first I laughed at her when she said that her gelatine was the best. But the next time I was at her house for dinner she had two molds of gelatine all ready for me both flavored the same. One, she said, was made from pure gelatine which she flavored herself with real fruit. The other was the ready-flavored, artificially-colored variety. She wouldn't tell me which was which, but made me guess. Well, there was all the difference in the world between them. The one she flavored herself was by far the best. In fact, the finest I ever tasted. I forget the name of the gelatine she used but you can get it from her any time. And, incidentally, that is the sole reason for my interest in Dorothy. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself for getting so excited?"

Well, it is hardly necessary to remark that I did feel a little silly. But I wasn't too chagrined to call up Dorothy immediately, and ask the name of the gelatine that had made such a lasting impression upon my husband. And I know you will be interested to hear that it is none other than the old, tried and true, Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

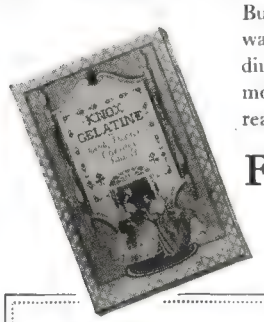
This was Dorothy's delicious creation:

FRUIT SALAD SUPREME

(*6 Servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
1½ cups fresh or canned fruit

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, vinegar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit cut in small pieces and drained of juice, using cherries, oranges, grapes, bananas, apples or cooked pineapple—alone or in combination. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove from molds and serve on lettuce with any preferred salad dressing.



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Knox Cook Books abound in delightful recipes featuring Knox Gelatine for every occasion.

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Mail us this coupon today—we will send you a real surprise for your kitchen library

KEEPING UP TO DATE ON NUTRITION

BY DR. ESTHER LORD BATCHELDER

IT'S ALL IN THE EATING

WE HEAR a good deal about food values and the knowledge a woman needs in feeding her family. But the family itself must acquire some knowledge in order to be well fed when away from home.

For instance, there is the story of the boy whom Dr. Edith Hawley noticed when she was studying diets at St. Paul's school. Here he was in a dining-room full of healthy youngsters, turning down a delicious tomato soup, spinach, and milk, and making his meal on meat, potatoes, bread, gingerbread and whipped cream. It is conceivable that a boy with his tastes might continue indefinitely on a one-sided diet and continue to appear, as he did at the moment, the only one at his table whose skin was not fresh, healthy and attractive.

Some children apparently neglect necessary foods because they have been nagged too much about eating what was good for them, but most children respond amazingly to seeing what is good for animals: a child at home can be taught much by an initiation into the feeding of calves and chicks and pigs on a modern farm, while school children get a real thrill from watching scraggly, undersized rats grow big and sleek when milk is added to a diet of bread and meat, for instance. When children actually see with their own eyes that milk and fruits and vegetables can make a difference in the appearance of their beloved pets, they demand for themselves the foods which they see are good. And this demand will carry over after they leave home for school or college.

A well managed school or a well fed family isn't enough; each individual must make use of what is offered, or for him it is so much dead loss. Even children in the lower grades can be taught a great deal about their food, especially when some properly planned animal exhibits are used as illustrations.

EATING WHILE REDUCING

WE ALL long for a "perfect figure" and feel enraged to learn that the possessor of one is frequently a lucky mortal who looks that way without half trying. We might feel encouraged, however, if we knew that a good many people who seem to be favorites of fortune really stay slim because of their very conscious control of diet and exercise.

Some don't exercise much, but cut down their food, while others, who love to eat, perform "daily dozens" or ride in the park or run a mile before breakfast so that they can indulge somewhat more freely in the pleasures of the table. But all of them, if they successfully maintain their mastery over the bathroom scales, must, either purposely or by luck, balance accurately the amount of food they use up on activity and the amount they eat.

To do that year in and year out requires, for some of us, a certain philosophy as well as a certain knowledge. One must learn to enjoy the taste of some delicious creation of the culinary art without feeling impelled to consume it in large quantities. One must cultivate a manner which shows enjoyment and appreciation of perfect food, and express regret but not too much agony when the small amounts eaten are not the limit of desire as well as of physiological need.

If every dieter will keep the following foods in mind and make sure that each is eaten sometime during the day, the rest of the diet can be cut as low as weight control requires:

One pint of milk, to drink or in cooking, either whole or skimmed.

Two servings of fruit, at least one being orange, grapefruit or tomato.

Two servings of vegetables, at least one being raw and one green.

One egg.

One serving of meat, fish, egg or cheese.

One small potato.

One teaspoon of cod-liver oil, for vitamins A and D when butter is cut down.

Iodized salt or other source of iodin, if simple goiter is common in the vicinity.

To live on these foods and nothing else is possible and permissible *unless* it causes a loss in weight of more than two pounds a week. If you lose more than that, or when you have reached your normal weight, it will be your pleasant duty to add some (but not too much!) of whatever food you long for most.

PASTEURIZED DRIED FRUITS

THE purity of our supply of dried fruits, such as dates, raisins, figs, apricots, and prunes, can be confidently assured when the new methods already developed for pasteurizing these products have been applied in general commercial practise. Studies have been conducted at the Massachusetts Agricultural College and Experiment Station and are described by Dr. Carl R. Fellers in the *American Journal of Public Health.*

The pasteurizing effect is attained by a method especially adapted to each fruit, the aim in each case being to protect the public against harmful bacteria which may be carried by the dried fruit. The fruit is pasteurized both before and after being put into packages, so that there is no chance of further contamination until the package is opened. Although dried fruit bought in bulk is handled more often and has more opportunity of becoming infected, it is possible for fruit packed in the old-fashioned way to become contaminated before being put into packages. With the new pasteurizing process, dried fruits, so valuable in vitamin and mineral value as well as rich in energy from fruit sugars, will now be available in forms which will be safe to use uncooked, without any home sterilizing process.

In the case of packaged dates, put up under a trademarked brand by a national packer, huge commercial pasteurizers are already in use, and have resulted not only in assuring absolute purity for these dates but actually improving their appearance, texture and flavor. Perhaps the same will prove true of other dried fruits. Package-pasteurized fruits are a quality product which, when eaten uncooked, have health advantage.

Let good things get together . . .

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

with . . . .

milk or cream

canned peaches

preserved fruits

honey

bananas

CRACKLING flakes of golden corn topped with slices of yellow fruit—*have you tried Kellogg's Corn Flakes and canned peaches?*

Or Kellogg's and sliced bananas? All the flavor of toasted corn blended with sun-ripe banana taste!

And here's a wonder dish! *Kellogg's and honey!* Flavor and wholesome sweetness direct from nature.

Good things to eat. Good for you. Combine them and enjoy a double treat of flavor and healthfulness.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the world's most popular ready-to-eat cereal. Millions enjoy them daily. With healthful milk or cream—breakfast, lunch and dinner. Wonderful for the kiddies' supper. So wholesome and easy to digest.

Served by hotels, restaurants, cafeterias—on dining-cars. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Always sold in the red-and-green package, with the patented waxtite inner-seal wrapper that keeps the flakes oven-fresh!

Sometimes we forget that we must eat the shortening that goes into our foods — and that baking does not change the *quality* of it one bit. Baking won't make a good shortening out of an indifferent one — and never has . . . In a strawberry shortcake, for instance, where your berries, your flour, your eggs are *always* of the best—how necessary that you use Snowdrift!

So many women use Snowdrift—*just to be sure.* They know that Snowdrift is made from the same fine oil we use in making Wesson Oil . . . and so are positive of Snowdrift's purity and goodness. They like to use Snowdrift —to spoon it from the can—because it's so delightfully fresh, because it makes such delicious things to eat, because, like Wesson Oil, it is such a good and nourishing food in itself.

We'd be glad to send you the Snowdrift book of recipes. It's free. Address the Wesson Oil–Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

COOL, COLORFUL SPRING DISHES

Continued from page 44

jelly powders come in a variety of flavors. Good, too.

Coffee jelly sounds pretty trite. But make up a dish, anyway, then, when it's set, add half a cup of cream and beat it up together. Add a little powdered sugar and serve in glasses topped with whipped cream. Evaporated milk, the handy thing, makes this first-rate, and if cold when served, it is simply delicious.

The tomato juice that comes in cans and bottles and was first supposed to be destined for and dedicated to the cocktail, is the best looking and best tasting thing imaginable when done into jelly, each mold having imprisoned in it pale, coral-colored shrimps. The red of the jelly, the cool crispness and shell-like color of the shrimps give a beautiful color scheme, and an indescribably delicious flavor combination. Serve it with green mayonnaise, on lettuce or cress, and so easily done that you wonder how such a miracle of beauty and flavor could be achieved so quickly and completely.

There are thousands, although I never counted them—still I believe there are thousands of jellied salads and jellied desserts, jellied chicken and jellied fish, ham and tongue and almost any combination of the lot. But this is summer, or almost. Already the ice sounds musically in the glass, the frozen dishes are in the mind. The new leaves are learning their symphonies from the winds of summer, and the little new birds are trying their wings against a migratory flight.

I believe we need not talk about the usual jellied dishes. But how about eggs? Hard-cooked eggs, cut in two, stuffed with some savory mixture and set in beef or chicken broth and congealed. Or poach the eggs and season them and proceed as above. Serve with tomato sauce, which now, made to the Queen's taste, comes ready to use in a nice small can, and good hot or cold, too. Put a little vinegar in the water when you poach eggs. Then you can handle them as you please, whether you use them hot or cold.

Cold custards are refreshing. Make a soft or boiled custard—it may be chocolate, flavored with caramel, or vanilla and almond. Chill it and serve in glasses, on fruit or on jellies. Gives a variety from cream and is so cool and delicate it is always welcome.

Heigh-ho! It is getting hot. But it's a nice season. Summer is a-coming in. In fact, she is here. And we are real glad to see her.

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 46

Darkness had fallen. Haywood was squatting in the funk-hole which he shared with Gordie, alarming himself with forebodings. What dreadful things might not be transpiring at Shorncliffe? Gordie was giving him half his attention and bestowing the rest on a letter which he was endeavoring to scrawl to Gay. Suddenly the gas-blanket before the entrance was lifted and Pillman's harsh face was framed in the triangle of starlight.

"A special leave's come for the potential father," he announced scoffingly. "The O.C. says to beat it back to the wagon lines."

When Gordie had seen Bert off, the gas-blanket was raised again and Pillman crawled in, grinning.

"So the poor blighter's gone? My little scheme worked."

Upon inquiry it developed that the special leave was not special. It was Pillman's, whose name had stood top of the leave list and who had entered a request at Divisional Headquarters that Haywood's name be substituted for his own.

"Why?" Gordie gasped. "I thought you detested him."

Pillman produced a bottle and poured himself a stiff drink.

"He has a wife, which I haven't."

TWO days later, as Pillman was being carried out on a stretcher, he roused himself to beckon Gordie.

"Don't let him guess how he got his leave. He might feel badly." Then, with a grim smile, "Not that it's likely, after the way I've hounded him."

Since that morning of liquid sunshine when Gordie had soared into the dawn and flopped back into the trenches, he had done some tall thinking. Watching Bert going to pieces had educated him. If he married Gay, this time next year he, too, might be cracking under the prospect of becoming an absentee parent. There was his duty as an officer to maintain his fitness. And then there was Gay's side of the bargain; in exchange for a few brief days together, what right had he to impose on her such a toll of suffering?

Gay's answer was contained in three sentences: "Your friend isn't a thoroughbred. I hope you are. I am."

Following almost immediately came a long letter, bringing the news that she had gone down to Shorncliffe to visit the Haywoods' cottage. Nancy was the mother of a son. Far from being dismal, Bert was riotously delighted. Speaking for herself, she would give her eyes if they two could find themselves in the Haywoods' position.

Thus refuted by the very instance he had quoted, he felt weaponless in the face of her obstinacy. In his next letter he gave full rein to his infatuation, laying plans for their honeymoon.

He had just addressed and sealed the envelop when the ammunition wagons were reported approaching. He dashed out into the June evening to see that all hands were mustered to assist with the unloading. Meanwhile the sergeant had entered the O.C.'s dugout to deliver despatches and receive orders. Gordie followed him to hand over his letter for placing in the mail bag.

The sergeant had saluted and was on the point of departing, when he turned back to the O.C., where he sat by a plain deal table.

"Beg pardon, sir." The man clicked his heels, making his spurs jangle. "Mr. Haywood returned from leave this evening."

"Ha! So he has come back. I wasn't precisely expecting him. Tell him to report to me without delay in person."

As the gas-blanket fell into place behind the sergeant, the O.C. jerked his thumb in the direction of an upturned box, indicating that Gordie should sit on it.

"Haywood's your friend. What's your opinion of him?"

"I think I know what you mean, sir. You believed that you'd seen the last of him—that he would raise heaven and earth to wangle a cushie job in England. You're mistaking him, sir. I was sure he would return."

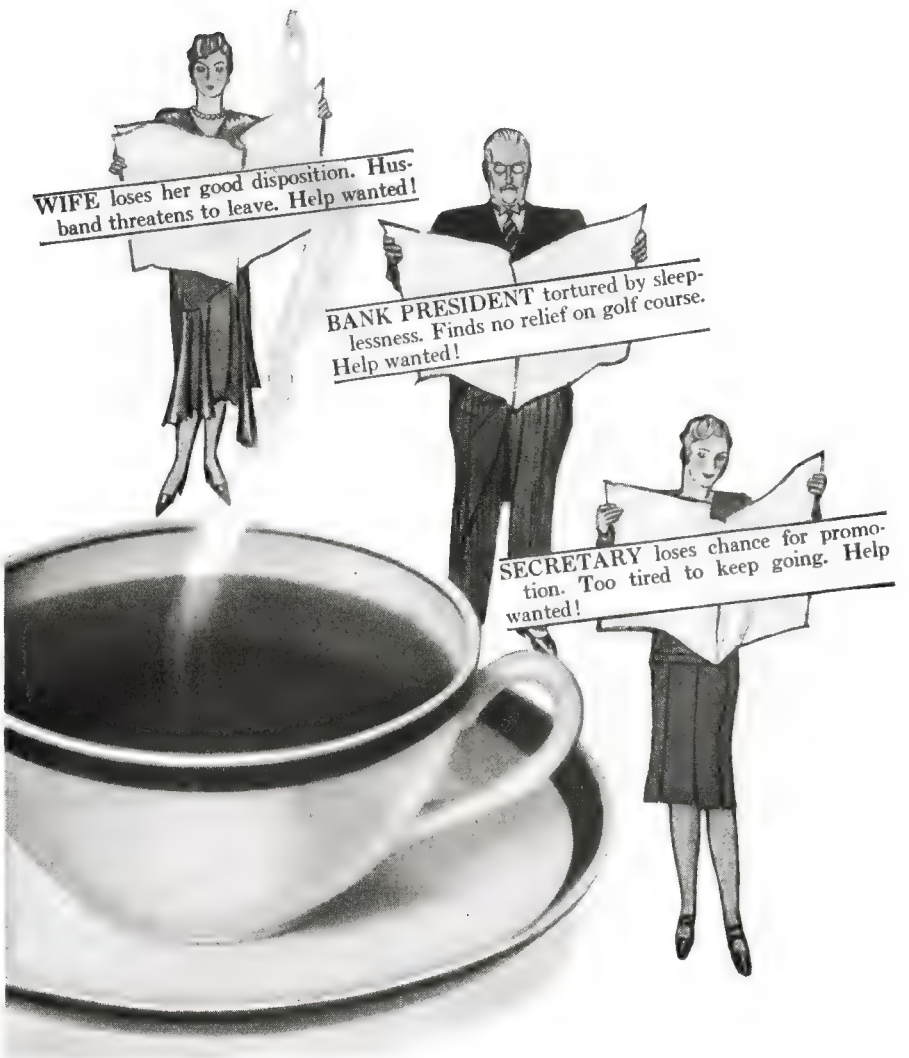
The O.C. frowned gloomily. "Well," he growled, "if he possesses guts, now is his chance to prove it."

"He's sorry for his wife, sir," Gordie said.

"No right to have a wife. It's his duty to forget her." The O.C. twisted and tortured his solitary lock of hair. "If I don't put him into harness at once, he'll go rotten. Draw up that box. Here's why I've sent for him."

Pointing to the contours on a map which lay spread before him, he entered into a technical explanation. The infantry were due to stage a raid at dawn; patrols had reported that the enemy wire entanglements had not been cut by artillery fire at a certain point. The entanglements lay behind a rise of ground that screened them from observation. There was only one place from which they could be observed—a mine-crater a hundred yards from the target. Under cover of darkness a telephone wire must be run into the crater. An artillery observer and a telephonist must conceal themselves there. Half an hour before dawn the guns would open up. It would be the observer's business by telephoning back corrections to see that a lane was cut through the entanglements.

"Pillman would have been exactly the man for such a job." The O.C. screwed up his fierce little eyes. "He's not here because he gave his leave to Haywood, (*Turn to page 72*)


WIFE loses her good disposition. Husband threatens to leave. Help wanted!
BANK PRESIDENT tortured by sleeplessness. Finds no relief on golf course. Help wanted!
SECRETARY loses chance for promotion. Too tired to keep going. Help wanted!

Postum answers thousands of "Want-Ads" every day!

UNLESS you know Postum very well, you'll wonder how it can come to the rescue in so many varied cases. For all you can see in the cup is a tempting, golden-brown drink—and all you can taste is deliciousness! But ask the millions of people who drink Postum every day. *They'll* tell you how it has helped them!

Many of these men and women didn't know, at one time, what it was to enjoy vigorous health. Some were troubled by sleeplessness—others by indigestion, ragged nerves, or headaches. In every case, help was wanted!

One by one, these men and women realized that the cause of their troubles was—*caffein beverages.* So they eliminated drinks containing caffein from their diets, and drank Postum instead. Almost at once, sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion, and headaches gave way to radiant health! Do you wonder these men and women still drink Postum?

Perhaps it never occurred to you that caffein could cause your own sleepless nights. Perhaps you never blamed caffein for your "nerves" and headaches. But make this test! Instead of caffein beverages, let Postum be your mealtime drink—for thirty days. Before that time is up, you'll find yourself sleeping like a log. You'll find yourself feeling better—looking better, too!

Postum contains no caffein. It is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. Its flavor is mellow and smooth—*distinctive.* Drink Postum plain—or add cream, and watch its rich brown color change to gold. You're sure to like this delicious drink. You'll want to make it your lifetime friend!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

Post Food Products

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P.—D.—5-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
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Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.* The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 71

so I've chosen Haywood to take his place. But the devil of it is that I can't trust him not to muddle—so I'm sending you along. There'll be nothing gained by risking too many lives. You must use your own discretion—I don't want you to accompany him as far as the crater. Take cover somewhere in No Man's Land between him and our front line. Don't interfere unless you suspect he's mucking things. Take your own telephonist and tap in on his wire so that you can keep tabs on him."

Having regained his funk-hole, Gordie waited impatiently for Bert's arrival. If they weren't to be hurried, they must leave the battery position by one o'clock.

The hour was close on midnight when the gas-blanket was raised and Bert peered in.

"I've seen the O.C." He smiled cheerily.

"I saved this for you." Gordie shoved a plate toward him. "How's Nancy?"

While Bert ate, he talked eagerly.

"Everything's coming my way. Nancy's doing fine. First night back, if I know my luck, I'm given the chance to win a decoration. The O.C.'s a sportsman. It'll make a christening present for the baby."

Allowing the telephonists to lead the way, Gordie and Bert followed. Bert sensed the surprise that the change in him occasioned.

"Having a kid's done it. Makes a fellow realize he's a man. But what's all this stuff you've been writing to Gay?"

It was the first mention of her name between them.

"To Gay? Did she tell you?"

"Yep. She said you were scared of marriage because of what it had done to me."

They entered the trench system, which wound and crisscrossed like a maze. Its atmosphere of evil commanded silence. Far away, like a display of fireworks, from the enemy's side of No Man's Land, lights shot up and floated, making night bright as day.

A sentry challenged. Sliding down the greasy stairs of Battalion Headquarters, they stumbled into the presence of the infantry colonel to receive their final instructions.

In the front line the raiders were assembled, silent as mummies. The artillery party picked a path between obstructing legs, climbed the lip of the trench and fell on all fours. Moving clumsily, the telephonists followed, reeling out the thread of wire which led back to the distant battery.

Several hundred yards short of the crater Gordie parted from Bert with a pressure of the hand. Bert went on, accompanied by his telephonist, and quickly vanished.

Minutes dragged by tardily as hours. Gordie's every sense was alert. Machine guns coughed spasmodically. From time to time his telephonist, who had tapped in on the wire, called up Bert by code, inquiring if all were well.

Night was growing pale. The telephonist spoke in a whisper.

"Mr. Haywood's ready. The battery's standing to, sir."

AS Gordie reached for the receiver, like a flight of birds the first shells passed with a whistling sound above his head. Listening in, he heard Bert's voice, low and collected, giving the corrections. He had his nerve. He wasn't thinking of his baby now.

Gordie rose to his feet and peered above the shell hole. Behind him he could see the raiders slipping out of the front line and stealing toward him less like men than shadows. From the enemy's side of No Man's Land red and green rockets were soaring. Gordie watched the splendid terror of destruction as enacted against the softly spreading morning.

His telephonist was shouting. No danger of the enemy hearing him now.

"O.C. wants you, sir."

"That you, Fithian? No corrections coming back. Haywood doesn't answer. Something's happened. Go forward and take over."

He started on his errand none too soon for his own safety. Glancing across his shoulder as he ran, he saw that where he had been hiding, the enemy barrage had descended, blotting out the raiders and all immediate chance of rescue.

Good Lord! Why was he running? The raid was off. He would meet Bert coming back in a second. In his heart he knew why he was running; because Bert might not be capable of coming back. Again he glanced back. The enemy barrage had shortened—it was following him like a drag-net. When he found Bert, they might be able to escape round the edge of it.

He tumbled into the crater, blinded with fumes and sweat. Picking himself up, he stared round wildly. Two huddled figures. He turned them over—Bert and his telephonist. Straight through the entanglements the path had been cut. Damn everybody who had doubted Bert. A bullet-wound clean through his forehead!

"They shan't have his body."

He was endeavoring to lift his pal, when something crashed into his head. Hands were choking him. Guttural voices. He was being carried.

With the last flicker of consciousness Gordie opened his eyes—saw gray helmets, gray uniforms, the sun rising red over shell holes.

It was seven o'clock on a November evening when Gordie stepped from the train to the London platform still wearing the shabby civilian clothes which had been charitably bestowed on him in Holland. He was scheming how he could dodge the authorities to whom it was his duty as an escaped prisoner to report. During the eighteen months that he had been a war captive in Germany, he had developed an adeptness in dodging.

As he paused doubtfully, he heard his name uttered. An officer was peering into the compartment he had vacated and making inquiries. A truck piled with luggage was passing; quick as a flash he fell in behind it and began shoving, hoping that he would be mistaken for an emergency porter. Steadying the topmost bags, he shuffled through the barrier unchallenged and found himself in the station yard. Pretending to search a taxi for the owner of the luggage, Gordie disappeared into the gloom of drifting fog.

He had only the faintest idea how to get to Gay. He would report himself tomorrow, collect his back pay, which must amount to a handsome sum, outfit himself at his tailor's and resume the outward signs of respectability. Wimpole Street was where she had had her flat.

That he might avoid attracting attention, he inquired his way chiefly from pedestrians as down-at-heel as himself. The last man whom he asked replied, "Why, this is Wimpole Street, old chap."

Now that he was so near his goal, he could no longer restrain his impatience. At last he found the number he sought. Her flat, as he remembered, was one flight up. Not content with ringing once, he kept his finger on the electric button. A young staff-officer opened to him. Clapping eyes on the rough customer, he demanded his business angrily, and having learned it, informed him, "She's not here any longer." Without further ceremony, he slammed the door.

Gordie's excitement faded. Should he attempt a second time to gain an entrance? If he explained that he was a brother officer, a prisoner returned from Germany, surely he would be given a hearing. Gay must certainly have left a forwarding address. But he might not be believed. He might be handed into custody. Then how to trace her? Flo would know where she was.

He started on his new quest. Flo's lodgings had been in Upper Berkeley Street. Heaven help him if she, too, had migrated.

His knock was answered by the trim maid whose acquaintance he had made on more felicitous occasions. She opened the door on the chain and stared through the slit at him. Seeing a seedy civilian looming through the fog, she closed the door with prompt prudence. He stepped back to survey the windows. Not a glimmer. Flo must be out. Since his appearance was so alarming, he had no option but to hang about in the hope that on her return he might waylay her.

After hours of pacing the chilly pavement, a taxi drew up. He ran forward. Flo was accompanied by an officer, with whom she seemed to have been exchanging a sly joke. Gordie accosted her. She mistook him for a beggar, and was slipping him a coin, when he seized her hand.

At her muffled cry the officer turned. "Let go of that lady."

He had raised his crop, when she stayed him.

"It's Gordie's voice," she faltered tremulously. "But you can't be Gordie."

"I've escaped, I tell you." He clung to her. "The moment you see me in the light, you'll recognize me."

In the hall, as the maid admitted them, Flo searched his features eagerly.

She turned to her escort. "This is an old friend whom I never hoped to see again alive. I'm sure you'll understand if I ask you to leave us."

After a stormy protest, during which he gazed with distaste at Gordie, the officer shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll expect to read in tomorrow's paper that you've been murdered."

When he had taken himself off, she led the way upstairs.

The door of the sitting-room was open. His eyes met the familiar comfort: a fire burning, refreshments spread for two on a little table, sheet-music strewn on the piano. She swung round.

"Come in, for God's sake. Don't stand there hovering like a ghost."

"I don't feel real."

"Then you can guess how you impress others." The quiver in her tone startled him. "None of us, I mean your friends, expected ever to see you again."

"Gay did," he challenged. Before she had time to answer, he continued: "It's late. I don't intend to inconvenience you. I only came to ask you for Gay's address."

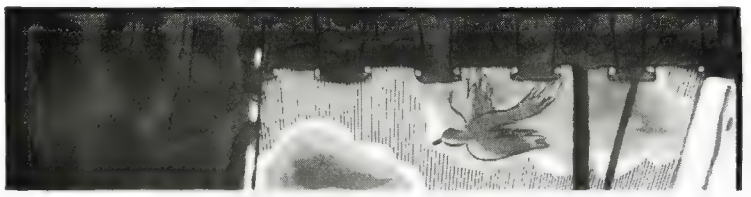
Flo bit her lip. "She's in the country at Storm Castle. Impossible to reach her tonight. Where are you staying?"

"Out there." He indicated the darkened panes. "I'm a temporary outcast. I avoided the officials deputed to take care of me, hoping to reach Gay sooner. But don't let that worry you. After being hunted through the length of Germany with a price on my head, a London park bench will be peaceful."

"A price on your head!" She approached him, mastering the repulsion his starved looks caused her. "It's the first I've heard of that, or of anything. But you don't suppose I'd drive you out into the fog——"

"Why not?" he interrupted. "I've lost the habit of banking on human kindness."

"Silly old thing!" She (*Turn to page 77*)



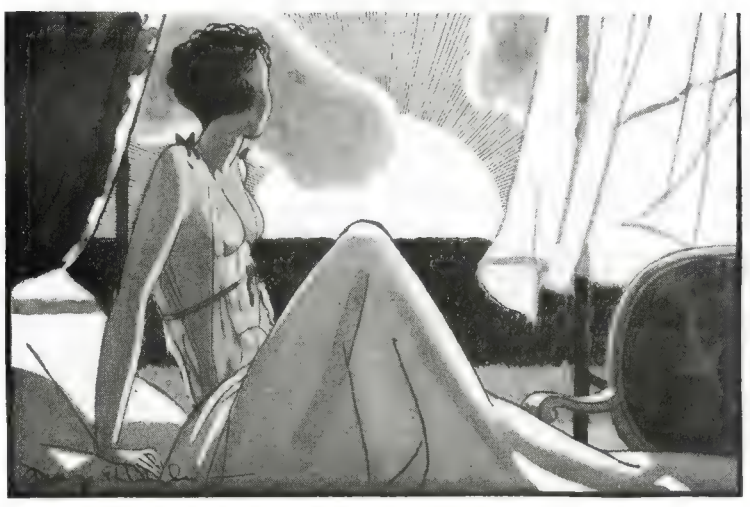
EARLY MORNING

BY

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

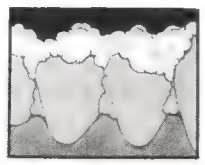
•

The open window lets the summer in.
The garden sends its sweetness on the air
To lure me from my work. The spiders spin
Their little webs upon the lawn and snare
The drops of morning dew within their nets.
The hollyhocks are almost window-high.
Upon their leafy cloaks they wear rosettes
Of crimson dipped in sun. I wonder why
His feathered impudence upon the bough
Is scolding me and scolding every one.
I must not listen to the summer now
For night will come before my work is done.
The summer time breeds vagabonds—no doubt
It would be wise to lock the summer out.



How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth . . . washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous . . . if you fear for the health of your teeth and gums, see your dentist.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-539, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

The Power of SUNLIGHT to Build Health

now stored in Quaker Farina

One dish of this heart-of-wheat creamy hot cereal provides the vitamin effect of a full hour spent in healthful sunshine.

For teeth, for bones, children need sunlight's Vitamin D.

ONE of the world's best-known breakfast foods can now help your child as no other hot cereal can do.

Its name is Quaker Farina. Doctors for years have recommended it as the first solid food for babies. Farina is the creamy, inner heart of the wheat. All rough, indigestible parts are removed. Easily digested, it gives both babies and older children food elements they need.

"Sun" vitamin added

Now by exposure to certain powerful rays like those of the sun, there is stored in every dish of Quaker Farina the bone-building vitamin effect that is secured from sunshine.

******Laboratory experiments show a dish of this nourishing hot breakfast food is equal in sun-vitamin effect to 20 minutes of exposure to noonday summer sun or to 3 hours of winter sunshine!*

Think what this means. Your children's breakfast cereal now becomes an added source of the "sunshine" vitamin which makes sound teeth . . . straight, well-developed bones.

The Steenbock Process of Irradiation, developed at the University of Wisconsin, gives Quaker Farina this amazing new health aid. Its reliability has been proved by countless tests over a 4-year period.

Begin today

Start at once to give your children this vital new health protection. You'll find Quaker Farina containing the "sun" vitamin at your grocer's. No change in taste. No change in price.

WARNING: Don't be confused. The mere fact that grain is grown in the sunshine does not give cereals the "sun" vitamin. The husk keeps out the invisible rays from the heart of the grain.

Only two cereals, *Quaker Farina* and *Muffets* (the new whole wheat biscuit), are guaranteed to have the "sun" vitamin stored there by ultraviolet rays. The Quaker Oats Company has been granted the sole right to irradiate cereals by the Steenbock method.

Quaker Farina—*Heart of the Wheat*

EMPTY HOURS

Continued from page 18

thought our men were happier. However this may be, there is no doubt that the average English and American girls of the twentieth century are infinitely more happy than the young Victorian females; they are happier because they are working. Look at the hundreds of young girls on suburban trains entering any American city in the early morning. They do not look like prisoners under the lash; they look fresh, alert, vigorous.

It is difficult for an American to visualize the city of Rome under the Cæsars. The Eternal City was filled with a mob of men who literally had nothing to do. Food was distributed free; and the conditions of the climate made it natural for the mob to spend most of its time outdoors. What did this mob demand? They demanded excitement. Successful office-holders and candidates for political office therefore provided the mob with athletic and theatrical entertainment. Instead of the motto being "athletics for all," the people took their athletics vicariously. They watched hired professional athletes entertain them. And as the demand for excitement increases like the demand for drugs, it became necessary for these athletes to kill each other, for prisoners to be thrown to wild beasts, to slake the public thirst for blood. In the theater, realism was carried to an extreme that makes our most naturalistic plays seem prudish. The actors were actually crucified, the murders were real, the torture was not imaginary, and the plays of sensuality had better be left to the modern reader's imagination. Men and women looked at these scenes in the arena and on the stage, and told each other afterwards that they had got a real "kick" out of it. The Roman Empire decayed and died.

LEISURE is the test of an individual and the test of society. *Civilization comes through leisure.* And lasting happiness also comes through the right use of leisure.

It is dangerous to make prophecies, for in history it is so often the unexpected that happens. But the signs of the times seem certainly to indicate the coming of more leisure. All persons past middle age can remember when the regulation factory hours were seven to six, with an hour at noon, that is, ten hours a day. In many places people worked twelve hours. Now the average working day is eight hours; and it is highly probable that during the next decade the average work day will be six hours, with Saturday and Sunday entirely free. If, by education and increase of refinement, American men and women will make a profitable use of this leisure, the coming generations will be more civilized and more happy than at any previous period in history.

The assets of civilization in America are three: religion, the school, the home. The reason why I believe there will be no political revolution in the United States resembling the Russian Revolution of 1917 is because personal religion is still the foundation of American society; we have never had a state church identified with a cruel, tyrannical, irresponsible government. Second, primary education is universal, and secondary education almost universal, and university education so common that it has ceased to add distinction. There are many who believe that too much money is spent on high schools and that too many people go to college. In reality, no money and no time are better spent than on these things. Third, although enormous fortunes have been made by individual Americans, fortunes so enormous that they dwarf the fairy tales of the past, the most conspicuous thing about American life is not the individual fortunes, but the immense number of citizens who own their houses and who have some money in the bank. Visit any moderately sized town, and you will see streets lined with houses inhabited by the families that own them. One rhetorical agitator announced that it would be easy enough to "awaken" the people of America to the blessings of Communism if it were not that so many of them had money in the bank!

Well, suppose the average citizen in 1938 works from eight to two o'clock, or from eight to three, with an hour's intermission. Suppose cooked and hot food is left at the door three times a day, in the present fashion of ice and milk. From three o'clock in the afternoon till ten in the evening, the man or the man and wife are free. How will they spend their leisure?

THE real business of life is Life. Food, clothing and shelter are not life—they are the means of life. With many laborers the daily work is not life: it is once more the means of life. Men and women live in their minds. If leisure means laziness, if leisure means only bodily pleasures, if leisure means only attendance at games and motion pictures of the sentimental variety, the mind does not grow; it stagnates.

We live in an age of machines; but the machines were made for man, not man for machines. The radio may be a means of education and of elevation, or it may be destructive to the intelligence of its owner and a cause of insanity to his neighbors. Do you listen to Walter Damrosch or to slush?

The motion pictures, well chosen, may be a source of delight and instruction combined; but the motion picture *habit* is a bad habit. The automobile is a servant more efficient than the genii in the Arabian Nights; it is also a means of pleasant recreation. But it can become an evil substitute for the necessary and healthful exercise of walking, or a means of accelerating the already too swift pace down the best-paved and most crowded thoroughfare in the world—the primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire.

Fortunately there is an almost universal desire for education; and people are beginning to see that true education is neither easy nor swift, but means resolute application of mental energy over a long period of time. The public libraries are an enormous factor in modern civilization; and I sometimes think the most useful men and women in the world are the professional librarians.

Leisure, to be enjoyed, must be earned. The pleasant fatigue after outdoor exercise is very different from laziness. Peace after struggle is sweeter than stagnation.

It is often said that every person should have a hobby. I say that every person should have some definite avocation, the mastery of *something*, whether it be the tools of a carpenter or the language of a foreign country. It is astounding what some men accomplished in their leisure. John Stuart Mill was a clerk in the East India Office. He became one of the world's leading authorities on political economy, logic, and philosophy, a powerful factor in the democratic advance of mankind.

But genius is scarce. I am not concerned with the productions of leisure that have elevated or inspired or changed the world. I am interested here only in the human happiness and mental development that can come to *the average man* by the proper use of leisure.

Every person in the world may not become a personage. But every person may become a personality. The happiest people are those who think the most interesting thoughts. Interesting thoughts can live only in cultivated minds. Those who decide to use leisure as a means of mental development, who love good music, good books, good pictures, good plays at the theater, good company, good conversation—what are they? They are the happiest people in the world; and they are not only happy in themselves, they are the cause of happiness in others.

GOOD STORIES

From Indo-China to California run the backgrounds of the short stories in next month's Delineator. They're by John Galsworthy, Crosbie Garstin, Elsie Singmaster, Margaret Craven and for good measure a children's story about an elephant written by Dixie Willson

"SO GOOD IN THEMSELVES . . . SO ATTRACTIVE WHEN SERVED THIS NEW WAY . . .

"Those delightful kitchens of the past—" exclaims Josephine Gibson, Director, Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "bright with sunshine—odorous with the fragrance of delicious foods in preparation! Do you remember the familiar baked bean crock which gave forth such a happy odor when the oven door was lowered? And when from your plate every bean sent up redoubled fragrance in little curling jets of steam, wasn't it enough to make any appetite frantic?

"Yet I don't think we need sigh for the baked beans of past days. You'll find all their goodness in those made by Heinz. Such plump, brown, mealy beans these are—just bursting with goodness! Such delicate bits of flavor—so tender, so digestible, from their *oven-baking.* And that tomato sauce, made from garden-fresh tomatoes. Where can you match its zestful piquancy! Only *oven-baking* can give this tender goodness—only the spicy tomato sauce can give such flavor!

"If you like ways of serving this favorite dish that are a bit different, try this one—

"LUNCHEON PLATE, the Heinz way . . . Have the required number of patty shells. Then remove the labels from one or more cans of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, and heat thoroughly in a pan of hot water. Turn out the contents on a platter and fill the patty shells, arranging them so that a piece of the tender young pork shows on top of each. Then pop the patties into the oven until the shells are thoroughly heated. Make dainty butter sandwiches of hot Boston Brown Bread or, lacking this, sandwiches of Heinz Sandwich Relish on whole wheat bread. Arrange patty, sandwiches, and your favorite Heinz pickles (or a small compact salad) on an attractive plate. Serve while patty is hot and crisp." • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

57

Enjoy these radio talks! - *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Josephine Gibson, Heinz Home Economics Director, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

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"Magic Chef" has won generous praise from noted artists, architects and gas engineers. It has the endorsement of famous testing laboratories and the approval of home economics authorities. Even more important is the fact that "Magic Chef" is now in daily use in thousands of homes. Without exception each is giving the utmost satisfaction.

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"Magic Chef" is being displayed and demonstrated by dealers everywhere. If you are planning a new home, the redecoration or refurnishing of an old kitchen, or simply the purchase of a new gas range —by all means, see and inspect this handsome, different and supremely serviceable gas range.

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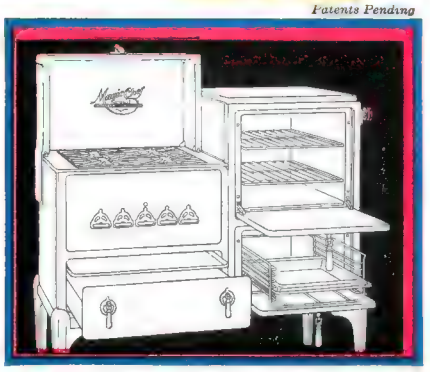

1. "PATRICIAN" Model shown above in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite. Also, "JONQUIL" Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim. All enamel.

2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.

3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unsightly utensils quickly covered.

4. "Magic Chef" Oven is insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.

5. Pipes, gas valves and all bolts entirely concealed. All valves convertible by the turn of a screw into "safety" valves.

6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meat. Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.

7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.

8. Roomy service-drawer on rollers.

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$195.00
($210 West of the Rockies)

Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.
Send for free booklet.

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 72

forced herself into a display of animation.

"Give me a chance to get used to you. You're going to stay. There's so much I'm dying to learn. When I've shed my street clothes I'll sit by the fire with you. We'll make it a welcome home. There's a supper waiting."

LEFT alone, he glanced round furtively; he hadn't yet overcome the trick of being furtive. Before he realized what he was doing, he had tiptoed to the spread table and was eating ravenously. He glanced up ashamed. Flo was regarding him from the doorway.

His hands fell to his sides. "I'd better go. I'm not fit for a woman's companionship."

"You poor dear!" She stretched out and touched him. "Why didn't you tell me you were hungry?"

Her eyes were brimming. She patted his sleeve caressingly. Her compassion conquering her, she flung an arm about his shoulder, coaxing him over to the couch.

"I've been hard and unsympathetic. I couldn't believe you were you. I'm going to make you warm and happy."

Something broke in him; something pent up and defiant.

Little by little she won his story. The picture he painted started with the death of Haywood at the crater, the red sun rising and his realization that he was a captive. Jolted through trenches on a stretcher, not understanding a word of what was being spoken, he hadn't cared particularly what happened to him. But he wasn't left careless long. Having been carried into a dugout, an interpreter had set to work to interrogate him. When he had refused to give the required information, he had been left with his wounds undressed and without water. The persecution had continued after he had reached the prison hospital. He had been promised privileges if he would reveal what he knew concerning the conditions of the Allies. By the time his wound was healed, any knowledge he possessed had become out of date. At the prison camp he had been requested to give his promise not to escape. Again he had refused and, as a consequence, had been removed to a camp for bad actors, where the rules were tyrannous.

"That was why none of you ever heard from me," he explained. "One of the punishments by which they tried to break our spirits was that we were neither allowed to write nor to receive communications."

He turned aside from his narration to speak of Gay. He couldn't have lived through the ordeal if he hadn't felt so sure of her. Stripped of every decency, she'd been his incentive. When he met her again, he had so wanted her to be proud of him.

"Exactly." Flo cut him short. "You've been a hero. Men get decorated for less. But tell me about your escape."

"It happened when the Americans had arrived and the front was cracking. The Germans were short of man power. They'd withdrawn some of our guards, discipline had relaxed. By that time I'd learned to speak the language. I traveled by night and slept in haystacks and woods by day. I broke into farmhouses to steal food and money. You were quite right to be afraid of me. I've become a first-class burglar. To cut a long story short, I slipped through the wire at the Dutch frontier into safety." He paused. "It's your turn now. You've told me nothing."

"Leave the rest till morning. I'll get some coverings for the couch."

HE was staring. She pretended to mistake the cause of his intensity.

"That was selfish of me. What a beast I am! You shall have my bed. I'll take the couch."

He dived forward, grabbing her.

"You're going to tell me now. What's this about Gay that you're hiding?"

"You're awfully rough, Gordie." She tried to shame him. "What should I know about Gay? I was never a friend of hers."

"I want the worst. Is she married?"

"No." Flo covered her face with her hands.

"Then what is it? Good God, don't keep me waiting."

"She thinks you're dead. We all thought you were dead. Why, she even—truly she did, Gordie—for a little while she wore mourning." She looked at him pityingly.

"I'll bet it was for a little while. What's she doing now? Out with it."

"Dear boy, why do you make me hurt you? Tomorrow she's marrying Darfree."

Gordie had gone pale as death, but his wits worked quickly. "Look here, Flo, it means as much to you as it does to me to prevent this iniquitous marriage. You needn't lie—you still love Darfree. I've only to see Gay to stop it. Have you money in the house? I'm asking because I haven't a penny."

"Heaps in the bank," she said. "Less than ten shillings in the house."

"You're a great help," he chaffed. "That means that we can't start till tomorrow. We'll have to wait till the bank opens. First thing in the morning I'll send her a telegram. But we mustn't depend on that—it may be intercepted. I might try to reach her by telephone, but I'd have to give my name and she'd never get my message. Can we hire a car?"

She shook her head. "These are war times, Gordie."

"Well, if we can't, we must catch the first train to Steeplechase. Have you a railroad guide? I suppose the wedding is to take place at Storm Castle, hereditary pomp, liveried retainers and all the trappings? I've not lost heart. Five minutes are all I require with her. And now to bed."

He had talked himself into optimism. Flo marveled for the second time that night at this new Gordie. Had he learned the trick of remaining undefeated or was he totally bereft of perspective?

WITH the first glimmering of the drab November morning they sat facing each other over breakfast.

"I've a hunch," he addressed her, "that it might be a good idea to bring those letters along which Darfree tried to buy back. If Lord Methwaite refuses to allow me to see Gay, they may persuade him."

Rising from the table, she returned obediently with a package.

"If I were dead," he blurted, "it would be still a crime for Gay to marry such a rotter."

"As one who lives in a glass house I daren't join you in throwing stones."

They reached the bank too early and had to wait for it to open. Grabbing the money, they sped by taxi to the station. There again they had to wait.

In the train, Flo questioned: "What will you do if for any reason we can't—?"

"Face up to the worst and fool myself that it's the best." He touched her hand. "You don't need to be afraid for me."

They fell to talking about Haywood. Flo had learned from a Canadian that Nancy and her baby had returned to Canada.

"I wonder, Gordie, whether now that it's all over, she thinks it was worth it?"

"What you're really asking is whether all lovers aren't maniacs."

At Tonbridge they changed into the local for Steeplechase. The landscape grew increasingly familiar.

"We'll be there in time," Flo assured him.

He tried to believe her.

On arriving at Steeplechase, they found everything on wheels was already rolling toward Storm Castle. They must walk the last five miles, unless they had the luck to procure a lift on the road from a stranger. They discovered the time appointed for the ceremony; they had a scant hour's margin to reach their destination.

They made an ill-assorted pair. In crowded London thoroughfares, where individuality is submerged, their difference had been scarcely noticed. But as they hurried up the village street, they focused attention. Aproned housewives left their pails and tradesmen their counters to stare after them.

"That's old Weatherby's gal, or I miss my bet."

"Captain Darfree's sweetie once. The cheek of her to attend his wedding!"

"The return of the prodigal!" Flo smiled tremulously at Gordie.

"The return of two prodigals," he replied.

They were thankful when the racing stables were left behind. Clouds, which had been piling up, burst, lashing them with rain and hail in a steady downpour.

"I shan't be very smart."

"My Dutch tailors," (*Turn to page 80*)

We Buy

Full-Size Package of this New, 5 Minute Cooking Macaroni *for* You... *Note Coupon*

No More Burnt Macaroni

Cook Now in 5 Minutes—Save 15 Minutes' Pot-Watching

HERE is the latest achievement of Quaker Oats Company experts to make meals more delicious and kitchen work easier for women.

An utterly NEW-TYPE macaroni—milk-containing—that cooks in 5 minutes and puts one of the world's most important strength foods on the quick list.

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Get This Real
"TUDOR PLATE" SPOON
For trying this new food creation

If, when accepting the free package of *Quaker* QUICK *Macaroni*, you will buy an additional package at 10c, and send the two labels to us, we will send you the charming Mary Stuart Design teaspoon—made by *Oneida Community and Guaranteed 25 years*—postpaid, Free. This solely to get a fair trial in your home of this new food convenience.

No fuss, no muss, no bother—no more burnt macaroni.

A U. S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation of 4 parts finest Durum Wheat and 1 part of whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water. And takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A far more tender, more delicious macaroni.

Years were spent perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

10-Cent Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of Quaker Quick Milk Macaroni free to try. Try its quick cooking.

Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Good for Full-Size 10¢ Package **Present to Any Grocer**

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

Your Name .....

Address ..... Del.—May

City ..... *State* .....

Your Grocer's Name .....

Quaker Quick Macaroni

Mrs. Hamilton Fish Jr.

of Washington's Political and Diplomatic Set serves a Variety of Breads

As one of the outstanding hostesses of Washington, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., wife of the New York Congressman, is one of society's busiest women. She does a great deal of formal entertaining.

She plays golf, too . . . attends every important debate in the House . . . and converses brilliantly on current politics. Sometimes she must make as many as eight calls in one afternoon.

Yet she manages to schedule her day so skillfully that she has time to plan her own menus and give to her children the most careful personal supervision.

"Home-making can never become a humdrum task when the purpose back of it is the health and happiness of our children," says Mrs. Fish.

"I'm not advocating 'fussy' meals. Simple meals are best. But they must be varied continually. For the sake of variety, I usually serve several different kinds of breads. It is just human nature to like a choice. There should be as much variety in breads as in vegetables or meats. Coffee Pretzels are delicious toasted for tea. Cheese Cake is a favorite with our household, too. The children are very fond of Apple Rolls."

Your Baker makes these breads: Today every community boasts its up-to-date bakery, shining with cleanliness. Here highly skilled bakers make brown, tender, crusty bread in scores of fascinating varieties.

They use the finest ingredients and the utmost care, just as if you had these breads baked in your own home. Your baker's daily experience and his scientifically controlled oven enable him to supply breads that are always beautifully baked.

POLITICS is one of her hobbies. Here is Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. on the steps of her home on Ashmead Place as she starts to the House of Representatives to hear an important speech.

MRS. FISH is tall and handsome, with dark brown eyes and a lovely fresh skin. Although she dines out every night of the season except when she entertains guests at her own table, Mrs. Fish makes it a point to be home when her children are having supper. Hamilton Fish III is a direct descendant of the famous Petrus Stuyvesant, whose name is bound up with so much of New York's history.

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Your Grocer or Baker can supply these Delicious Breads

1. Cheese Cake fairly melts in your mouth. Men like it, especially with coffee for dessert.

2. Filbert Rolls are thickly sprinkled with tasty nut meats. They are delightful with coffee, tea, chocolate or milk.

3. Coffee Pretzels are rich and brown and buttery. They are delicious toasted.

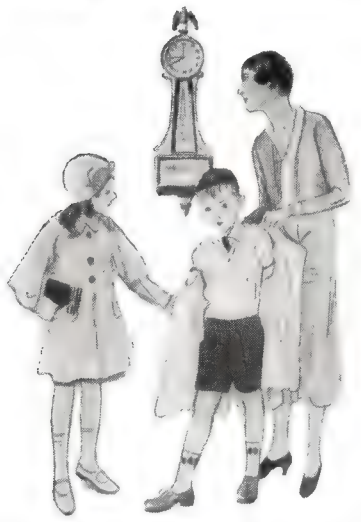
4. Golden brown Apple Rolls are filled with fruit and daintily frosted with vanilla icing. They appeal particularly to children.

5. Roasted filberts, finely ground, make Japanese Rolls a great favorite for breakfast.

Ask your baker or your grocer for their specials. They delight the eye and whet the appetite. You can always get one or several delicious breads to serve, whatever the occasion may be.

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast, just as all discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Electricity keeps the Telechron clock in your home as accurate as the infallible Telechron Master Clock in the power house

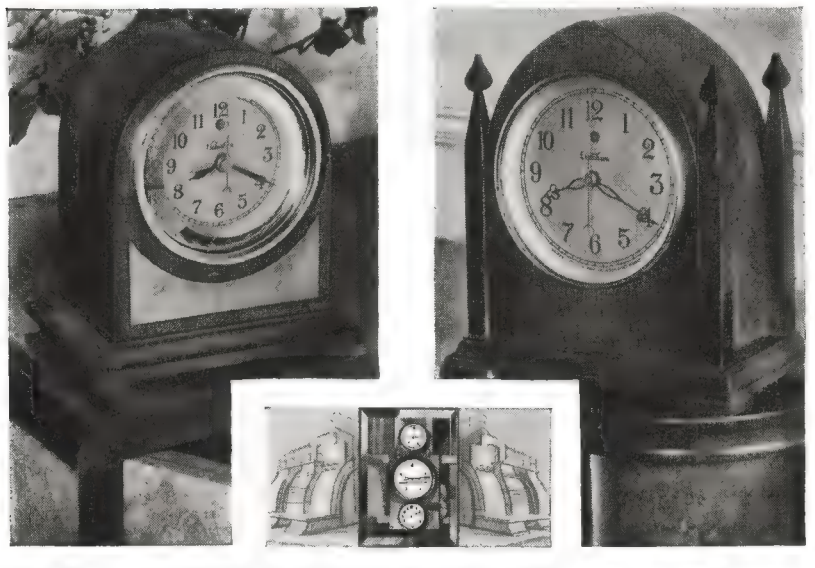


SILENTLY, smoothly, Telechron takes its place in the routine of your existence. You forget that you were ever annoyed by temperamental timepieces that had to be wound and oiled, and regulated. There remains only the grateful consciousness that here is time to depend upon! ● The accuracy that your Telechron delivers from an electric outlet is made possible by a Telechron Master Clock which controls generator speeds in your local power station and insures even impulses of alternating current. The synchronous, self-starting Telechron motor merely translates these impulses into time—correct time—and you catch your train, keep your appointment or cook your steak perfectly in consequence! ● There are Telechrons in rich variety—models for wall or mantel, desk or dressing-table—some with illuminated dials, even with alarms. There are Telechrons for the kitchen too. All of them are worthy of the unerring precision they encase. ● Two representative Telechrons are pictured on this page. Your dealer has many more that he'll gladly display to you. Prices are only $9.95 to $55★! Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts.

★ The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from **$40 to $1200.**

below: *Vernon, particularly popular for bedside or dressing-table. Mahogany case. Three-inch gold finish dial, illuminated by tiny mazda lamp. Height 6⅛". Price* $21.

below: *Oxford, an attractive Gothic design. Mahogany case with Spanish high-lighted finish. Five-inch silvered dial. Height* 8 7/16". *Price* $25.



center: *This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of giant generators so that they supply even impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home. These are the only master clocks used by power companies to furnish regulated time to the public.*

Telechron
electric time-keepers

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 77

he chaffed desperately, "have made me smart enough for both of us."

Storm Castle came in sight, secure in its parkland. Gordie consulted his watch; unless some hitch had occurred, Darfree and his bride were standing already before the altar.

"Is there still time?" she panted.

"If we do a sprint," he said, "we might barely manage it."

AS THEY arrived at the village church, bells began to peal merrily. Rain ceased. As though a window had been thrown wide in the heavens, a golden shaft of sunlight slanted. Along the path through the graveyard, rustics formed a double line. Before the porch a group of officers unsheathed their swords with a flourish and raised a silver archway.

To the scandal of beholders a shabby civilian and an excited girl attempted to force their way to the entrance. The organ was already booming the wedding march. As the bridal couple emerged, they met the two intruders. The shabby civilian and the girl in her drenched finery held their ground for a moment, then shrank back into the crowd. The bridegroom in his swanky uniform caught Flo's eye, hesitated, and recovered his composure. The bride, looking ethereal in white, was passing, when at her husband's start she gazed about her. Her glance froze with palor as it encountered Gordie. With swift eagerness it softened into recognition. She seemed on the point of speaking. Mastering the impulse, she quickened her pace and was whirled away in the waiting carriage.

An angry mutter arose from the villagers. Gordie stayed to see no more.

"She's a total loss. The Germans were kinder."

On the return journey they scarcely spoke. They reached London to find its streets in an uproar. The rumor of the false Armistice was spreading. A bedlam of joy had broken loose.

Gordie and Flo clung together.

"Let's pretend we're happy."

They joined the bacchanalian mobs.

"Dance, for God's sake," he urged her.

Night had long since fallen. A lurch of the crowd swept them into Piccadilly Circus. A roar of laughter greeted them. A tawdry girl had climbed the monument from which the statue of Eros had been removed for fear of air raids. She was balancing on one foot at her imminent peril and grimacing like a monkey. A policeman, who lacked the agility to pursue her, was imploring, "Come down, missie, you'll break your bloomin' legs."

"There you are," Gordie pointed. "That's what war's done for all of us. That's what Bert died for—that a street-walker might usurp the place of Cupid."

Flo glimpsed the depths of his bitterness.

"I'll be good to you, Gordie. She couldn't be anything but a cheat. You would never own it. She wasn't the war's doing. She's a fit mate for Darfree."

He shook her off so furiously that she staggered.

"Don't you dare to speak a word against her. It's my bad luck if I can't help thinking rotten things. I'll be dashed if I'll stand to hear you voice them."

Swinging on his heel, Gordie plunged into the throng, leaving her amazed and sorry . . .

Bronzed by the tropics, reticent and self-confident, Gordie was traveling by the same route which his father had chosen years before him when, all unaware of his destiny, he had been approaching the Denmark Hill garden where a little son had stood ready to absorb his affections.

Gordie had boarded the Cape to Cairo express at a watering point in the jungle. The only divergence from the parallel between his own and his father's journey was that no feminine fascinator accompanied him.

As he lay on deck, listening to wind in the rigging and dazzled by the tedious blue of the Mediterranean, he relived the year and a half which had elapsed since, as an escaped prisoner, he had watched that white apparition of girlhood pass to dishonor beneath the flash of uplifted swords. To save his sanity he had steeled his will to forget her. The moment he had been demobilized he had gone to Africa to join his father. There a new world of achievement had opened to him. His father had made him his partner in a project for building a chain of trading stores. With this end in view they had gone exploring together through unmapped country. The dream of his childhood had been fulfilled: he had become a lion-hunter. And yet another dream, when after a long day's paddle, they had plunged into a lonely grove and stood beside a rock on which the words *Claire Fithian* were rudely chiseled.

That evening, sprawled beside the camp fire, his father had become confidential. He had talked about Gordie's mother, Claire—the difference between love and passion. He had been frank about his relations with Lady Methwaite, recalling the details of his visit to her in her flowery little London square, whither he had gone to break the news that he could not marry. In the stillness of the forest, stars gazing down, Worth Fithian had tried to express all that finding a child had meant to him.

NEXT morning, as they were breaking camp, a native runner bringing letters had overtaken them.

One was for Gordie. It had been addressed and readdressed; held by agents at trading stores; returned to the coast in the hope that it would catch him; missed him and again been re-forwarded. It bore the date and London postmark of four months earlier. He glanced at the original handwriting and promptly slipped it into his pocket. Why need she disturb him? When at last, having fortified himself with cynicism, he had dared to read its contents, he wished he hadn't. "Darlingest," her letter had commenced. She couldn't endure that he should think ill of her. She'd fought the temptation to correspong with him. Couldn't fight it any longer.

For the next page she seemed to have lost her nerve. He would note her address. If it meant nothing to him, it would to his father. Lady Methwaite had given her the house as a wedding present. It was the same in which his father and her aunt had staged the final act of their futile courting.

She returned to her purpose in approaching him. She could guess how he must condemn her. But if he would take a just view of her marriage it proved the intensity of the love she bore him. Nothing had seemed to matter when she had believed that he was dead. One man had been as negligible as another. She had accepted Darfree as (*Turn to page 83*)

FOR WOMEN · BY WOMEN

Continued from page 38

the business of life as well as spend time in the business of making a living! And the wife, the partner and co-worker of each of these men, must meet and wrestle with her business—making, preserving and conserving the home, with as great a degree of acumen, imagination, good sense and humor as her husband has to avail himself of in the other end of the job.

And these are the women who are our associate home editors, our consultant housekeepers. They are busy women. That is why they are our helpers.

We have to find out so many things. We have to prepare catechisms on moths and marshmallows; on dishwashers and desserts; on paper towels and table sauces; we even ask them, sometimes, just what they honestly think of us, of Delineator and the Institute; and make no mistake about it—the answers come piling in, and we hear the truth. They are a critical lot, these women, and they are as frank as the weather.

And intelligent, helpful, wise and witty.

Little eleven year old Bettina Belmont lives in Middleburg, Virginia. She is the granddaughter of August Belmont, banker, and founder of Belmont Park

She can do anything a boy can . . . this little BETTINA BELMONT

THE heart of Virginia's fox hunting country is a splendid place for a little girl to grow up. Especially if she has a piebald pony, Punchinello . . . and jumps him . . . and is one of a very few children permitted to ride with the Middleburg Hounds.

Bettina Belmont almost lives in her riding tweeds. Trailed by an admiring little group of pickaninnies, she's a familiar figure around the stables where the beautiful hunters are kept.

She swims, too, and is a breath taking performer on a complicated trapeze affair that hangs in the peaceful old southern garden. In her odd moments she collects turtles—there are now eleven of various sizes—and drops them casually around to be picked up and played with when the mood seizes.

To keep her strong and stalwart her mother stresses one simple care

An outdoor life that is ideal for a growing child, of course. And Bettina's mother sees to it that Bettina gets enough rest to balance all this activity. The child's playtime is quietly regulated, with a little rest every afternoon for the daily rule.

Her diet is a matter that receives great care. Especially the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The cereal this outdoor girl eats is the children's favorite, and the one that child specialists recommend—Cream of Wheat.

"When Bettina was a baby we were advised to give her Cream of Wheat," says Bettina's mother. "It's a habit we've been very regular about."

"I just love it," says Bettina herself. "I eat it every night for supper."

Child specialists agree

Mothers are quite used to this recommendation. The specialists themselves give it almost as a matter of course. Recently when we made an investigation among 221 leading pediatricians in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they were *unanimous* in approving Cream of Wheat. And just a little surprised that anyone would even ask!

That's because for years they've known—as mothers know too—how rich in energy Cream of Wheat is, and how exceptionally easy it is to digest.

Prepare your children for their strenuous hours of outdoor play . . . their taxing school work. Make a daily habit of a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE — this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 854,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. V-27 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Child's name..... *Street*.....

City..... *State*..... To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

Outdoor play is on Bettina's regular program. Her mother feels that this and careful supervision of diet accounts for the child's glowing health

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Now this new cheese treat

—so wholesome everyone can eat it freely

*Digestible as milk itself!

Patented

For all your entertaining, or for the family meals, Velveeta adds new enjoyment

TEMPTING cheese flavor . . . rich and mellow. Creamy texture, velvet smooth. And along with these qualities, Kraft-Phenix, master cheese makers of the world, now give you assurance of *perfect digestibility*.

Velveeta is their new cheese food—acclaimed everywhere. Discriminating cheese lovers praise it. People who've thought they didn't care for cheese are completely converted.

Velveeta is as wholesome and simple to digest as milk because it *is* a pure milk product. *All* the valuable elements of milk are in it.

The secret process by which Velveeta is made is patented, belonging only to Kraft-Phenix. To the blended Cheddar cheese is returned the precious milk sugar, the calcium, phosphorus and other milk minerals. *All* the milk vitamins are present.

Velveeta spreads as smoothly as butter, without tearing the bread. If you want to slice it, it needs only slight chilling. It adds new zest, new tempting goodness to any recipe calling for cheese. It melts on the instant and toasts an even, golden brown.

Greet the children with Velveeta sandwiches after school. Good big ones. Use it for little dainty ones for your entertaining. Let it be the giver of flavor in the dinner's casserole. In other words, order a half pound package of Velveeta *today*.

*Velveeta—A Product of Scientific Research

Velveeta, the delicious new cheese food, is a product built up as the result of scientific research. This research was carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy, under the direction of Dr. L. K. Riggs, Ph. D., Director of Research, in association with F. H. Clickner, M. Sc., Nutritional Research Professor.

KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CORPORATION
Makers of famous "PHILADELPHIA" Cream Cheese
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FREE—"Cheese and Ways to Serve It." There's new pleasure in cooking with Kraft cheese. Address Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 402-C Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

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KRAFT Velveeta
The Delicious New Cheese Food

RICE PLAYS ITS PART

Continued from page 41

rice add one-half cup of milk, and cook in double boiler. If rice does not take up all the milk, drain. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of salt, and one tablespoon melted butter. Spread the mixture on a platter, and when cold, form into small croquettes, dip in beaten egg and fine crumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain, dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

RICE cooked with tomato; with a cheese sauce; with eggs make different; hearty and delicious dishes. Served with creamed chicken, with fish au gratin, with curries and as savories, rice is more or less well known, but sometimes is too easily overlooked.

Simple plain boiled rice served with a compote of fruit is delicious. Hot or cold, it makes a dessert dish of real charm. And the condé, a dish of France, esteemed as a dessert and little known in this country, hard to get in French restaurants, and almost never seen on our tables, is rightly made in the following manner: Boil one cup of rice in four cups boiling water for fifteen minutes. Drain, put into scalded milk and finish cooking. To the milk add one-fourth cup sugar. Stir in one teaspoon vanilla and the beaten yolk of an egg. Shape into spoon shapes or ring form. Into one cup simple syrup, brought to a boil, drop halves of pear one by one and gently poach for a few minutes or until they are quite soft but still shapely. If canned pears are used, add one-half cup of sugar to the juice and proceed as above. Drain the fruit. Cook the contents of a can of apricots until very soft, press through a colander, add one-half cup of sugar and cook until quite thick. Place the halves of pear on the rice, pour over a little of the syrup and serve with the apricot sauce.

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 80

a means of keeping Storm Castle in the family and to repay the debt to her uncle.

Then a shattering statement, scribbled in a rapid hand. She did not love her husband—never had. Living in close proximity to him had taught her to detest him. There was no sense in blaming her. If any one was to blame, Gordie was the culprit. He ought never to have allowed her to see him again. His accusing face had haunted her. If he would come back to fetch her, she was ready to follow him to the world's end.

She went into details as to how this theft of a wife could be accomplished. She'd persuaded him to go that she might have a respite from him. His absence facilitated an elopement. If Gordie would venture as far as Paris, she would meet him at a hotel. Before the law could be set in motion, she'd be with him in Africa. When her husband had divorced her, they could marry.

"Darlingest," she had concluded, "I send you a kiss like a rabbit nibbling lettuce. I always belonged to you. You'll be a bit shocked, no doubt. But wouldn't it be far more wicked to drag a mistake through one's whole existence than to remedy it while there was time, however ruthlessly?"

THE sublime frivolity of her! There was hardly a phrase in her letter that was not tinged with sophistry. In his indignation, his sympathies had nearly swung to Darfree. It wasn't difficult to imagine how she had starved him. But little by little, with repeated perusals, her words had lent themselves to gentler interpretations. He had taken his problem to his father.

"Glance through that, if it doesn't bore you." He had tossed the letter to him.

Gordie had walked away. His father had come in search of him and thrown his arm about him.

"Old chap, I owe Gay an apology. I didn't think she was brave enough to retrieve a false step." While Gordie had gaped in amazement he had continued. "Some men are like the wild goose; they choose a mate only once. If they're widowed, they remain single forever. We both belong to that breed, which makes it easier for me to understand you. I was responsible for putting Gay beyond your grasp. It's taken me years to win back your trust. Perhaps I was jealous."

Gordie had attempted to speak, but his father had overruled him.

"I suppose what I'm really doing is counselling my son to commit an act of flagrant immorality. But I agree with Gay. It would be far more immoral to embitter three existences by living as the wife of a man she never loved, than to switch to the man who was truly made for her. If she'd borne children to him the case would be different."

So to his father he had owed the daring to resurrect an infatuation which the conventions regarded as guilty.

Pushing forward by forced stages they had reached the railroad. His father's last words had been: "There's no excuse this time for bungling. All that I have we share. Bring her back."

Gordie was six hours late when his train pulled into Paris. He leapt to the platform with the vague hope that she would be there to greet him, in answer to his cables. He drove post-haste to the Hotel d'Iena. Only when he had presented himself at the office did it occur to him that she might have registered under his name. Taking no chances, he inquired for two ladies—a Mrs. Darfree and a Mrs. Fithian. The clerk searched his records and turned to the letter rack.

"Neither of the ladies is staying with us, Monsieur. But we have a letter for a Monsieur Fithian."

Having established his identity, Gordie claimed the letter. It was deeply edged with mourning. In his impatience, without moving from the desk, he slit the envelop and read:

My dear Gordie: My poor Algy was killed at Cologne a month after I posted you that dreadful proposal. If I could have reached you en route and turned you back, I would have done so. The telegrams I sent appear not to have been delivered. Once again and for a last time I'm sorry to have troubled you and beg you to accept my sincere apologies. My husband being dead, I'm sure you will realize the sheer impossibility of carrying out my ill considered suggestion.

Where was her logic? Did she suppose that for a widow to remarry was more immoral than for a wife to elope with a lover?

He ordered breakfast. While he ate, searching her wilfulness to find a motive, the grim humor of the situation struck him. She'd done this to him so often. If he gave her the chance, he hadn't a doubt she would do it again. If he accepted her letter at its face value, and didn't disturb her, he wouldn't get as far as Cairo before she'd be bombarding him with cables, raising heaven and earth to recall him.

Suddenly he asked himself a question that once would have seemed fantastic. Did he want her? Love never changed any one's nature; all it did was to transplant the old nature in a more favorable environment. Gay would be always Gay, fickle, fascinating.

As though he were crystal-gazing, a picture formed. A watering point on the Cape to Cairo railway. The negro bearers, nude as ebony, lolling in the tawny sunshine. A train halted on the tracks. A man with a pointed beard, grasping his hand and helping him to climb aboard.

"No excuse this time for bungling. All I have we share. Bring her back."

DURING the two hours' run from Dover, while the train had sped through drowsy English country, Gordie had sat without fever. He knew precisely what he was going to do. He was going to take what he wanted.

London was golden under sunset. As he drove between tall houses, ornate with window-boxes, it seemed to him that the air was bridal with the scent (*Turn to page 118*)

This is

the famous cushion that makes your rugs so soft.. *and also doubles their life*

GUARANTEE

Ozite Rug Cushion is sold under the strongest possible guarantee of absolute satisfaction . . . Ozite Rug Cushions come in all sizes, taped and bound on all edges with an easily identified orange taping. Ozite is permanently mothproof.

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me a Free sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free book, "Things You Should Know About the Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets."
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Of course you've heard of Ozite Cushion—but do you know how inexpensive it is?—that it saves its own cost?—that it protects your rugs from wear?—that it gives any rug the rich feel of an oriental?—that it's fine for old rugs as well as new?—that it is sold and recommended *all over the world*? . . . Enjoy Ozite in your home now, and let it preserve your present rugs from wear. Your nearest dealer carries Ozite—he will tell you other interesting facts about this remarkable product.

And write today for a really helpful booklet on the care of rugs, including information on stain removal. Sent free.

Ozite
Rug Cushion
PAT. SEPT. 9, 1924
(*American Hair & Felt Co., Mfrs.*)

JOHN ERSKINE'S BOOKS

Continued from page 21

and I'd say, "The Argument of Helen." They usually looked puzzled. I got into the habit of explaining, "It's the private life of Helen of Troy." The effect was always so immediate that I told my publisher we'd better change the title. But the book remained an argument. No reviewer mentioned what a good many readers saw, especially if they were lawyers—that the novel from end to end is an exercise in logic. Nowadays logic is rarely studied in school and college, and few of the young people have learned the names of the processes, much less the processes by which Helen demolished her husband's sound position. All the facts were on his side, and in each scene I tried to give him a perfect argument. But he was no debater, and Helen had acquired, somewhere, a training in formal logic.

One reviewer said that the story was essentially bourgeois—meaning no compliment. Well, in the first words of the book I said the same thing. Apart from her beauty and her frankness, I said, Helen was a conventional woman. It was my intention that every one in the story should be conventional. I wanted to show the charm of frankness and sincerity, being convinced that in our world—call it bourgeois or what you will—we rarely encounter either.

A GOOD deal of ancient wisdom gathers around the idea of sincerity, wisdom which unfortunately it is easy to forget. We admit that character is complex, and yet many of us drift toward a philosophy which would define human nature as altogether simple, as good or as bad. This is the ethical attitude which we call bourgeois. It deludes itself into thinking that ideals have been achieved when only facts have been ignored. The bourgeois attitude, the well-meaning but unintelligent form of conventionality, leads to a kind of power, and therefore it seems justified—it leads to a good reputation. But reputation is sometimes only the shadow of merit, and sincere people wish the real thing. Sincerity can't help noticing that we all admire certain characters who undoubtedly have done wrong. The exploits of bandits and criminals often make interesting reading. A conventional philosophy would warn us against this interest, for fear we might become bandits, but sincerity compels us to distinguish between the wrong-doing and what we admire.

Only the rarest of perverted hearts really admires anything wrong. What interests us in the criminal is usually something good. Not Helen's infidelities but her beauty, her extraordinary sanity, her wit, her generosity, her zest for living, enchant us. The bourgeois moralist will insist that such virtues are incompatible with such goings-on, and he is reluctant to have his attention called to them. Perhaps they are inconsistent, but a sincere view of life must notice them.

In Helen's case it is not a clear question of virtue hand in glove with vice. Helen argues that she was, on the whole, innocent, not only because we all argue that way about ourselves, but because Menelaos occupies the conventional position; he may be in the right, or only in the shadow of right. According to the old story, he made a terrific gesture of vengeance, but then he took her back. Which was right, the revenge or the forgiveness? If he never could make up his mind, then the poor fellow was floundering halfway between two philosophies, partly conventional, partly sincere. A modern man, I should say, an illustration of our two-mindedness, and of course a sorry figure if brought into contrast with a person, whether right or wrong, who knows her own mind.

To me, Helen is a tragic person, and so is Menelaos, no matter how much we laugh at their squabbles. Neither lived completely; he loved her but couldn't understand her and didn't believe in her; she for all her adventures had missed life. What there was of tragedy in her nature I tried to show by associating her with Eteoneus, the gatekeeper, who has the same philosophy as she, but whose vulgar soul is more easily content with what fate provides. Having had much the same experience, he could be satisfied, she never.

Interest in the idea of sincerity led me to put the stress on the characters, with little attention to the external scene. But with any subject, I should have tried to write the same way. For a long time I've held certain theories about the novel which I stated in a little book of essays, "The Literary Discipline." The traditional novel attempts to give a picture of contemporary society. The novelist, therefore, usually specializes in temporary and local detail, in what will make his story date. This method, I think, partly accounts for the short life of many fine books, which are so anchored in a passing moment that they depart with it. The stories which have lasted are those which are realistic in the characters, not in the outer scene.

When I wrote "Galahad," my intention was to replace in the Arthurian legend certain elements which recent poets have chosen to omit. Tennyson told us about one Elaine, but there were two women of the same name, and the one whom Tennyson omitted was Galahad's mother. If she is left out, then Galahad's later career can be reported simply as a search for purity and chivalry, without raising questions in the mind of the not too discriminating reader. But sincerity again, I think, would be disturbed by such expurgation. I think Tennyson weakened the story of Galahad by suppressing all reference to his parentage. We admire the pure saint whom he portrayed, but we notice that Galahad in such a portrait is a little puzzling. If he loves perfection, he loves nothing else. He may have loved God—he did not love man; the one thing he wished to get away from was human society. And his quest for the Grail does no one else any good; he hasn't the power, nor apparently the wish, to bring back the blessed presence. One asks whether there wasn't something in his early experience to account for this detachment from human interests.

The old story, unexpurgated, gave the answer—he was the child of two very fine people, and by heaven's mercy he inherited their best traits. But they were involved in sin and misunderstanding, and the life in which he grew up was unhappy. He rode away to seek a perfection he knew better than to look for at home. To know the story of Elaine his mother, and of her pursuit of Lancelot his father, is to understand what is peculiar in his reputation as a saint.

I INTENDED my book to follow the old legends in this respect, that the reader should find in it a stimulus to questions about life. The Galahad myth is rich in mystery; it has always lent itself, not to a satisfied account of human conduct, but to the suggestion of those paradoxes which the great teachers of ethics have been willing to face. Only to a very conventional mind are they disturbing. Galahad entered this world in an irregular and not very admirable way, but he became a great saint. I can't see what was gained for his sainthood by winking at his origin. Equally I can't see that to recognize the facts about his birth is to take the bloom off his name as a saint. Nor can I understand that the story told in full would encourage any one to an immoral life. You can't hope to become the parent of another Galahad by imitating Elaine's behavior—it's not a recipe. It is, rather, a mystery, all the more so because both Elaine and Lancelot were, in spite of what they did, fine people.

With both Elaines in the story, we have the other mystery which bothered Lancelot—not only did his one ignominious sin result in the birth of Galahad, but his most correct behavior resulted in the death of Elaine of Astolat. At least her death followed so closely on the correct behavior that he asked for an explanation, and never was able to find it.

How readily we can understand such a story depends on our definition of tragedy. To some of us, tragedy is a misfortune which follows upon a mistake, a defect of judgment. Shakespeare's tragedies are usually of that kind. His heroes or heroines fall into some tragic error, and bring on a catastrophe. The error is obvious. Macbeth decided to kill Duncan. Every one in the audience knows that murder is wrong. But some of us feel that a far more tragic situation occurs, as often in Greek drama, when the hero has done his best, has used all the knowledge a man can hope for, has made, so far as we can see, no mistakes, and yet brings on disaster. The true tragedy of life is on the frontier of our knowledge, where, having achieved our perfection, we know it is insufficient. Such tragedy ends in questions that science and all sincere truth-seeking will ponder, but which a conventional philosophy avoids.

"Helen" was an exercise in logic, and "Galahad" a suggestion of questions. In "Adam and Eve" I wanted to create character with the least possible aid of plot, and in the person of Lilith I hoped to make attractive that sincerity of which I have been speaking, and which Helen to some extent illustrated. But Helen was a special case, and a special pleader; she couldn't be herself except in an active life; plot was essential for her. In actual experience, however, we mee people whose philosophy is so fused with their character that before they say or do a thing we recognize their charm. So far as such a feat is possible in literature, I wanted to portray that kind of person.

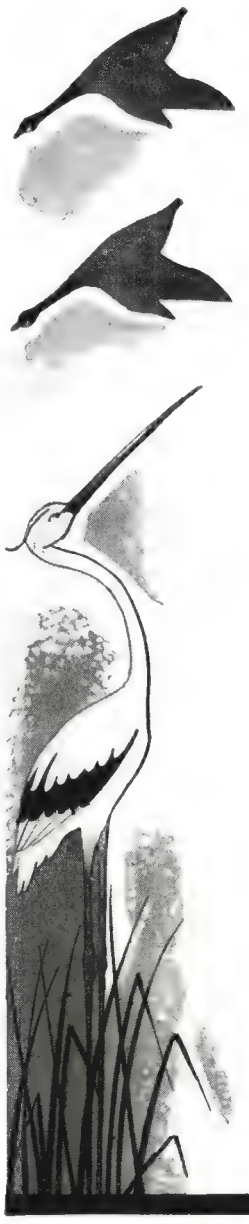
If Lilith is sincere, I suppose Adam in my story must seem stupid, since, in the presence of so wonderful a woman, he was blind. I am moved to say that contempt for my own sex is not one of my reasons for writing, nor do I specialize in the portraiture of stupid men. In Adam I was trying to set down a record of man as he generally behaves, and I think it is a matter of debate whether that behavior is so stupid, after all. As for his blindness to Lilith, most of us, men and women, aim high—I am sure of that—and most of us also fail to recognize our own ideals when they are accomplished for us under our eyes. Why this is so I did not in this particular novel discuss; I tried merely to represent the fact. All that Adam dreamed of was incarnate in Lilith, yet he was uneasy in her presence and left her for Eve. At least that is where my story ended, though I rather suspect he returned to Lilith later, and perhaps after a while went back to Eve, and so vibrated between the two forever.

If I have been accused of caricaturing my own sex in Adam, I have also been accused of slandering all good women, all the wives, mothers and housekeepers of the world, in my portrait of Eve. Personally I have nothing against Eve—on the contrary, great admiration for her. The intelligence of Lilith was a *tour de force*, and like some other ideal perfections, it had only an ideal success. Eve got the man. She functioned in the scheme of nature. She was here to take charge of Adam, with or against his will, and instinctively she knew how to do it. Why criticize her for fulfilling her destiny? One's only complaint, I think, would be that the Eves of this world wish to add to their peculiar accomplishments a reputation which only Lilith deserves. The Eves advise each other to feed the brute, implying that this is the kind of inspiration man best appreciates, whereas it is only the kind they can best provide. Yet they decline to admit they are merely housekeepers; above the material comforts of life ought to rise a companionship of the mind and the soul, and they want the name for that kind of companionship also. And they are content with the name.

With "Sincerity" I began another trilogy, a series of stories about contemporary American life. This novel continues and expands the theme which interested me in "Adam and Eve" and the earlier books, but now I wanted to study that aptitude for self-illusion which prevents even good people from being completely sincere. I took a situation which seems in its outline grotesque. A man and woman for ten years lived as husband and wife, though they were not married; the true wife was abroad in Europe. When she returned she resumed her place in the household, and the temporary wife moved out. All this without much public scandal, and with no outward prejudice to the man and woman who had lived together unmarried. They were pillars of society, and had the affection of their unsuspecting neighbors. I wanted to explain this entanglement so that from the beginning of the ten years to the end, the experiences of all the characters would be inevitable. Their troubles came from an attempt to be sincere without realizing what a difficult art that virtue is. The three characters are bourgeois in the sense that Helen was bourgeois. A reader who is awed by the glamour of great names may think that Helen was a great lady, and that Isabel and Mary are but vulgar persons, but to me they are in all essential points on the same plane of humanity with the rest of us.

In Helen, in Elaine, and most of all in Lilith, I tried to portray characters who had risen above the chief obstacle to the sincere life—the tendency toward self-delusion, the tendency to make up our philosophy or to modify it to fit our conduct.

In "Sincerity" I studied at considerable length this tendency. The incidents in the story are important only for the degree in which the characters adjust themselves to what has happened—Mary facing in her own way, her adventure with Winthrop, Isabel accommodating herself quickly to what has happened between her and Carl. To study such a subject at all is perhaps to lay oneself open to the charge of (*Turn to page 86*)



WATER BIRDS

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Here is such rapture,
Here is such delight—
Water birds preening
For a morning flight.
Exquisitely chiseled
Upon the shore sands,
Water for its mirror,
One heron stands—
Startling, its beauty,
Startling, its pose.
Reeds whistle sharply,
A wild goose goes,
Gray wings flopping,
Gray wings spread—
Bright on the water
The dawn burns red.
Up from the bushes
Strong wings whir,
A silence settling
Where they were.
Long lines leaving
The dawn-lit sands—
Still by its mirror,
One heron stands.

Look through glass dishpans

These actual color photographs* prove Super Suds gives *instant lasting* suds

See how this new bead soap floods the water with suds clear down to the bottom of the pan—cuts dishwashing time in half

←At Left ***Bead soap in action***

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips ***At Right→***

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

DON'T wash dishes again until you've studied these photographs. The first photographs ever made of dishwashing soaps at work!

They show you how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. Down where the dishes are really washed. Notice (on the right) the gummy bunches of flakes that can't keep dishwater from getting greasy, can't give you their full cleansing power, because they're only half dissolved. While every bead of Super Suds has dissolved instantly . . . flooding every drop of water with rich, creamy, lasting suds.

Far faster than chip soap

Now see (at the left) how Super Suds' instant and complete dissolving saves your time. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Totally new form of soap

Super Suds washes dishes faster, easier—because it's an utterly different *form* of soap. It's tiny, hollow "beads," made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Hence they dissolve instantly—completely. They flood the water in your dishpan with quick, rich, lasting suds, exactly as in the dishpan photographed at your left.

Don't let slow-dissolving chip soap slow up your dishwashing any longer. Get Super Suds from your grocer today.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds were placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

5303

"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"

ORDINARY CLEANSING
note embedded dirt

PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
skin is clean, smooth

SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

Face to face with a great skin specialist

SITTING in the examining room of a great dermatologist, you anxiously ask: "What's wrong with my skin? How can I keep looking young?"

The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that, but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin, dulls the complexion and deprives you of youth. Dissolve out embedded dirt and normal circulation is quickly restored. Remember, doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist, given its name by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie and made in this country only to private order. Write for generous free sample.

Apply liquid Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you know your face is perfectly clean. New color comes to the cheeks. The skin is smooth.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. Safe . . . no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient . . . no grease to get in your hair, nothing to wipe away! Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 5-L, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-L, 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

4 ounces $1.00 ▲ **8 ounces $1.75** ▲ **16 ounces $3.00**

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

JOHN ERSKINE'S BOOKS

Continued from page 84

extreme pessimism, but if it is true, as I think, that we are all given to self-deception, what hope is there of rising above the weakness unless we first recognize that it is there?

The second novel in this American trilogy, "Uncle Sam," has some points of resemblance with the earlier books, in that it uses partially, at least, a myth, or rather, it tries to attach a legend to the cartoon figure with which we are familiar, the tall gentleman with top hat, long coat and boots. I wished to make here, if I could, not an allegory of our history, but a biography of what is said to be our national temperament, with some reference to its motives, as Americans understand themselves—with some reference, that is, to what is imaginative and creative in our conception of business. I wanted to represent fairly also those aspects of us which are bewildering or discouraging to foreigners, and sometimes representatives of the older tradition in our own country, yet with the grounds of our affection for the modern world, and our faith in our future, clearly indicated. Though I have equipped Uncle Sam with relatives by personifying to some extent the nations of Europe, I made no attempt to give a complete picture of any other temperament except the American. Throughout the book I tried to sketch many glimpses of our life today, all of them illuminating the central portrait.

Having tried my hand at a picture of our moral state, and at a portrait of our business temperament, I hope to work next on a study of our intellectual life, in the field of education. Theoretically, we do more educating than most other countries. There is some question of the net result. Yet having been a teacher all my life and having done my share of the criticizing of schools and colleges, I should like now to say a word for our intellectual life from the point of view of those teachers of the highest type, whether in college or school, who carry on without much worldly glory a magnificent and noble work, and who carry it on less with the purpose of uplifting their fellows than because the work is itself a noble way of life—the only way satisfying to spirits of their kind.

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 20

and spread the news among his neighbors that "Conrad was getting a swelled head already." Neal was very angry about it, and Anne felt that he had a right to be.

At the hands of the newspapers she fared even worse. The society editors, like the photographers, had telephoned her; like the photographers, she had put them off. She could not bear the thought of giving interviews. But if a man is known by the company he keeps, so is the journalist known by the interviews which he—and she—secures. Miss Sharp, of the *Evening Inquirer*, decided to present herself at the new senator's residence, and take her chances of being rebuffed, even though she went without an appointment. Her ring at the door-bell remained unanswered; and she turned for help to a young woman, her head enveloped in a mob cap, who was vigorously washing windows.

"CAN you tell me whether Mrs. Conrad is at home?" she asked.

The window-washer wrung out her cloth from the pail of steaming suds by her side, and turned her head halfway around.

"I am Mrs. Conrad," she replied calmly, and went on washing windows.

Miss Sharp fled; but, as she fled, she thought—and thought rapidly. There are some things, of course, which it is not proper for the society department to cover, but there is nothing in its code of ethics to prevent it from helping some other department to cover the same things. Before the sun had gone down, Anne had been surreptitiously photographed in the act of washing her last window; and the following evening this distorted likeness of herself, together with the heavy headline, "*Senator's Wife Acts As Own Scrubwoman*," surmounted two columns on the front page of the *Inquirer*.

This was such good copy that it was published from one end of the United States to the other. Reporters were sent to Hamstead and to Hinsboro, to dig up forgotten or unknown facts or fancies about the new senator's wife. Photographs of Anne's "Pupper" and "Mummer" with Sol and Sam on the front porch adorned the Sunday supplements, with the schoolhouse where Anne had taught, in a circle above at the left, and the little house with a cross marking "the honeymoon flat" in a box below on the right. Anne was delineated bending over the wash-tub and milking the family cow. Had Neal been a candidate for the presidency no sort of publicity could have been more helpful; since he was, instead, an appointee to the Senate, none could have been more disastrous. Anne knew it, without his comments on the subject, and without her mother-in-law's letters. Nevertheless, she was spared neither of these.

By the time the nine-days' excitement had subsided somewhat, the housecleaning was finished, groceries and coal had been installed, and Anne had gone to Hinsboro to help Dora finish closing the house there, and bring the maid and the children back with her to Washington. The beauty and comfort of her own home, even in its dismantled state, affected her poignantly; and as she walked through her little garden, set in stark order for the winter, she was very close to crying. That night, on the train, in the drawing-room which she had taken in an unusual fit of extravagance, she told her troubles to Dora and wept on that comfort able shoulder.

"A shame I call it!" Dora kept saying, patting Anne's shoulder gently. "A lovely lady like you! Inventing such stories!"

"But they're not invented—not all of them," sobbed Anne. "You know I never had any one to work for me before you came. I *did* teach school and do the washing—though I never milked a cow! And that house in Washington was so dirty. I couldn't bring the children into it until it was cleaned—they'd have caught typhoid fever or whatever it was you do catch when things are dirty."

"I ought to have been there to help you," began Dora regretfully; but Anne interrupted her.

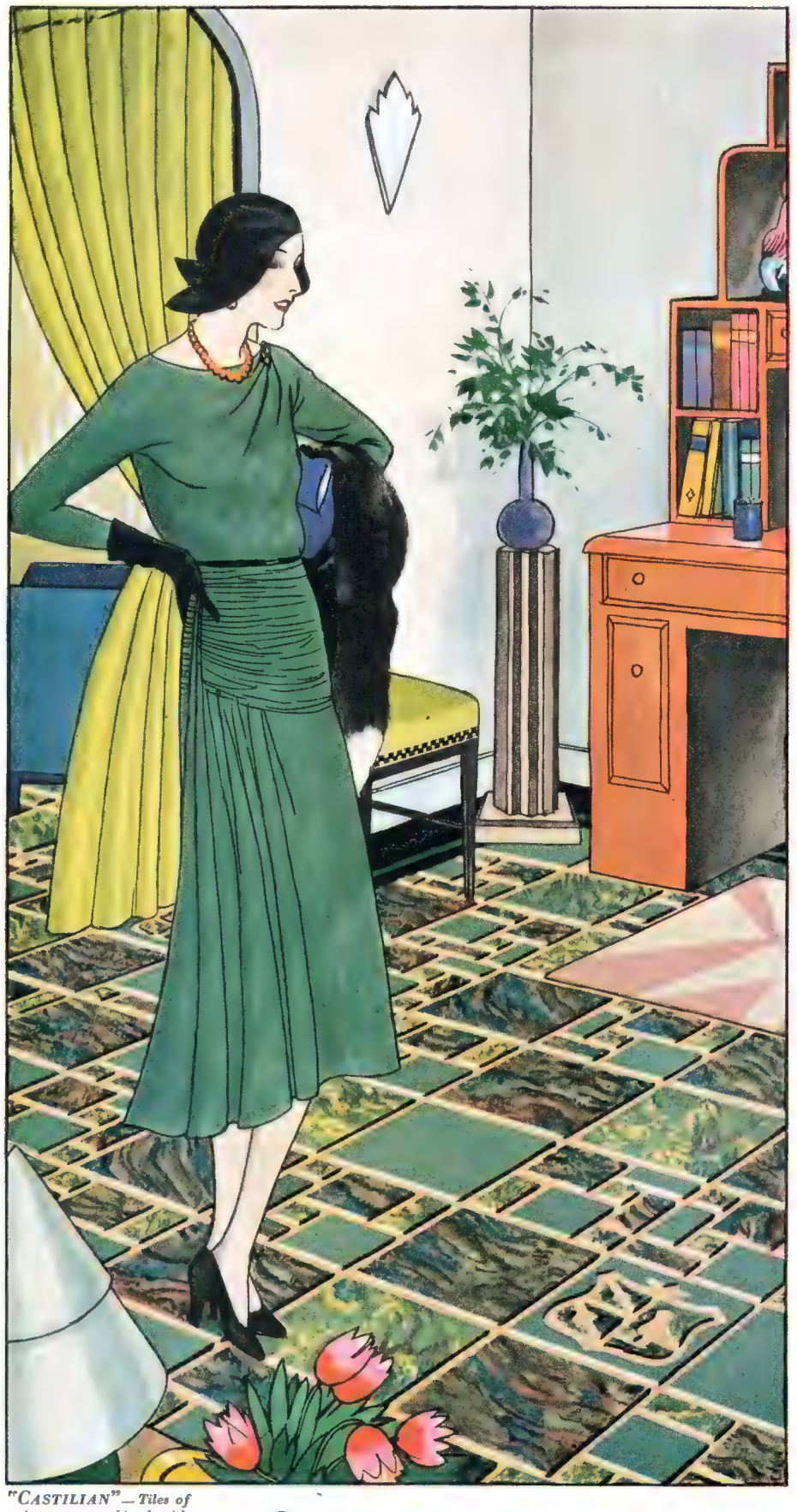
"How could you? There was the other house on your hands, wasn't there? And the children? Did Mrs. Conrad offer to help you at all? No, of course not!"

"Well, anyway, we'll manage better from now on."

But the managing, when they reached Washington, did not prove to be any too easy.

Anne found herself standing beside her bed at night pressing her hands against her throbbing temples, as if by this pressure she could push back the pressing duties which drove her forward. She was tired all the time. She began to overlook the smaller holes and less important buttons when she did her mending, to shorten the bedtime stories and songs which had always given her the most precious hours of association with her children. But still she was continually hurried and harried; her driving weariness threatened to annihilate her. For, as she soon discovered, the demands made upon her time and strength by her home and family were as nothing compared to the outside demands made upon her in her official position as a senator's wife.

ANNE'S experiences with photographers and reporters should have given her a glimmering of what lay before her, should have brought home to her the fact that she was no longer a private individual, whose life, however full, was at least her own, to regulate and arrange as she chose. But the first task of finding and fitting and running her home had been so heavy that she had allowed herself to overlook this fact. The oversight was short. (*Turn to page 89*).



"CASTILIAN"—*Tiles of pale green, combined with two harmonizing marbles and heraldic insets in ecru, give this embossed pattern unusual eye appeal. Sealex Linoleum No. 2601.*

"CAMPANA"—*Embossed pattern combining Italian Carrara and black onyx marble effects. Sealex Linoleum No. 2621.*

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FLOORS in tune with the spirit of today. As smart as Paris styles . . . as gay in color as Fifth Avenue's Easter Parade. Designs that combine delicacy and daring—that make the dull, colorless floors of yesterday seem as out-of-date as the hoop-skirt or the bustle.

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The name of these wonderful floors is *Sealex Embossed Straight-line Inlaid Linoleum.* A long name but every word of it means something important to you.

Sealex—that it is made by the unique Sealex Process; and is therefore spot-proof, stain-proof, easy-to-clean.

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Inlaid—that your floor will give years and years of service.

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Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

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THE SHOCK OF FACING
what your figure may become

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence, if you would maintain the modern figure of fashion

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
Reach for a
LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

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QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 86

She had settled herself with an overflowing mending basket before the living-room fire one rainy afternoon, comfortably conscious that she had an hour or more to herself before it would be time to drive the car for Neal—though after that there would still be supper to get, for this was Dora's day out. The children were playing contentedly enough in the basement nursery. (Was it going to be too damp for them down there? She must assure herself that it wasn't, and yet, if it *was*—good heavens, where else could they play?) She had on a rather shabby little serge housedress, because she found it easier, with running the car so much, to slip a big coat over such a dress than to keep changing all the time to her smart Parisian *tailleur*. She knew—of course she knew—that she ought to put on something more suitable for afternoon, but it hardly seemed worth while, when she must go out again so soon in that driving rain. The side curtains of the car leaked, and she suspected that the top was not above reproach. Decidedly, it was not worth while. Her shoes, too, she realized, glancing down at them, were getting shabby with all this driving, and she hadn't blacked them the night before, she had been so terribly tired. She mustn't let herself get careless, get shoddy again, after all she had learned in Paris. But—oh, well—she picked up her fourth sock.

The door-bell rang. She started up, dropping the contents of her basket on the floor as she did so. It rang again more insistently. She ran to the front door and flung it open.

Two very elegant ladies confronted her. They had on dark velvet dresses, rich furs and white gloves, and their satin slippers were smooth and narrow. Behind them, at the curb, stood a shiny limousine with a man in livery at the wheel.

"Is Mrs. Conrad receiving today?" they asked simultaneously, in shrill, high voices. And as they did so, they each extended three cards, two little ones and one large one, neatly folded into triangles at the upper right hand corner.

Mechanically, Anne reached behind her for the silver card tray that reposed on the hall table, and set it down again, the cards fluttering over its edge, before she answered. Then, in spite of her bewilderment, she spoke cordially.

"Won't you come in? I'm Mrs. Conrad—I think you'll find these chairs, here by the fire, comfortable."

"Oh, *thank you*. We didn't know whether you'd have begun your Thursdays yet or not, it's so *early* in the season. And it's early in the afternoon, too, we *know* that. But we're going to the concert—we *never* miss it—so we have to start early. If we don't get started on our calls we *never* could get around, it's such a *problem*, isn't it? But perhaps you weren't quite *ready* to begin receiving, Mrs. Conrad? You must excuse me, but we've been so anxious to meet the new senator's wife. I'm Mrs. Roper, and this is my friend, Mrs. Ranger. We always make our calls together, we're such *friends*."

Anne's head was whirling. Her Thursdays? Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Ranger? She groped towards a light which she could not find, and her visitors were instantly aware of the fact.

"Of course you knew, Mrs. Conrad, that senators' wives receive on Thursdays? The Supreme Court ladies on Mondays, the congressional ladies on Tuesdays, the Cabinet ladies on Wednesdays, the senatorial ladies on Thursdays, the diplomatic ladies on Fridays—that leaves Saturdays and Sundays for the resident society, the cave dwellers, you know. But *of course* I don't need to tell you all this! How are you getting on with your own visits?"

"My own visits?" gasped Anne, thinking of the windows she had washed and the floors she had scrubbed and all the other pushing, daily duties which made her press her hands against her temples at night, they harried her so. Visits indeed!

"Of course you've called promptly on all your superiors in rank—it's so important to do that *at once*. It creates quite a wrong impression if you don't. And if you don't return the calls we poor inferiors make upon you, we'll think you're *snobbish*, you know. So many senators' wives *are*. Well, next week we shall expect to see you, dear Mrs. Conrad. We always receive together, we're such *friends*. Of course you've heard how *intimate* we are."

THEY rose, shook hands, and hurried away with staccato exclamations about ten more calls to make before the concert began. The front door closed behind them, but Anne could still hear them talking.

"My dear, did you *ever*? I do believe all those stories about the cow and the wash-tubs and everything are true, don't *you*? No tea and no one to open the door, and those shabby clothes! What did she do in Paris, do you suppose—go to *art galleries*? And it's evident she doesn't know a *thing* about what's expected of her. Where do you think we'd better go *next*? What do you say to Mrs. Stone's, everything is so *lovely* there, and she and the huge crowd she always has on her Thursdays will so enjoy hearing all about this *freak*. Oh, Madame Estavi, are you coming to call on Mrs. Conrad, too? Yes, we've just *been*. Yes, she's *in*."

Another caller was coming up the steps, and it was plain that those who were leaving were refraining with difficulty from telling her how inadequate her reception was going to be.

Anne saw, with relief, that the new visitor was of a different type—was indeed herself timid and ill at ease, in spite of her pretty clothes and air of unmistakable good breeding. But this relief was short-lived. Madame Estavi, the wife of the third secretary of the Peruvian embassy, was herself a newcomer, embarking on her first round of calls, and finding it an ordeal to explain her identity and purpose in a foreign language with which her acquaintance was of the slightest. She accepted the place by the fire so recently vacated, and sat holding herself very erect, with painful pauses. In the midst of one of these, a fearful shriek rent the air—and an instant later, Nancy, with Junior in hot pursuit, tore wildly into the room.

"He hit me." —"I didn't either." —"Well, he took my rabbit, and said he was going to vi-vi-sect it, and the stuffing all came out, and so I knocked him over the head with my shovel." —"And then you bet I hit her. Wouldn't you?"

The last remark was addressed to the astonished caller by Junior, who had picked himself up, and was confronting her accusingly. She rose, looking (*Turn to page 90*)

WEDDINGS
DON'T HAPPEN EVERY DAY!

What a turmoil we all would be in if they did! There are so many important details to be watched, so many customs to consider. Delineator has published these booklets to help you. Send for them today.

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DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE
161 Sixth Avenue, New York

Only Unguentine stops the pain so quickly

THE fireman's business is fighting fires. Naturally he knows what's best for burns.

So when the gong rings, Unguentine answers the alarm, too. In the locker of almost every fire engine you'll find a tube of Unguentine—always ready to treat burns—ready to stop the pain *quickly*.

Don't wait for burns to happen. Don't suffer or let your child suffer while someone has to run to the drug store. Keep Unguentine in your medicine cabinet—always.

Cooling, *antiseptic* Unguentine penetrates the skin and soothes and relieves the inflamed tissues underneath. *Natural* healing follows rapidly. Hardly ever is a scar left.

Powerfully *Antiseptic*

Unguentine is a powerful *antiseptic*, too. That's important because every burn is a possible infection. Unlike many other applications, Unguentine does *not* dry out, and lose effectiveness. Unguentine's *antiseptic* action continues to relieve, continues to guard against infection, as long as Unguentine remains on the injury.

Eight out of ten hospitals use Unguentine. Never be without it. Use it for the slightest burn, and for scalds, cuts, insect bites, and bruises. It's easy to apply—just spread it on gently and generously.

Only 50c for the long-lasting tube. Get Unguentine from your druggist today. Write for free booklet "What to Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D., Dept. UF-5, The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. In Canada 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Whenever you bathe burns or wounds, always use UNGUENTINE SOAP. *It is wonderfully soft and kind to tender skin.*

Unguentine

Quick-healing and *antiseptic* for

BURNS SCALDS
CUTS BRUISES

Hands that Sparkle
on less than 5 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

The Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping says:-

"GREAT thought has been given to making easy the road to Beauty for the busy, modern woman, and what surprises one about the fundamental requirements for lovely hands is their great simplicity. The manufacturers of nail cosmetics are giving us more improved products all the time. Among these is the new liquid polish that women everywhere are adopting because of its wonderful advantages.

"*First*, its ease of application has materially shortened the manicure.

"*Second*, the natural gleam lasts for days.

"*Third*, this new liquid polish does not peel off, but remains smooth and firm, acting as a splendid protection for the nail.

"*Fourth*, it doesn't make nails brittle.

"The daily care which every woman should give her nails is simple. Scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then gently mould the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover.

"Cutting the cuticle is a bad habit that tends to make it rough, uneven and brittle. A good cuticle remover is a fine bleach and whitener for under the nail tip. Dip the orange stick, tipped with cotton, in cuticle remover and run it under the nails and wash the hands. A bit of cuticle cream or oil should be used on the cuticle every day.

"Exquisite nails show fastidious living. How do yours look?"

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*

Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around base of nail to remove dead cuticle. Use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.*

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish evenly from half-moon toward finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under nail tip to enhance the polish.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. OD5, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ .. perfumed of course

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 89

very much startled. Anne had visions of little Peruvian children, beautifully behaved always, in the charge of a competent and devoted nursery governess who never, under any circumstances, left their side.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," she said wretchedly. "Really, they don't often act like this. Junior, go upstairs and wash that—that—whatever it is—off your face and hands. And stay there until I send for you."

The "send" was sheer bravado. Anne knew all too well that she had no one to send.

"Please, Madame Estavi—"

But Madame Estavi had vanished, and there were more callers coming up the steps.

BEFORE the riotous and untidy children could be eliminated, these callers were upon Anne. One of them was a bluff and hearty naval officer who sat down in an antique chair which promptly broke beneath him. The naval officer, who had lumbago, as he explained in detail to her, appeared less bluff and hearty after his accident, and tried to signal to his wife that his back hurt him, and that he felt they had better move along. But his wife was stone deaf and she did not catch his meaning. She thought he was trying to call her attention to the picture over the mantelpiece.

The dreadful afternoon wore on. Anne, nervously keeping her eyes from the clock, was nevertheless aware that Neal would be expecting her, would be waiting for her, and yet she could not escape and go to him. At last the telephone rang sharply.

"Neal, dear," she whispered into the transmitter, "I can't come for you. I'm sorry. No, I can't speak any louder, there are people here, they'll hear me. No, I can't explain. No, I'm not sick. No, the children aren't either."

She returned to the drawing-room, certain that she had been overheard. Well, that was bad enough, but at least it meant that these intruding strangers would go—would leave her in peace. But it did not. Sensing that something was amiss, and eager to know what it was, they lingered to find out.

Neal let himself in with his latch-key, banging the door after him, and shouted to her from the hall.

"Why didn't you *tell* me you were going to have company?" he roared. "I waited, and waited——"

Neither of them ever referred again to the next few minutes. He strode into the little parlor, halted, and became dumb. Introductions were mumbled, but afterwards the silence deepened. One by one, disappointed, the callers departed. As the last one vanished from sight and hearing, Anne turned on her husband with a rage such as he had seldom seen her display.

"Don't you ever dare speak to me that way again!" she cried. "You ought to have realized I was in some difficulty and helped me out instead of making things ten times worse than they were already! You ought to have known that senators' wives have to receive on Thursdays and make hundreds and thousands of calls themselves other days, dropping little dog-eared cards from one end of Washington to the other. Tomorrow I'm going to get all this straightened out by some one who *does* know and will tell me all about it. I'll find out what I've got to do, and do it well. But in the meantime, I'm going upstairs and I'm going to bed. You can get your own supper, and the children's, and hear their home work and see that they take their baths. If any of you come near me this evening, I warn you that I'll have hysterics."

"Why, Anne," said Neal gently, "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't think——"

His own annoyance had vanished into thin air at the sight of her distress. He spoke with unaccustomed and unexpected tenderness.

"Darling, it's all right. You'll get the hang of all this in no time. Anne, Anne, don't cry."

AT NINE o'clock the next morning, Anne called up the Vice-President's house, and asked for Mrs. Hammel.

She thought that the man who answered her gasped slightly. But she was not sure. He only said, "I will connect you with Mrs. Hammel's secretary, madam," and after a short succession of clicks she heard a smooth, purring voice that sounded somehow, in spite of its smoothness, as if it might, upon occasion, grow dreadfully hard. "Miss Butters speaking."

"This is Mrs. Neal Conrad, Senator Conrad's wife. I asked for Mrs. Hammel."

"Oh—but you see Mrs. Hammel never goes to the telephone, Mrs. Conrad. Couldn't you give me the message? I am her secretary, you know. I take all her messages. Every one who wishes to get in touch with Mrs. Hammel does so through me."

Again reproved, again convicted of ignorance! Anne felt herself flushing, alone in the little dark entry where her telephone hung. But she gritted her teeth.

"I wonder if she would let me come and see her? Today?"

"Today? Really, Mrs. Conrad, I doubt whether that would be possible. Mrs. Hammel would be delighted to see you, of course, but she is very much engaged. Perhaps next week I could give you an appointment."

"Won't you ask her whether she would see me? It's really urgent."

"In that case—what is your telephone number, Mrs. Conrad? I will try to call you back a little later. Mrs. Hammel always gives up her mornings to her correspondence—we try not to let anything disturb her. There are so many demands upon her, you see."

ANNE hung up the receiver, already regretting her sudden impulse to appeal to the Vice-President's wife. As she lay in bed the evening before, miserably wakeful, she had remembered a feature story that she had read about Mrs. Hammel in the *Inquirer* the Sunday before. This article had praised the "Second Lady of the Land" in no uncertain terms: her tact, her sweetness, her sympathetic graciousness. It was accompanied by a picture of her huge white marble residence, that looked like a great block of vanilla ice cream, ornamented with whipped cream that had been forced through a tube into all kinds of festoons; also by a picture of the lady herself, smiling, plump, bejeweled and bewaved. But there was a look of real human kindness in the gentle eyes and soft mouth, and withal a look of mild shrewdness, which even the artificial pose of the photographer could not destroy; and there was a paragraph in the article which had arrested Anne's attention especially, and which seemed burned on her memory:

Mrs. Hammel before her marriage was a Miss Sarah Gown, a school teacher in the great western state which her distinguished husband has so rapidly put on the map. When they first met, he was a cattle herder. The early days of their marriage were spent on a ranch, sixty miles from the nearest village. Mrs. Hammel of course did all her own work, and, in the evenings, taught her husband (who had had fewer educational opportunities than herself) from the shabby text-books which she had taken away with her from the mountain schools. She lost her first baby, a little daughter, and came near losing her own life, because no doctor could penetrate to the ranch through the snowdrifts which covered the rough trails to the ranch in winter. Mrs. Hammel's second daughter is now the Duchess of Nebelini, her husband being the cousin of the King of Italy.

There were other paragraphs after that, describing the rise in the Hammel fortunes, both political and financial. But they did not matter so much. What mattered was that Mrs. Hammel had once been a little country school teacher, like Anne herself; had suffered far more in her bridal days; and she had married a man who possessed far fewer advantages, of every kind, than Neal. And she had won through. She lived in an ice cream palace, she had an English butler and a private secretary, and that dreadful Miss Sharp wrote complimentary articles about her. She was so remote that no one could speak to her on the telephone, and of course she always did the right thing—now. But she must have had to learn, too; and perhaps—perhaps—she remembered how bitterly hard that learning was——

The telephone rang. Miss Butters was speaking again, her voice even smoother and more purring than before.

"Oh, Mrs. Conrad—I gave Mrs. Hammel your message, and she will be pleased to see you at eleven. She is of course very much pressed, very much occupied, so I am sure you will understand and make your call brief. At eleven, then——"

"It was Miss Butters," Anne said to herself as she buttoned on her (*Turn to page 92*)

ELINOR GLYN ANSWERS THE QUESTION

"What is IT in Dress?"

"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I am pretty and I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret . . . men seem to overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular." GLADYS M.

WHAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls, and wives, too, have asked me this, and out of long experience I know the answer is very simple.

Men are dull, drab looking creatures themselves, Gladys, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes a woman can wear.

Ask any man to describe a girl's dress, and in almost every case, he begins by speaking of the *color*.

Shouldn't we play up to this, girls?

There are two simple rules:

FIRST: Select the colors most becoming to you . . .

THEN: Keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm.

Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill—means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always.

There is a very simple, sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as they cleanse, but Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure. Anything safe in water alone, is just as safe in Lux.

And in Your Home

Make your home a charming, attractive setting for YOU. Your surroundings can help get over your personality, your charm.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as when they are new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for remember, men love color.

ELINOR GLYN

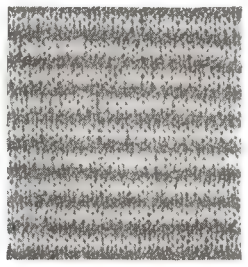
"Men love color," says Elinor Glyn—and how true it is! The smart short-sleeved sweater and beret above, striped in the new deep rose shade, are exciting to look at! Even the simplest costume makes you charmingly appealing, when its color is lovely, fresh!

In this sheer, printed chiffon frock too, it is color—exquisite as spring-time blossoms—which gives you a thrill when you see it! Lux is especially made to preserve this magic charm of color in all your lovely frocks, blouses, scarfs!

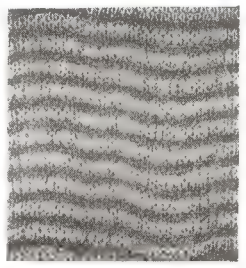
Washed 10 times with ordinary "good" soap—and undeniably faded.

Luxed 10 times, color unfaded, "live," vibrant, as the day it was bought!

If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in **LUX**



Luxed 10 times, wool and silk fibres in place, *no shrinking,* shape and fit perfect—like new.



Washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap—fibres out of place, harsh, matted — *garment shrunken.*

Your Friends who Live in Other Cities

Why not keep in touch with them by telephone? . . . it's quick, easy, inexpensive . . . and a world of satisfaction to them and to yourself.

NEXT best to *seeing* friends is *talking* with them. Even when they live in other cities you can telephone them easily.

Important news of your family or yourself you want to tell them . . . perhaps a birthday or wedding anniversary rolling around and you want to send best wishes . . . or maybe you would like to have just a good old-fashioned chat.

It's remarkably easy to telephone between cities. Just give the telephone number—or the name and address of your friend—to the operator. You'll be connected in a jiffy. And your voice carries as clearly across the country as it does across the street.

Telephoning out of town points is really inexpensive. You'll probably be amazed to learn how low the rates are.

Why not give some friend a real surprise—and a pleasant one—today?

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 90

little blue *tailleur* and jammed her small, perky blue hat down over her curls, "who made up the last part of that message. Mrs. Hammel never said it at all. If she hadn't meant to be kind, she wouldn't have said she'd see me."

Anne was right. Mrs. Hammel did mean to be kind. She looked to the bewildered newcomer like a comfortable, middle-aged angel, her wings concealed by her perfect Worth gown of gray crêpe de chine, but her halo almost distinguishable above the smooth ripples of her permanent wave. She almost patted Anne's hand as she shook it; and an uncanny degree of intelligence shone from the beams of her kindly eyes.

"So you're the wife of the new appointee to the Senate? Bless me, how young you look—I shouldn't wonder if you're the senatorial baby. And pretty as a picture. I always tell women when I think they're pretty, and I never apologize for it, either. I know they really like it. Your husband's young, too, isn't he? Mr. Hammel's been watching his career with interest—he believes there's a big future ahead of him yet. And ahead of you, too, of course. I'm pleased you wanted to run in and see me like this. Was there something special? Tell me, while we have some of this nice hot chocolate with lots of whipped cream on top——"

ANNE went straight to the point. She told her story quickly, and she told it well. In a few brief sentences she had outlined her background, upbringing, and previous experience. Then, with more detail, she related the events of the afternoon before. Mrs. Hammel listened attentively.

"Well, well," she said, "I don't know when I've been so much interested. And you thought of coming straight to me—I'm very glad you did—on account of that article in the *Inquirer*. Are you on good terms with the press yourself?"

"I'm afraid not. You see——"

Anne plunged into that story too. Mrs. Hammel laughed outright.

"Yes. I've read some of those articles, and I realized they weren't over-accurate, but I didn't know just what lay behind them. Well, my dear, the first thing for you to do is to get a picture taken of yourself that does you justice and then ring up Miss Sharp and ask her to come and have tea and a little chat with you."

Mrs. Hammel stirred her fourth cup of chocolate reminiscently.

"When I first came here," she said, "I thought I didn't want to have anything to do with the newspaper women. Miss Sharp wrote *me* and asked for an interview and I declined to give it to her. Her reply, which she sent me by special delivery, was a masterpiece. I've kept it ever since—some day I'll show it to you. She told me that her bread and butter depended on getting something about me, but that, after all, was beyond the point. If her newspaper couldn't secure a real interview with me, it would fake one. If she didn't write that article—false or true—some one else would. If I would cooperate with the newspaper women, give them what they had a recognized right to ask of me as the Vice-President's wife, I'd never regret it. If I told them anything in confidence, that confidence would be respected. If I admitted that I was going to a certain place, or on the point of doing a certain thing, but that for reasons of my own I wished this kept quiet, no word about it would ever appear in print. In short, they were prepared to help me in every way they could if I would only let them. If I wouldn't, all sorts of false and sensational reports would inevitably appear about me. I sent for Miss Sharp and had a frank talk with her. We've been the best of friends ever since. And she's kept her word—absolutely."

"Oh, thanks," began Anne, "I'll—" Mrs. Hammel interrupted.

"SHE belongs to a rather interesting organization—the Woman's National Press Club. All the society editors do, besides a number of other reporters and advertisers and a few magazine writers. About forty of them in all. I'm going to one of their Monday luncheons—jolly, informal affairs—as guest of honor next week. I wonder—would you like to come with me? It could be easily arranged. I think it would be a good plan all around."

Anne's quick gratitude was so real that Mrs. Hammel was more touched than she betrayed. Her capacity for chocolate being at last exhausted, she began to turn a great emerald around on her carefully manicured finger as if she frankly enjoyed its gleaming gorgeousness.

"And of course you must start right in making calls. Today. Diplomatic day. Ordinarily the wife of the senior senator from your state would go with you, to help you at the beginning. But Senator Brown hasn't any wife. He's a widower. Many of them are. You won't wonder at that, when you've lived here a little while—it's a killing pace for a woman in official life. Many a poor lady should be buried with the inscription, '*She died of making too many calls.*' And other senators are bachelors. That's not to be wondered at either. They pay attention—marked attention—to a girl for a season or two, and she's flattered and all that, but she gets to thinking it over—how many senators are widowers, I mean—and she decides— You'll find them all labeled in the Congressional Directory. 'The star designates those whose wives accompany them; the parallel lines designate those having other ladies with them.' Well, the first time I saw that. I wondered who those 'other ladies' were. It sounded suspiciously vague, as if—ahem! But bless you, senators don't have any time for little diversions like that. Those parallel lines only mean that a wife having perished, or not having been attained at all, because the hours at hard labor look too long for her, a sister, or a mother, or some one like that, has been pressed into service."

Anne, shaking with laughter, had begun to realize that she was going to like Mrs. Hammel very, very much.

"And next Thursday," Mrs. Hammel continued, "if I were you, I should receive again myself. And—er—do it right. After that, you ought to receive and make calls on alternate Thursdays, till you've been the rounds. But this time, I'd—er—Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Ranger will tell every one about yesterday, and next Thursday your house will be packed with people who've come to find out if they were told the truth. And my, what a disappointment they'll get." Once more Mrs. Hammel gave vent to hearty laughter. "I'd like to be there myself, my dear, to see the fun. If I can possibly make it, I shall be."

She rose, gathered up her silver mesh bag and other small effects, and kissed Anne on the cheek.

"Run along now, and get to work, my dear," she said. "I've lots of confidence in you."

This confidence was not misplaced. Doggedly, even as she had scrubbed floors and taught school doggedly, Anne set to work to pay official calls. She drove her own car, changing her gloves before (*Turn to page 94*)

FORTUNES

In Cards ...and Sponges, Tea Leaves, Letters and Smoke!

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Unexcelled for fifty years

Soap • Ointment • Talcum • Shaving Stick

25c. each at all Druggists

WHY LET YOUR BABY SUFFER? SAFE RELIEF WITH LACO STERILIZED BABY POWDER

Is your baby often red and chafed under the diaper? Do you realize that every tiny scratch allows bacteria to get into that tiny defenceless body? Why permit suffering and take chances with infection when you can obtain a *sterilized* safe powder, so soft—so free from irritating particles—so full of beneficial ingredients that eminent doctors recommend it. LACO Sterilized Baby Powder is treated with heat at 220° F. for at least six hours, destroying all germ life and softening every particle. Selected ingredients possess beneficial properties ascribed to storax, tolu balsam and balsam Peru. Ammoniacal fermentation of urine and diaper scald retarded. LACO contains no stearate of zinc, yet is *absolutely* waterproof. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping.

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Don't let your baby suffer or take chances with infection. If your drug or department store has not yet received LACO Sterilized Baby Powder, send us their name with 25c and we will send you a full sized can with a FREE cake of LACO Castile Soap. Lockwood Brackett Co., Dept 28, Boston, Mass.

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STREET_____ CITY_____

DRUGGIST_____ STATE_____

6 EVERGREENS for $1.10

Immediate Delivery—ORDER NOW.

3 to 5 yr. trees, 10 to 15 inches high. 2 Norway Spruce, 2 American Spruce, 2 Chinese Arborvitae.

2 RHODODENDRONS $1.10, 2 MAGNOLIA TREES $1.10, HARDY AZALEA $1.10 EACH

FREE Bargain Catalog of Evergreens and Perennial Plants for Spring Planting

THE FISCHER NURSERIES

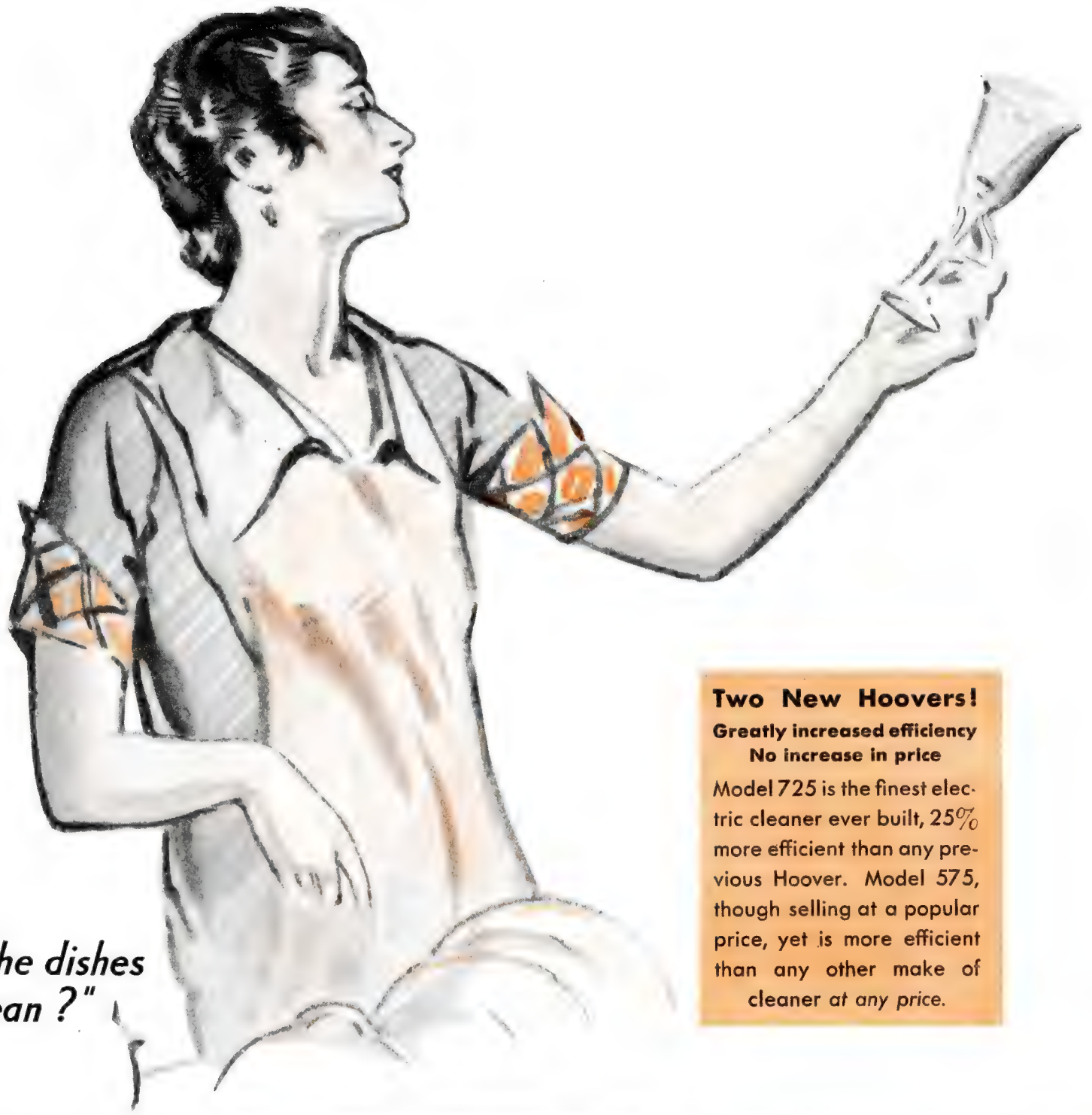
Evergreen Dept. 47 EASTON, PA.

Add 15c for Packing and Insurance.

Always **tasty** *always* pure— *always* good—

GULDEN'S Mustard

ESTABLISHED 1864



Do you wash the dishes "nearly clean?"

Two New Hoovers!

Greatly increased efficiency
No increase in price

Model 725 is the finest electric cleaner ever built, 25% more efficient than any previous Hoover. Model 575, though selling at a popular price, yet is more efficient than any other make of cleaner *at any price.*

You wouldn't think of tolerating partial cleanliness for your dishes. Why should you tolerate it in your rugs and carpets?

There is only one way to have thoroughly-clean floor coverings. That is to get out *all* the dirt, not just the surface dust, but the grease-packed grit that is *below the dust line.*

Only beating will remove this embedded grit. And only The Hoover has a beating principle —Positive Agitation—to shake it out.

That it *does* remove it is proved by the fact that The Hoover gets out more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner, giving more speed in cleaning and more thoroughness. It also uses less human energy in its operation. Moreover, the improvement in the looks of the floor covering is notable, because of the gathering up of thread and lint, the lifting and straightening of the rug nap, the brightening of the colors, the really scientific care which The Hoover gives floor coverings.

HOOVER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT
DPM
PER MINUTE

Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or a home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.

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When your daughter asks this question

Let her read

"The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

IT should be a source of happiness for any woman to have her daughter's confidence. Far better that she should go to you with an intimate question than to casual friends and acquaintances. Far safer that *you* should tell her about feminine hygiene, knowing that the correct information may save her from future distress. Telling your daughter is made easy by this frank yet scientific booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Send for a copy. Let her read it herself.

Warning against caustic poisons

In the past, the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Even though doctors realized the importance of surgical cleanliness, they looked with grave doubts at the women who insisted upon using bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid.

Now there is Zonite. *Far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* But safe. Safe as pure water. Zonite will never cause hardened membranes and scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

Complete information in this book

Send for this book today. The whole truth about feminine hygiene given freely and frankly. Mail coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, NewYork, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, tender feet or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION DE-05
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name.....
(*Please print name*)
Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 92

entering a house, and again after she left it, and finding her own parking spaces. But Neal came home on the street cars from the Senate office building, and the children walked home from school, so that she would not have to go for them. And Dora announced beforehand that she could not dream of going out the next Thursday, and by Tuesday had begun on substantial plans for helping Anne.

It was barely half-past three when, as Mrs. Hammel had predicted, Anne's callers began to come. The polite ambassadresses instantly returning their official visits. The Supreme Court ladies, whose program was not yet very full. The excitement eaters and curiosity seekers regaled by Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Ranger. Miss Sharp and several other members of the Woman's National Press Club. The "professional callers" who are the bane of every woman in official life, and who go from house to house either because they are utterly idle, or because they are actually hungry, supplying themselves, in the latter case, with unlimited sandwiches and cakes. Ambitious young secretaries and attachés, who had heard rumors that Mrs. Conrad was really extremely pretty. A scattering of tourists and government workers from the Conrads' own state. Ministers, colonels, a judge or two, with their wives. In short, the kaleidoscopic fragment of Washington life which confronts the official hostess on her day at home.

The door was opened for these callers by a wholly correct butler from Rauschers' who was greatly in demand for At Homes. Near him, at the drawing-room door, stood a smiling boy, his face very rosy and clean above his Eton collar, his hair slicked back from his moist part. The fame which Junior's smile has since enjoyed, and which is well merited, may be traced from that day. It was frank, sweet, intelligent, and withal, just a shade wistful. It was arresting and disarming. Nine times out of ten, the callers' first remark to Anne was, "Is that *your* little boy who welcomed me so politely? What beautiful manners he has! And what a *lovely smile.*"

ANNE smiled, herself, in appreciation of this greeting, and Anne too had a smile which was nothing to be ashamed of. She stood in front of a bright little fire, which glowed under a mantel banked with flowers, to receive her guests, her golden hair wound like a coronet above the curls which framed her rosy face, her slim figure supple and graceful under its sheath of rose colored satin. Neal, scintillating with cordiality, sartorially perfect in gray trousers and cutaway, stood beside her. Stood beside her, that is, most of the time; now and then he wandered about a little, to chat with a group which seemed a trifle silent, or hasten the progress of a guest, who looked a little hungry, into the dining-room. Here an immaculate maid was hovering over a tea table, on which silver dishes containing tomato-jelly sandwiches, angel food, tiny frosted cakes, and tinier biscuits stuffed with chicken salad, were scattered over an embroidered table-cloth. The maid was being assisted by a beautiful little girl, whose angelic gaze as she held out a plate or a cup seemed to supplicate the further consumption of delicacies.

"I don't need to ask if that's your little girl," the callers said repeatedly as they took their departure. "She looks exactly like you! Why, she's perfectly lovely!"

And, pouring the tea, bland and benign above the silver service, sat Mrs. Hammel, dressed in mauve velvet, orchids fastened to her bodice, plumes nodding from her brocade toque——

The leading article in the society section of the *Inquirer* on the following Sunday was written by Miss Sharp. A picture of Anne—with Junior and Nancy as they had appeared at her *second* At Home—surmounted it. This picture left nothing to be desired. Neither did the headline, *"Vice-President's Wife Pours for Mrs. Conrad."* Neither did the text which accompanied these.

"Mrs. Neal Conrad, whose husband's recent appointment to the Senate has been a matter of national interest, made her bow to official society in Washington last Thursday, at a delightful reception which she gave in the charming residence on New Hampshire Avenue which she and Senator Conrad have leased for the winter. Mrs. Conrad was assisted in receiving by the Senator, who forsook the cares and responsibilities of office for the afternoon, and who, like his wife, will quite evidently be a great addition to the senatorial circle. Mrs. Conrad was charmingly gowned in a Lanvin confection of pink, one of the many beautiful dresses which she brought home with her from Paris, where she and Senator Conrad spent the summer as guests of Mr. Clarence Hathaway, First Secretary of the American Embassy, a close friend of Senator Conrad's ever since the days when they were classmates at Harvard. Mrs. Hammel, who has been one of the first to welcome Mrs. Conrad to Washington, presided at the perfectly appointed tea table, coming directly from the luncheon given in her honor by Madame Marceau, the wife of the French Ambassador, who also called on Mrs. Conrad during the course of the afternoon. Among the many distinguished guests were noticed . . ."

There was more, a great deal more. But that was all that mattered. The first hard weeks had been lived through, the first dreadful mistakes, lived down, the feature stories about the wash-tub and the cow forgotten. Anne had begun to arrive.

"I DO solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office in which I am about to enter—so help me God."

Neal, facing the Vice-President, with his back to the Senate Chamber, stood beside Senator Brown, repeating the words, a phrase at a time, after Mr. Hammel. Anne, sitting in the senators' gallery, her cold hands clenched tightly in her lap, colder chills of excitement creeping up and down her spine and stabbing swiftly at her heart, looked down at him with misty eyes. The mist blurred her vision so that she could hardly see him as the Vice-President shook hands with him, and he turned, signed his name in the large book held open by a clerk, and, walking with his head held high, to a desk at the rear of the room, slid sidewise into the chair behind the desk.

It was the opening day of Congress, and Neal had repeated the oath of office administered to a new senator, and then, literally, had taken his seat.

Anne had not been to the Capitol since the visit, years before, on her honeymoon journey to Washington. Driving down to it now, she had found it surrounded by police; and a friendly officer helped her to locate a parking space. Another policeman, standing beside the revolving door, at the entrance to the Senate wing, noticed her hesitation as she paused between the crowded elevator on her left and the empty one at her right marked *"For Senators Only."*

"Does that mean their wives, too?" she asked shyly, but smiling.

The policeman grinned and pushed the bell for her himself. "Sure does," he answered reassuringly. "Get right in, Mrs. Conrad—I read that piece about you in last Sunday's paper, and knew you by the picture. You sure have got some cute kids. Gallery floor, you want."

Elated by this evidence of her dawning prominence, Anne confronted the doorman of the senators' gallery without qualms. But he apparently did not read the papers; and he was struggling with a persistent mob which was striving to get past him, and which even his massive bulk and grim manner could not entirely stem. He could hardly be expected to look with favor upon another contestant for space.

"Mrs. Conrad?" he gasped, peering at her with suspicious eyes. "Lord! Why don't they give out cards to this opening?—no, you don't neither. Can't tell, but it's against the rules—Senator Conrad's wife? Say, that don't go down any more. He's got three wives in there already."

There was a titter of derision about her, and Anne felt her cheeks growing hot.

"I will try to get some one to identify me," she said with a composure which she was very far from feeling.

"That won't be very hard," a merry voice boomed behind her; and turning suddenly, she almost bumped into Mrs. Hammel. "Come and sit with me, my dear. Delighted to have you. You know Mrs. Hastings, don't you—the Speaker's wife? You and Mrs Standish are friends (*Turn to page 90*)

The new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

. . . no hard "bearing down" on handle now

Sweep any surface from linoleum to inch-thick rugs — easier!

THE usefulness of the Bissell has been more than doubled by a new improvement! It is now a much better carpet sweeper than ever. It now sweeps every kind of surface—from linoleum and bare floors to the heaviest rugs, very, very much easier.

"Hi-Lo" Brush Control, this new development in the Bissell is called. The brush automatically adjusts itself to meet any surface. Hard "bearing down" on the handle is never needed. You just run the new Bissell with one hand.

Ask your hardware, furniture or department store to demonstrate. *You're not getting a modern sweeper unless you get Bissell "Hi-Lo" Brush Control.* A Bissell with this feature (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50c more in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The new "Hi-Lo"

BISSELL SWEEPER

Are *you* Taking Weekly Snapshots of *your* Children?

That's the only way your youngsters can be kept with you, always, just as they are today

How to take pictures in a way that puts your child's best foot forward explained in unique illustrated booklet . . . sent free for coupon below

A SUCCESSFUL business man recently said that of all his possessions the ones he treasured most; the only ones, perhaps, that money could not buy; were two little albums of snapshots of his children, taken years ago.

And that's easy to understand. For there's something about pictures of that sort that touches down deeply in the heart. Pictures that are looked at as the years roll along with a mist of Sweet Memory between the pictures and eyes.

Wouldn't you like to have that sort of record of the Fairy Story days of *your* children's first years? Your children next year, ten years from now . . . just as they are today!

That cunning dimple little Mary likes to have kissed by her mother at bed time? That serious expression in Bill's eyes that proves that "he's *always* been the living image of his father"?

Tomorrow, Mary's dimple may be gone. That expression in Bill's eyes changed. *Take the pictures today.* That's the way to keep today with you always. Do as thousands of parents are doing—put picture-taking of your children on a *systematic* basis.

Take pictures of your children *every week.* Just think what a marvelous diary that will make.

May 18 to 25 is

Take-a-Picture Week

—a week set aside by the Photo Finishers of the country to remind you of the finest picture opportunities of the year. Celebrate Take-a-Picture Week by making up some of the chances you have missed for adding to your collection of interesting snapshots.

To Help Parents Get Really Interesting Pictures

To help parents get the kind of snapshots that become more and more interesting with age, there is a new and informative book, "Taking Pictures of Your Children at Their Best." Full of illustrations. It suggests poses, "props," lightings and backgrounds. It tells how to take pictures that show the child with its best foot forward ...pictures that others will praise...pictures that hold a thrill for you every time you open the album.

If You Have No Kodak

If you have no camera, you can obtain a Brownie for as little as $2. And a Kodak for as low as $5. Either is easy to use, either makes excellent snapshots.

The Modern Kodaks with fast lenses are especially desirable because they don't require bright light. Clear or cloudy, and even indoors, wonderful pictures are the rule with these marvelous Modern Kodaks. See them.

Meanwhile, send for the book. You'll surely be glad that you did, for it tells exactly how to take the most interesting pictures of your child.

Mail Coupon *for* Interesting Free Book

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me free the illustrated book telling how to take pictures that show children at their best.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

DS

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

"Ruffles and Romance!" Gown by Kurzman, 661 Fifth Avenue. Complexion by Armand

alluring curves . . .

lovely complexions

they must both be "natural"

FASHION has rounded the curve again and rediscovered all of woman's lovely flowing lines. To be alluringly feminine and exquisitely fair is suddenly the height of fashion. But it surely demands new consideration of one's skin.

The new "natural" skin-tone is a rich, soft cream-tint

Today your skin must look *alive* — clear, pure, fine-textured, with tempting softness and caressing finish. The tone should be a flattering cream-tint — rich as pearls. The perfect preparation for this new beauty is Armand Cold Cream Powder because its clinging consistency tones the skin to just the right degree.

This Armand powder you use quite differently—rubbing it first into a clean puff, then smoothing it over and over the skin, carefully, thoroughly. The result is a film of fairness that clings for hours.

You'll like Armand Cleansing Cream much better too! Use it for the refreshing nightly pore-clearing. Not heavy with grease! But delicate—delightful, and perfumed with orange blossoms.

Yes, the skin, too, must keep step with style. Ask for Armand products at any good beauty counter.

Armand Cold Cream Powder, in becoming shades, $1. *Armand Cleansing Cream,* 50c *and* $1.25.

ARMAND

CLEANSING CREAM

COLD CREAM POWDER

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 94

already, of course. Now then—right down there on the left—no, not in the front row. Those are the seats reserved for Mrs. Shaw. But the ones directly behind."

The Senate Chamber, Anne thought, was strangely unimpressive for so important an apartment. It was drab, dingy, close. Certainly the Senators could not derive much inspiration from their surroundings, wherever else they might gather it. They were beginning to come in now—not very impressive, either! Anne was disappointed. One senator, tall, thin, and harassed of expression, sat adding up columns of figures, apparently oblivious of the confusion around him. Another, a broad expanse of white linen waistcoat covering the front of his ample person, seemed all ready to deliver a spell-binding speech, although nobody appeared ready to listen. A third, dressed with faultless informality, a dark carnation in his buttonhole, was quite superfluously striking attitudes. His roving eyes caught Anne's and rested for a moment on her face; then he bowed slightly. She felt quite sure she had not met him, but she returned the salutation, angry at herself for blushing, and conscious that Mrs. Standish, whom nothing seemed to escape, was watching her.

"Senator Lassiter," this lady remarked, her sweet voice a trifle dry, "the Beau Brummel of the Senate. I believe you know Clarence Hathaway? Well, something the same type."

ANNE was grateful for the rap of the Vice-President's gavel. He had entered, on the stroke of twelve, so unobtrusively that she had not seen him. The chaplain offered prayer—a very long and all-inclusive sort of a prayer. Senator Brown delivered a short eulogy on the late Senator Shelton, to which nobody paid much attention. There was, actually, more of a stir followed by a deeper silence when Brown, his address finished, turned towards Neal and waited for the younger man to join him.

Neal had made a fine record in his own state, and there was genuine interest in his appointment. But Anne, watching him, was experiencing a deeper emotion than interest; she was remembering, poignantly, the day she had joined the church, the testimony to her faith that she had given before the assembled congregation in the bare little building with its slender spire pointing towards the green hills behind it. This oath that Neal was taking seemed to her no less solemn, no less sacred—did he, she wondered, feel the same way about it? She hoped, prayerfully, that he did.

At all events, he had not forgotten her in this great pregnant moment of his life. He had hardly taken his seat when he turned, swept the gallery with his keen eye, and smiled as he found her and saw the expression of love and emotion on her face. For a moment they looked full at each other; Anne felt her composure returning, her vision clearing. She was able to return his smile. Then, apparently satisfied, he nodded, and looked away again, giving his undivided attention to the business of the day.

The Vice-President's gavel descended again. The crowd began to stream out. Anne was conscious that Mrs. Hammel was speaking to her.

"You'll come to the House, tomorrow, of course, and hear the President read his message?"

"Oh, yes. I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

AS A matter of fact, she had not intended to do anything of the sort; her interest in public affairs was still bounded by Neal's participation in them; and Neal, who had been a figure of importance today, would have no part in the morrow's proceedings. Moreover, being extremely sensitive, she dreaded the possibility of another rebuff such as she had received at the hands of the ruthless doorman; no occasion, she felt, could be worth a repetition of that. But it was evident that Mrs. Hammel expected her to return to the Capitol the next day; and she had made the gallant resolve that Mrs. Hammel should never be disappointed in her.

HER determination was rewarded. When Neal came home that night, he gave her a beautifully engraved little card, upon the back of which she discovered the number, row, and section of a reserved seat. Armed with this, she penetrated to the House of Representatives without difficulty; and, having found her appointed place, she saw that Mrs. Hammel, Mrs. Hastings, and several other women whom she knew were all near her, and all in welcoming mood; and when Mrs. Shaw, accompanied by a military aide, came in and sat down immediately in front of her, she experienced an unexpected thrill in being presented to the First Lady of the Land. It was *all* thrilling, so thrilling that Anne caught her breath with excitement. When the President began to speak, her sense of stimulation increased. She listened with rapt attention to his recommendations, even though she did not understand all of them very well. There were, it seemed, many matters to which he felt Congress should give immediate attention. Appropriations for the army, navy, farm relief, a ship subsidy, a maternity bill. Anne recognized her ignorance on these subjects, and resolved to study them, in order to be able to follow intelligently any action that might be taken on them as the season progressed.

Suddenly she realized that her attention had begun to wander, perhaps because she was hungry. The hands of the clock over the rostrum were pointing to one, and she was relieved when the President, now somewhat hoarse, stopped reading and inclined his head to acknowledge the applause of his listeners. Mrs. Shaw, bowing graciously in every direction, was preparing to leave the gallery; and Mrs. Hammel, touching Anne's arm, was asking her a question.

"You are coming over to the luncheon, of course?"

"The luncheon?"

"Yes—the Senate Ladies' luncheon. Don't tell me there is *another* thing you haven't heard about! Well, I will explain as we go over in the subway."

BREATHLESSLY, Anne followed Mrs. Hammel through the crowd to the basement of the Capitol, around several corners, and into a small open electric car with seats running sideways and facing in both directions, which was waiting, drawn up beside a concrete platform. It was full already, but Mrs. Hammel, bowing right and left, was immediately afforded space for herself and Anne. A bell clanged, with a sharp, tiny report; then the little car leapt forward, and they bounded noisily away. By raising her voice, Mrs. Hammel succeeded in making Anne hear her above the clatter.

"Every Tuesday. Marble room in the Senate office building. Take turns acting as hostesses, six at a time. Cold meat, salad, rolls, coffee, cake. No more allowed. Can't have competition in menus. Makes feeling. I'm the president. Great fun. You'll see. Here we are. Get out."

The Marble Room, reached by marble stairs, draped with red velvet and glittering with chandeliers, proved a most imposing apartment. Down its side length ran a long narrow table, covered with a white cloth. Thermos bottles, plates of rolls and jelly, and large, heavily frosted cakes were placed upon this at regular intervals; and several well-dressed women were fluttering about it, pouring water and straightening silverware. Mrs. Hammel, interrupting herself with frequent greetings, continued her explanation to the still bewildered Anne. (*Turn to page 99*)

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

next month discusses "Books Every Woman Should Know" in an article that not only gives us his intimate knowledge of books but, further, his warm sympathy and ripe philosophy in dealing with human relations

Breakfast..sunlight..and charming glassware

THERE ARE BLUE and silver mornings when breakfast reaches the high degree of a happy gesture, a gesture that must be brightly and appropriately caparisoned in delicacy, restraint and cheerful good taste. . . . A small table splashed with new, mild sunlight . . . the fresh, morning air faintly redolent with rich coffee . . . the tinkle and sparkle of silver . . . dainty food served in the lovely simplicity of clear, tinted glassware . . . cups and saucers, bowls and plates glinting gaily with the soft, reflected brilliance from the dewy garden and the morning sky.

Fostoria

FROM THE TABLE-SETTING for such a breakfast, up through those for luncheons and suppers, to the elaborate beauty of the formal dinner setting, Fostoria glassware enjoys an ever-increasing popularity with hostesses of informed originality. The alluring variety of colors—Amber, Dawn, Azure, Green, Topaz—permits these hostesses to exercise a thrilling scope of table decoration that was not possible even in Eighteenth Century France, where colored glassware was in the greatest favor with those who presided over the most elegant and luxurious tables.

FOSTORIA *can be purchased inexpensively at the best shops in complete sets or individual pieces, and replacements can be had at any time because Fostoria is sold on* THE OPEN STOCK PLAN. *The glassware bought today can be matched exactly a month or a year from now with the assurance that there will be not as much as a* nuance *between the shade of the old piece and the new. . . . On* THE PRACTICABLE SIDE, *Fostoria glassware, lovely and fragile-seeming as it is, stands up as well as chinaware under hard usage and is unaffected by rapid changes in extremes of temperature.*

Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It is replete with illustrated details of authoritative table-settings and decorative suggestions. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. D-5, *Moundsville, West Virginia.*

On this modern breakfast table Green Fostoria is used with simple garden marigolds. The cereal is about to be served. Other smart accessories for breakfast are shown in the illustrations above.

A STORY IN PICTURES

–for the woman who wants asparagus–at its best

"Where is DEL MONTE Asparagus grown?"

Only in the heart of the Sacramento River delta—in age-old deposits of rich, fertile silt—unsurpassed in the whole world for growing straight, perfect asparagus stock.

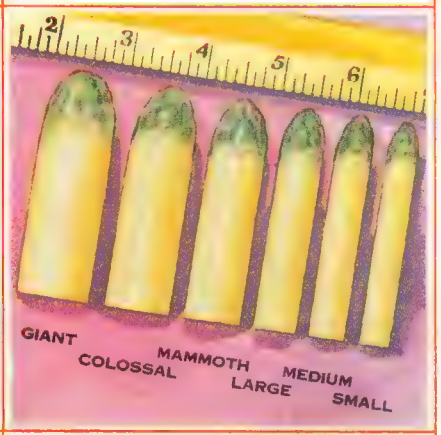
"What makes it so delicate and tender?"

Long before sun-up, on our own ranches alone, more than a thousand workers are busy cutting the tender spears as they break through their blanket of powdery soil.

"What keeps it so fresh?"

DEL MONTE Asparagus reaches our canneries, close to the fields, long before it could reach you raw. Sealed in cans and cooked at once, its fine freshness and flavor are held intact.

"What sizes of spears can I buy?"



Six — Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small — shown here greatly reduced. All plainly marked on the label. Makes possible just the size of spear you need.

"What length of spears?"

Two—long spears in the tall square can; and tips, about half the length of longer spears, in the two smaller cans shown here. But DEL MONTE Quality in every can.

"What are some good salad combinations?"

Asparagus alone, with lettuce and mayonnaise. With peas or tomatoes, with cream cheese or potato salad. Adds delicacy and charm to almost any vegetable combination.

"Why do good cooks use it in so many other ways?"

Because of the touch of distinction it adds to even the simplest meal. Delicious as a vegetable—plain, creamed or baked. Fine with omelets, meat loaf and many other everyday foods.

"Why should I insist on DEL MONTE?"

It offers a guarantee of quality, not only on asparagus, but a wide line of other vegetables, fruits, condiments, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE ASPARAGUS**

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Continued from page 96

"The waiters from the Senate restaurant come over and set the table for us and clear away afterwards. But the hostesses for the day act as waitresses. They are chosen in alphabetical order—your turn will come next time since your name begins with a 'C.' The chairman—whoever is chosen—will tell you what to bring. Mrs. Lee, I want you to take Mrs. Conrad under your wing today, and see that she meets everybody and has a good time."

Mrs. Lee, thus announced, shook hands with Anne and led her to a seat at the long table, introducing her to the other women who had already taken their places near her. There was a good deal of informal merriment—a much pleasanter medium for getting acquainted, Anne reflected, this luncheon, than those stiff, brief calls.

WHEN the rich, moist cakes had been eaten —from the same dishes on which the meat and salad had been served—Mrs. Hammel rose in her place at the end of the long table, and called the attention of the Ladies of the Senate to the fact that one of their members, Mrs. Long, was ill. It was voted to send her flowers. Then a note of appreciation which had come from Mrs. Sheldon was read, acknowledging a letter of condolence which had been written by the secretary. Afterwards, as there was no further business, Mrs. Hammel announced the names of the hostesses for the following week—Mrs. Bean, Mrs. Brainard, Miss Bullard, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Conrad—with Miss Bullard appointed as chairman. Anne found herself carried off for a conference. A salad, it was decided, was to be her contribution—and would she please plan to be a little early, the following Thursday, to help with preparations? The hostesses usually *did*.

THE merry little party was already breaking up when the deliberations of the committee were finished. Mrs. Hammel had vanished. Anne found herself approaching the elevator with Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Stone—the same Mrs. Stone, she instinctively felt, to whom her first callers had gone from her house on that fatal Thursday to relate her shortcomings. At all events, Mrs. Stone, a tall, grimly handsome woman, had seemed less cordial to her than to any of the others, and she now felt the chill of the elder woman's cold, critical gaze.

The elevator man slid open the door of his cage and the three ladies prepared to enter.

"Up or down?" he asked.

"Up," said Mrs. Lee, who had an errand to do in her husband's office.

"Down," said Anne.

The elevator slid down. Unconscious of wrong-doing, Anne alighted, nodding goodbye to Mrs. Lee as she ascended out of sight, and turned to find Mrs. Stone standing balefully beside her.

"Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded angrily.

Anne cringed—inwardly but not outwardly.

"Know any better than what?" she asked.

"Than to tell the elevator man to go down when Mrs. Lee had told him to go up. Her husband has been in the Senate for eighteen years. She takes precedence over *all* of us. And all the rest of us take precedence over *you*."

"Oh," said Anne shortly, with no indication of being impressed. Mrs. Stone became more and more indignant.

"THE matter of precedence is one of *extreme* importance," she declaimed, "and those who do not recognize this only show their ignorance and ill-breeding. A hostess who does not seat her guests according to rank, offends irretrievably. I myself have left three luncheons because I was not properly placed."

"And was that," Anne inquired, "well bred?"

Mrs. Stone, who was a very important person—especially in her own estimation—stared speechlessly. No one had ever been so impudent to her before. Anne gathered courage.

"People don't ask you to their homes to insult you," she said, in contemptuous tones. "I am sure the people in my state would think I had 'offended irretrievably' if I treated a hostess like that. And I am confident Mrs. Lee knew I didn't mean to be rude—she looks like a very understanding sort of person. But I won't forget," Anne added with significance, "about precedence—that *you* always take precedence over *me*."

SHE walked down the steps of the Senate office building without a backward glance, and over to the place where she had parked her car.

She was conscious that she had scored a victory. She was also conscious that she had made an enemy.

And an enemy in Washington society can mean political defeat. Especially when Anne's frank innocence provides fuel for the hot breath of scandal. Lassiter, Beau Brummel of the Senate, enters dramatically into the June instalment of "Queen Anne's Lace"

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 11

time, not if you're goin' to pull a repeat in a hurry. Why! If it hadn't been for me, bo, 'at new barkeep downstairs would've beaned you wit a bungstarter."

"I'm sorry, sport. If you knew what a jam I'm in——"

"Why shouldn't I? Listen, foolish: you broadcast your troubles last night till they wasn't hardly a listener-in didn't wish they'd been fatal."

Gib struck a broken note of mortification over the picture thus conjured up, of himself babbling like a fool in the speakeasy below.

"Just hop out and hunt up your buddies 'at was all over you only yesterday when they figured it was a moral you'd come into big money. You'll learn a lot about who're your friends when you're down. What you huntin' for? Fat Emmas?"

GIB left off rummaging in his pockets, to refuse an offer of cigarets. "No, thanks. I had some jack last night," he sickly retorted, "not an awful lot, but——"

"Forget it, fella: y'aint got a nickel. I had to put up for this room and the last three rounds you ordered, see. And what thanks do I get? I can go jump in the river!"

"You know I didn't mean that, old man. Hanged if I know yet why you went out of your way to be so decent to me."

"BEATS you, eh? Well, whyn't you take a think, fella?"

Gib peered, but the lineaments in their false dusk showed only their accustomed grin.

The man who wore that mask was any age between twenty-seven and forty, and a magnificent specimen of the American mongrel entire. His skin had the Neapolitan sheen, olive swart, with a blue shoal of beard beneath. His nose was the beak of a Galician hugged by the rat's eyes of a French Apache. Shapeless, thick lips, no doubt a negroid outcrop, sported a scrub mustache, a puny brother to brows like one (*Turn to page 100*)

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By Ruth Miller

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BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 99

stripe of soot from temple to temple. His small round chin was deeply cleft, his ears were a fawn's. He clothed a feline person in a fashion which his fellows thought "snappy."

That Gib should be flattered as well as perplexed by friendly offices at the hands of a character of so much force was boy nature.

"It's by me," he owned. "What's the answer, sport?"

That unreadable smile broke like moonlight through a thick sky. "Been down and out myself, fella. You've got meat in your nut," he added, whisking the cards up and shuffling. "Trouble wit' you is y'aint got the first idea what to do wit' it. You could've gone so far as you wanted in this burg, pretty near. Your ol' man had a heap of friends. I don't believe they's one of 'em left who'd trust you to run an errand."

"I don't suppose there is."

"And you'd turn up your nose at runnin' errands if anybody was fat-head enough to offer you the job, wouldn't you, fella?"

"I was thinking," Gib improvised, "something about going to New York."

"'S a long walk. And what about eats? Goin' to bum for hand-outs all the way?" Gib was silent. "And when you hit the big top, don't tell me you was thinkin' of workin'!"

"Well," the boy protested, "I can't stay here. What is there for me to do but go somewhere and find a job?"

"What kind a job?"

"I could drive a car."

"So could anybody." Flink aimed a look of deep cunning down his nose. "A' right, fella! What about a nice li'l job of night work, runnin' light errands in a Cadillac? I mean, for Bennie Flink?"

"You mean—bootlegging?"

"Well, and what of it? Did you promise mamma you wouldn't never do nothin' naughty?"

"No," Gib feebly laughed. "Only, I didn't know."

"Well, there it is. Take it or leave it. A hunerd a week to start. But you got to make up your mind quick. If y'aint ready for a route tonight, I got to locate some one 'at is."

Gib swallowed hard, nervously smiling. "You can count on me, sport, to the last gasp."

"At's the talk. Look: I got a lot to see about 's afternoon, and you got yourself to iron out and buy a clean coller and shave. Here's ten bucks to go on. Don't spill no beans. And lay off the hard stuff."

"I can take it or leave it alone."

"Yeah. Now listen: Y'know Cobb's Ferry?"

"Of course."

"Fine. Because I want you should meet me in Shave's Depot Garage down there tonight at eight. Ask for Shave, see, and if I ain't on hand tell him I told you to bone him for a job taxi drivin'."

THE late twilight lay like a blight upon that rusty little river town when Gib cut across the station plaza to a shambling barn which styled itself "Depot Garage—T. Shave, Propr."

Its main mouth yawned on a forbidding darkness in whose bowels one bulb burned. To this Gib groped through huddles of cars that slept as though bound by black magic; beneath it a gnome, giving a Buick a nice bath, eyed him with beady curiosity.

"You the egg from Signal that Tim's expectin'? You'll find him in back there."

Gib stumbled into what had been the harness room, where, round a heavy table, under another down-hearted lamp, and in a rancid swelter, three sat over a flask.

"'Lo, fella!" Flink flashed saffron fangs. "Shake hands with Mr. Shave here. Tim: meet Gib—Gilbert Parke."

"I have." The fat man put out a ham of a hand. "He won't remimber, but I mind him well, a wisp of a mitherless kid in skirts. Me feyther was his feyther's coachman."

"That right? I can't remember when my old man could afford to keep horses. He lost his coin before my time."

"And who iver heard of an invintor that could hold on to money at all?"

"Find a chair. And shake hands with another friend of mine, Mr. Garrison."

Mr. Garrison said, in a husky whisper, "Pleasetmeetya."

Shave mopped his brows with cotton waste. "What a night! How much longer will this storm be holdin' off?" His liberal hand tendered the freedom of the refreshments. "Help yoursilf."

"Thanks," Gib said, coloring, "but I'm on the wagon."

"Good work, fella!" Flink declared. "Found time to change your clothes, didn't you? Meet anybody?"

"Nobody I needed to tell any lies. I went home and packed some things and left them in storage with the taxi company."

"And didn't have no run-in with Jarnol?"

"Nope."

"That the crab Bennie was tellin' me about? Slipped you a raw deal, didn't he?"

"Oh, well!" Gib stammered. "I don't know that I blame him."

"HOW come?" Flink snorted. "'At ain't the record you was playin' last night, fella."

"Oh, I don't know." Gib in embarrassment took up a pencil that lay with a pad of white paper. His first aimless stroke made a mark that reminded him of the Lanning nose in half profile. "Stuart Jarnol only handed me what I'd have handed him if there'd been a will. But there wasn't."

"'F it was me, I wouldn't be so easy licked."

"Well! but—" Gib lined in the Lanning brows—"what can I do, when there isn't any will?"

"Who told you they wasn't none? Old lady was foolish about you, wasn't she?"

"I think she just kept putting it off, way she did everything. If she'd ever made a will, Sam Lanning would have drawn it."

"Lanning's this Jarnol baby's lawyer, too, ain't he? Who inherits the estate if you don't? J. Stuart Jarnol! Besides, how do you know the old lady never went to no other lawyer?"

"She was too much under Sam's thumb."

"Not where you was concerned. If she'd listened to 'at crook, she'd 've given you the gate years ago. You sure did set Signal one pattern of a hellbender."

Gib bent lower to hide a conscious grin. "Oh, well! Say she did go to some other lawyer. What's become of the will?"

"Tell me where you've looked, fella, and I'll tell you where it ain't. What's 'at you been drawin'?" Gib surrendered his sketch. "Kid's clever," Flink asserted. "Lamp 'at, now. Ever see the beat?"

Shave rumbled over the unkind caricature. "Take a slant, Lefty." He passed the pad on. "You don't know Sam Lanning, but take it from me that's his spit. Who learned ye to draw like that?"

"Nobody." Gib took the pad, which Mr. Garrison relinquished with a polite if an evasive face. "I can't draw, really. There was an artist, a regular one, visiting next door to us, last summer. He said I ought to go to New York and study; and my stepmother would have let me, I think, if Sam Lanning hadn't claimed it was only an excuse to cut loose and run wild."

"Well," Shave bluntly asked, "wasn't it?"

"Maybe it was." Gib laughed. "All the same, I sort of would like to find out if I could do anything."

"Why don't you find that will, then?"

"If any. Besides, I wouldn't know where to start looking."

"What about that box you was tellin' about last night?"

"Box?"

"Safe—the one the old lady's jewels was in. You don't remember, but you told me all about it. Listen," Flink enjoined, looking first to Shave, then to Garrison. "Gib's stepmamma, see, keeps all her cracked ice in a box by her bed. Nobody but her's supposed to be hep to the combination. But Gib knows it."

Gib had tired of his sketch and was tracing shapes of no significance round the head. As Flink went on, the pencil strayed, and began to jot down Arabic numerals in one corner of the paper.

"But when this flat Jarnol and his broad comes up from N'York for the funeral, Gib don't let on, see? He figures everything inside the box is comin' to him, anyway, under this will that's turned up missin', and he don't just see givin' some 'un else a chanst to lock their hooks on the ice. So Lanning says the way to do is get an expert to open this box, and gets an answer (*Turn to page 102*)

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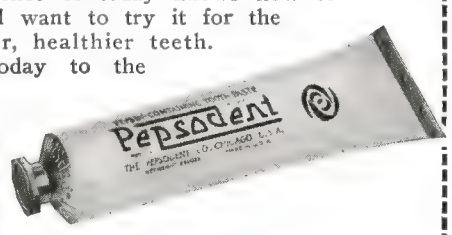

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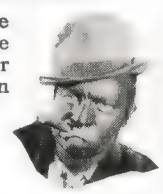

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THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 100

back the guy's on the road and ain't expected in for three-four days. Now if you was Gib, wouldn't you want to be on hand when the box is opened and make sure this will ain't tucked in cosy between a tiara and a sunburst, maybe?"

"I would so." Shave eyed Gib. "And why don't the boy take a look for himself?"

"How can I? I'd have to sneak back and get in the house without anybody seeing. And if I got caught, I wouldn't put it past Stuart Jarnol to have me put in jail for burglary."

"Naw, naw! The boy can't do nothin' like that now, Tim—'s too late. Only way is for him to hire a lawyer to sit in when they open the box."

"That's an idea. How about it, young feller?"

"It's a swell idea," Gib patiently conceded. "There's only one catch in it. Where am I going to find a lawyer to represent me for nothing?"

"Well!" Flink gave in with the generosity of a disinterested friend. "You got a long ride ahead, fella; and with this storm comin' up you better get started."

"I'm all set, whenever you are."

"Fair enough. You'll only make one call, at Halfway House. Ever been there?"

"I can find it. About forty miles?"

"'At's why I ain't givin' you more to do tonight. Mort Penny—he runs Halfway House—phoned in a hurry call. You just go to Halfway House and get back as quick's you can. Tim will fix you a cot in here for tonight. Here!" Flink got up in time to stay the hands that were ripping that cruel likeness from the pad. "What's the idea?"

"Oh, I don't want to leave this lying around."

"Give it to me, then. You don't want to throw away anything swell as that, fella. No, on the level, I'd like to keep it."

THE nine-eleven northbound, a worm of golden scales, was inching out along a river, the sky above the stenciled ridges livid, when Gib swung the Hup away from Shave's and overland on rising grades.

A hot wind was lifting the road powder in clouds, drops of water were pelting through, when he finished changing a tire some miles out. Then the deluge pounced on the coupe with a howl. The newly fitted spare breathed its last in turn while the car was crawling through a village, in whose public garage Gib was able to make the second change without getting drenched. He couldn't hope now to see the makeshift bed he was promised before three in the morning.

The resilience of youth was his friend; he nursed as mementoes of last night's madness only a parched throat and the rankle unabated of that self-disgust to which he had waked up. To offset these he had a reminder to set the blood racing—that he was launched at last on a career whose rewards were meet for a man of spirit, and not in pence merely, but in thrills as well.

He found the first in pulling up to interrogate a State cop in the heart of Appleton. If this one as much as suspected how rich with contraband the rumble was . . .

But he only said: "Wonder what's doing out in that dump this time o' night! You're the second sucker in two minutes that's asked me how to get to Halfway House. There goes number one now—pipe his rear light? Tail it, brother—you can't go wrong."

The red eye paced the Hup some two miles out of town before turning to climb a wooded low hill with a diadem of glittering windows, and halt, at the top, beneath a shed in the lee of the road-house. Here Gib found the driver of the first car, a Lincoln, already down, but delaying in order to arrive at an understanding with the other occupant of the front seat. He was a well made young man, lifting a not unhandsome profile and cavalier smile to the door. The hooded light on the dash painted with warm tints and shadows the face of a girl leaning over the wheel, and lent soft shine to her eyes. Gib, sensitive to an indelible impression of elegance and charm, caught a snatch of her voice, and felt that he would rather like to hear it laugh. That which answered was of a ruder order and carried when it brusqued the girl with "Don't worry. Leave it to me!" Then the man rounded on Gib, the jut of his heavy chin a challenge. "Who the hell are you rubberin' at?" And muttering, he flung off to seek the entrance for guests, round the corner of the road-house.

Gib, more modestly content to try the first door at hand, discovered that it led through a service bar to a lobby, where two had their heads together over the registry desk. Of these, one was the pilot of the Lincoln, scribbling in the guest book; the other was by every badge the host. With these cocked cynically at the line still wet from the pen, he unhooked a key from a numbered board and beckoned a boy in livery. "Here, George: show this party twenty-seven and see if it suits him. Will I send out and tell your lady, Mr. McPeake?"

"You will not," the McPeake person advised him. "I'll see to that myself if I'm satisfied with your accommodations."

HE BECAME simultaneously aware of Gib waiting his turn, blasted him with the evil eye, and took to the stairs in the wake of the page.

The man behind the desk turned an unimpassioned gaze to Gib. "And what right have you got to stand there looking like that?"

"I've just run over from Cobb's Ferry, Mr. Penny. Where do you want me to leave your laundry?"

"Laundry?"

"The wet wash."

"Oh, that! Just heave it in the side door and tell Harry to stow it away in the linen closet. Here's the check. If you're hungry, find a waiter and tell him what you want."

Gib returned to the shed, and was bringing out the cargo of the rumble when McPeake reappeared with his swagger and opened the door on the far side of the Lincoln. He was surprised when, having lugged his bundles into the bar, he came back to see McPeake still holding the open door, the girl still in her seat and showing no disposition to leave it, something like a dispute unmistakably working between them.

With no more immediate concerns of his own to mind, Gib made bold to pull up, cock his head at an interested angle, and persevere in this impertinence even when McPeake broke off to give him a look so baleful that he could see lightnings play in it.

The gesture was ill-timed: a slender arm shot out and the door slammed; McPeake whirled back with an oath, the self-starter growled, the motor woke up with a roar. The man lost his head at that, and leaping up on the running-board, threw the door wide and reached in to catch the girl's arm.

"Don't be a damn little fool!"

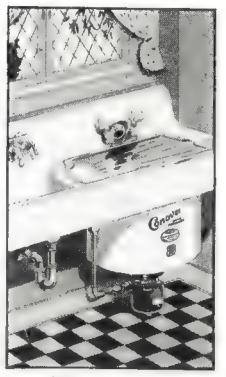
One furious yank all but haled the girl forth bodily. Gib heard her cry out in pain, and waded into an affair that was none of his.

TAKEN below the knees by a flying tackle, that violent man toppled, cursing and catching at the door till the girl planted a hand on his chest and pushed. He came down then in a crash which should have stunned him but didn't; Gib, carried off his own feet, refound them no more quickly. He ducked a wink too late, the night blew up with a deafening blast, and abruptly he found himself flat on the dry ground, with his enemy standing over him and drawing back a murderous foot. Instinct rolled Gib over, the kick that would have ruined him glanced from his hip, its unspent force threw the man across him in a sprawl, and this proof that he had to do with one who fought to cripple if he couldn't kill, transformed the boy into a thing of primitive fury. A time of bestial scrambling at close grips passed like a snatch of a nightmare. He was free of a sudden and up again, the man reared back to rise, and Gib stepped in with both fists swinging. Either blow by itself would have turned the trick: the victim was crumpling under the first when the second found the point of his jaw.

A thunderbolt straggling hours behind the van clapped heroic applause, and Gib felt tenderly of his cheek. The earth was bucking and pitching; he was afraid he was going to be sick. Then something tugged at his sleeve, an unforgettable voice called "Please! Oh, please!" and he swung a blank gaze to the girl and suffered (*Turn to page 105*)

who wants to "do dishes" after every meal ?

EIGHT to ten less dishwashings a week—three to four hours less time required in the kitchen each week! Such were the average results of a nation-wide test of the CONOVER Electric DISHWASHER among over one hundred Consultant Housekeepers of Delineator Home Institute.



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CONOVER Electric DISHWASHER

Washes, Rinses, Dries Home Dishes

PORTABLE MODEL

Both the CONOVER Electric DISHWASHER SINK and the Portable CONOVER have been tested and approved by Delineator Home Institute and Good Housekeeping Institute.

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The new *Sink* Model CONOVER has rubber plated dishracks, which insure quiet operation and avoid chipping of dishes; large flexible capacity with special space for stemware; sliding drainboard top. No specially low trap required. Easy to install in old or new buildings.

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SEE FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS IN MAY 11TH NEWSPAPERS

No. 333, Open arm chair *No. 334, Leather chair* *No. 7E, Table* *No. 332, Tufted back chair* *No. 7F, Cabinet* *No. 331, Sofa*

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A dentist first devised it. A dentist's critical standards have ever since watched over its preparation. With the scrupulous care he would use in safeguarding the teeth of his patients, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., developed the formula of this dentifrice which bears his name.

He made it mild. He made it safe. He chose only those ingredients for cleansing the teeth which the most critical member of his profession would approve. He demanded continual vigilance in every step of manufacturing—watchfulness over the purity of every tube bearing his name. It was indeed a "dentists' dentifrice."

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Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 102

himself to be drawn toward the purring Lincoln, but balked as his wits began to settle.

"What's the idea? Why don't you climb in and beat it while the going's good? You ought to be a mile on your way."

"I can't drive," the girl said. "Don't you understand, that's what I want you to do for me?"

The glow of a window was full upon her face now, and Gib saw it with the stare of one who wakens to find a dream come true.

"But you—you started the motor!"

"I know." A helpless little laugh made witching music. "I was going to try to drive."

"Of course. You couldn't tell whether you could drive a car or not, could you, until you tried?"

"I had to do something. Oh, please get in and take me—anywhere—it doesn't matter. He may come to any minute."

"Fair enough," Gib agreed. "Hop in. Anywhere you say."

HE TOOK the wheel, the girl at his side. The limousine began to back out, its swinging lights picked up the huddle that was McPeake, and the young woman worried.

"Oh dear! I hope you haven't killed him."

"No such luck. I'm glad I'm not going to be here when he comes to."

"You aren't afraid. You thrashed him!"

"Holy mackerel! If I hadn't, he'd 've destroyed me."

The car slipped down the hillside. "Which way now? Where do you want to go?"

"Home, if it isn't too far for you—Lenox."

"Massachusetts?"

"Is it so far away?"

"Oughtn't to take us much more than three hours."

"My gracious! Where are we now?"

"Somewhere north of Appleton, New York. How come you didn't know?" The girl made no reply. "Guess we got enough gas."

"Charles filled up in that town back there.'"

"You mean Mr. McPeake?"

"I mean the chauffeur. His name isn't McPeake."

"And yours isn't Mrs. McPeake, is it?"

"Of course not! What makes you ask?"

"Oh, I just happened to be standing by his side, back in that road-house, when he was registering."

Gib respected the silence that responded, but when he slowed down to consult a signpost at the next crossroads, he shifted one glance aside. A small smile, wistful and warm with distress, made him acutely aware that he was not only admired but at the core of his intentions admirable, a man whom any woman in trouble might turn to in confidence.

"See here," he ventured when the car was once more in flight, "you don't want to take this to heart so."

"You don't know. I've been an awful fool."

"But what's happened can't be helped. The worst you can say about it is you're out of that scrape and no harm done," he said.

"All the same, I'm ashamed." she insisted.

"You needn't be. It wasn't your fault," he said.

She frowned. "But it certainly was."

He was well inspired to say: "You don't have to tell me anything, you know."

"But I want to. You've got every right to wonder, and I'm so grateful——"

The girl's hands were nervously lacing on her knees; but when Gib impulsively offered to soothe them they fell still so instantaneously that his hand returned to the wheel.

"I beg your pardon."

She said as if she hadn't heard: "I want you to let me tell you—I'm Lyn Castaigne. Henri Castaigne is my father."

Gib said "French?" in a key which told the truth, that the name meant nothing to him.

"My grandparents were, on my father's side, but he was born in this country. New York's our home. We only go to Lenox for the hot weather."

"I suppose you must be awfully rich. Hope this is your car."

She glanced up, surprised. "It isn't. Why?"

"I was only hoping I wouldn't be sent up for stealing somebody's automobile."

"You won't be. It's my aunt's. She'll be mad enough to send somebody to jail; but it was Charles who put me up to taking the car without her leave, and of course I'll be blamed—and I deserve to be. I hadn't any business permitting him to suggest such a thing. I shouldn't be surprised if he's been badly spoiled by women . . ."

She made a pause, but only to order her thoughts.

"You see, father came back from France last week by way of Canada, and is motoring down with friends who are to drop him in Lenox tomorrow. I've been stopping with my aunt in Greenwich, Connecticut. She's my mother's sister and we don't hit it off too well. But I finished school last month, and there wasn't any place else for me, pending father's return. She's a widow, but not at all old, and so smart and attractive the men are all crazy about her. So I was in the way—and we did nothing but make faces at each other from morning to night until, yesterday, Aunt Jennie announced that she was going to New York for several days; and I didn't fancy the prospect of being left behind, all alone in a country house, and we had a row that ended in her packing off and telling me she didn't care what became of me. The servants listened in, of course, and talked among themselves; and Charles, the next time I used the car, suggested that we drive up to Lenox tonight, so that I could be on deck to surprise father. I thought it would be fun, rather, and pretended I'd been asked out to dinner—so the other servants wouldn't think it strange—and everything was all right until we stopped for dinner. Then I began to see what a lunatic I'd been."

"Why? I mean, why did it take you that long?"

"Because it wasn't until we were having dinner that Charles began to be impossible. It was a rowdy road-house. He insisted on my dancing with him, and I couldn't refuse without making myself conspicuous; and he made the most sickening love. He drank a lot, too. I was scared stiff, but hoped I could kid him along till we got home."

SHE had a vexed, short laugh.

"We started out at last in the teeth of this storm, and found the road all torn up. Charles said he knew a good detour, and we turned off into a country I wouldn't have known anything about if it had been broad day, and drove and drove and drove! Then Charles said we were lost and he didn't believe we could possibly make Lenox before morning. I said we'd simply have to keep going if it meant his driving all night; and that made him uglier than ever. The engine wasn't running at all well——"

"I know—bucking and taking easy grades so hard you had to go into second."

"I don't see how you knew."

"Your chauffeur friend had the choke pulled half out. Any motor will act sick when you treat it like that. I fixed it while we were coming down that hill."

"I didn't know. I don't know anything about motors. And Charles said he wasn't going to risk getting stalled. So he drove up to that road-house and said he'd get me a room where I could rest while he was fixing the engine. He wouldn't listen to my objections; and when he came back to tell me they had a nice room, I said I wouldn't get out except to get into another car. If I was afraid of being compromised and father's making a fuss, he said, he'd be willing to do what he called 'the right thing' and marry me! And when I simply laughed at him—well! about that time you interfered. And," the girl ruefully wound up, "I'm perfectly ill about it all. If the story ever gets round—if any one should ever tell father—!"

"It isn't likely anybody ever will," Gib admitted. "You can count on me. I'll never breathe a word."

"I know," the voice at his shoulder said with new softness— "I (*Turn to page 106*)

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THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 105

know you won't. It's funny—don't you think?—I should feel so absurdly sure of you, considering I don't even know your name. But there's Charles——"

"He'll never squeal on you. If he does, he'll stand a swell chance of doing eighteen months for taking an automobile without the owner's consent."

"But he was supposed to use my aunt's car to take me anywhere I wanted to go."

"That's all right. To begin with, the only place Mr. Charles ever drove you last night was Greenwich railway station, d'you see?"

"I don't believe I do."

"It's easy," Gib insisted. "It was like this: You were so mad at your Aunt Jennie and dead set on being home to surprise your father, you decided to go up to Lenox by train. I'll have to leave it to you to alibi your not turning up there till all hours this morning. You know better than I do how you might have got on the wrong train and been carried to New Haven or some place and had to take a taxi over."

"But how I am going to explain having Aunt Jennie's car, if I traveled by train?"

"You won't have it. It's going back to Appleton with me. I've got to get back to Halfway House somehow, you see, to pick up my Hup. I'll run this bus into a ditch somewhere, get mine, stop at the police station and tell them about the abandoned Lincoln I passed. They'll run it in, trace the license number, and get in touch with your aunt. She'll find out from you that the last you saw of her car was when it dropped you at Greenwich station, the cops will spread the glad news that Charley boy's wanted for joy-riding and leaving his employer's car in a ditch, and that baby won't look for another driving job this side of Pittsburgh."

"But what if he has made off with your car in exchange?"

"He couldn't. I had to get the key out of the switchboard to open the rumble, and that locked the ignition."

After a lull he heard a quiet chuckle: "You are ingenious! But tell me: This inventive streak—shall we call it?—was it the gift of a good fairy at your christening? or is it the fruit of long practise?"

"I've had a heap of practise." Gib grinned over the wheel. "I've always been the prize black sheep of my home town."

"Aren't you boasting?"

"Don't ask me. I might tell you."

"I don't believe you're a black sheep," Lyn Castaigne announced. "I think you're a lamb."

THAT was a strange epithet for Gib to treasure. Yet it was memory of a fair, tall girl, slender and straight and sweetly poised, a girl with lovely, honest eyes smiling goodbye from the door to a home like a summer palace, which compensated for the aches and pains that punished him all the way back to Appleton. And when he had lodged his information about the abandoned Lincoln, it was a quaintly light-hearted if sleepy Gib who headed the Hup toward Signal.

Towards nine o'clock of a morning bland and clear, he parked it in front of the cab company's office and lurched across the sidewalk to be saluted by Dan Carruthers, dyspeptic genius of the enterprise, presiding alone at the telephone desk, with a speechless gape. But when the irritated boy began to repeat himself, Carruthers came to with a rattle.

"All right," he croaked, slipping down from his stool. "George Norton locked yer grips up in the back room last night for safe keepin'. He's got the key, but he'll be 'long any minute now. What in time happened to the side of yer head?"

"Bit a mosquito and it smacked me."

"Might 've known ye'd give me some smart aleck answer!" Carruthers edged uneasily toward the door, eyeing Gib mistrustfully. "I'm goin' over to King's for some smokin' tobaccy," he added. "'F anybody should happen in afore I git back, tell 'em I won't be but a minute."

Gib gave half a nod. He was sorry he hadn't gone straight back to Shave's and the cot in the harness room. Sleep was a threat like a positive physical presence.

Something like an iron clamp fastened on one of his shoulders, making him start.

"Well, of all the dumb fools!"

Unmistakably the drawl of Hartford Soule, the sheriff: just as it was Soule's hand that pinned him, Soule's carved brown face that mocked him, backed by a ring of faces, to the last one mocking.

"Leggo! What's the idea, anyway? What's the joke?"

"It's on you, Gib." Soule waited for the crowd to cackle. "You pulled it on yourself, boy. You're pinched."

"Pinched!" Could it be possible that he was being arrested for bootlegging? So soon! "You're craz—you're mistaken, Harf—Mr. Soule. I haven't done anything."

"You'll have to prove that, sonny. Nobody but you could 've known how to open that safe in Mis' Parke's bedroom without blowin' it and steal all her jools, 'bout three o'clock 's mornin'. Stuart Jarnol's ready to swear it was you. Get a move on, now: we're goin' to take a nice little stroll round to the police station."

NOBODY paid any attention to stammered denials. Gib gave over. He hadn't a dog's chance—not in this town.

"Git goin', young man!" The sheriff bore down again. "Anything you've got to say for yourself, save it up to tell Jedge Gannet. Mebbe he'll believe you."

"Hot chance!" Gib saw himself marched, one arm in the law's grim hold, through streets where everybody knew him. "Do we have to walk, Mr. Soule? I've got a coupe outside."

"All right."

Soule roughly steered his prisoner out through a pack that hailed the move with hoots. Gib kept his head down, and once back at the wheel, stepped on the accelerator and made a pace down Broadway which distanced the great news. The Hup took the corner of the town-hall block on two wheels and stopped short where green lamps flanked a doorway. Here was no reception committee of fellow townsmen gathered to gloat and crow. Even Sergeant Eddie Lambert, on desk duty, lifted a stare of wonder.

"Hello, Harf! Got your man, eh?"

The sheriff, with a complacent grunt, caught up the telephone.

"Sit down, Gib," the sergeant continued. "Who pasted you that one on the old bean?"

"Nobody. Skidded in bed last night while I was pounding my ear."

"That you, Mr. Jarnol?" the sheriff called. "Hartford Soule, speakin' from police station. Got yer burglar. Yeah . . . No, no—easy: any dumb-bell would 've known enough to watch where the young fool left his grips."

"Can I use that telephone?" Gib asked as Soule hung up.

"What for? Gittin' yourself a lawyer?"

"I don't need any lawyer. I've got an alibi all wool and a yard wide. I only want to phone to Shave's garage, down in Cobb's Ferry, and tell Tim Shave his car's all right, and he'd better send somebody up here to get it."

"I'll 'tend to that." Soule looked up the number and put in the call. "Shave know you took the car? How'd he come to let you?"

"I told him what all you churchgoers thought of me: he said he didn't want any better character reference."

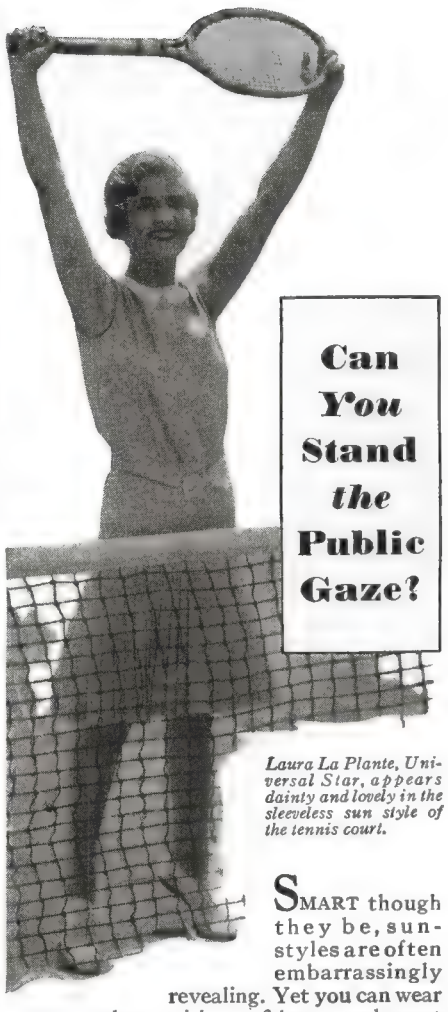
"Bet he'll be glad to know he's goin' to git his car back."

The sheriff withdrew to confer with the chief of police in his office. Next J. Stuart Jarnol strutted in with frosty glasses, and Sam Lanning, with the airs of an oracle justified. "Well, Gib!" he said. "What was that crack of yours about headin' straight for Sing Sing or a drunkard's grave?" and the two were invited to join the closeted authorities.

After some time Charlie Madigan, chief of police, short and four-square, with stony blue eyes, beckoned Gib.

"Stand over there, Parke," he ordered. "We want you to answer some questions; but it's my duty to warn you first, anything you say may be used against you."

"Will be, you mean." But in the presence of these four implacably biased inquisitors, Gib felt panic stir like a snake in his bosom. "I don't mind. Shoot. You haven't got the ghost of a case against me." (*Turn to page 118*)



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TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

EACH IS A MUCH DISCUSSED TYPE IN THE MODE

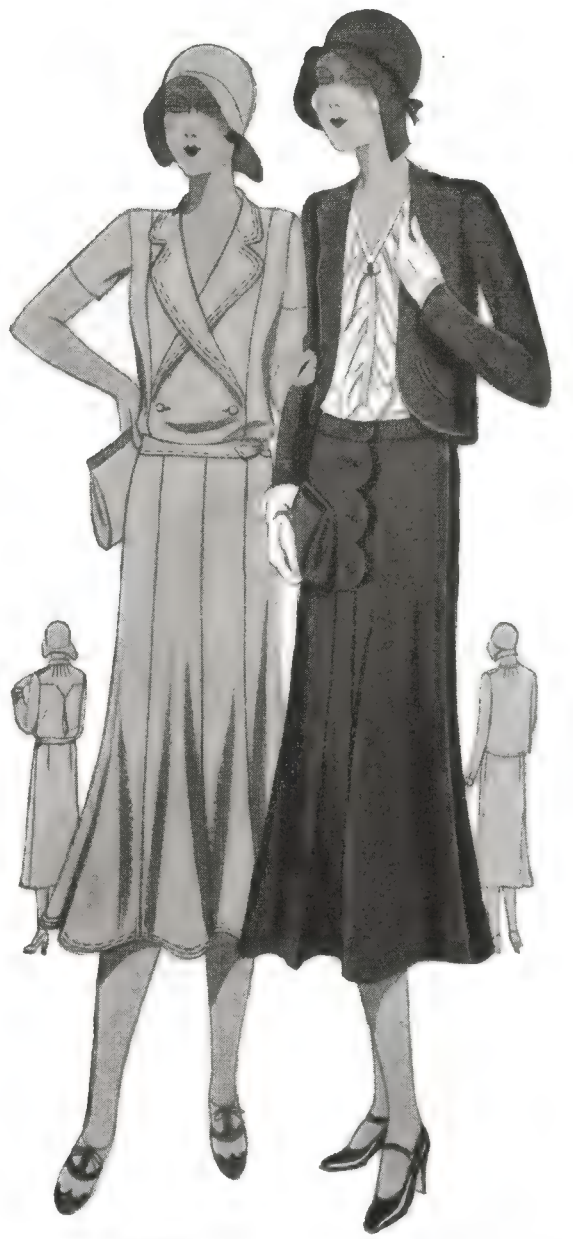
3190 3197 3237

THE SHORT-BLOUSE FROCK

3206 Designed in accordance with the edict from Paris that blouses must be short. And the newest short overblouse is on a waistband. This one has brief sleeves, crossed revers, and a plait in back. It fits snugly at the natural waistline over a six-gored skirt, flared in front. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20).

THE BOLERO SUIT

3217 2568 This suit for youth—and for those of youthful figure. Its bolero jacket is worn over a tuck-in blouse with gathered frill. The skirt has buttoned scallops down to the inserted narrow bias flare. There are similar insertions at each side. Natural waistline. Suit designed for 32 to 40; blouse for 32 to 44.



3206 Suit 3217 Blouse 2568

THE PLAITED-CAPE FROCK

3190 The newest version of the popular cape—a drop - shoulder capelet, which is plaited and divided at back as it is at front. The skirt is group-plaited and attached low and the narrow, tied belt may be worn at the natural waist or lower, as one chooses. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20) and 40.

THE SHIRTWAIST FROCK

3197 This is one of the famous shirtwaist frocks that got a flying start at that French resort of great chic—Cap d'Antibes. The blouse with its brief sleeves, fagoted yoke and fagoted collar, is tucked in a yoked and flared skirt. The narrow belt is at the natural waistline. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20).

FROCK AND CAPE

3237 This little detachable capelet is a great convenience for a sleeveless frock—and such a smart accessory! It ties with white. The scallops match the scallops on the flared skirt. The bodice closes at the left and is joined to the skirt at the natural waistline. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20).

TWO SMART LENGTHS FOR AFTERNOON

A FLATTERING NECKLINE

3192 A draped neckline that ends as a scarf tie in back lends a certain softness that is most becoming. On this frock also one finds the raised waistline bloused and shirred which makes it so much more wearable. Its pretty sleeve is short and its skirt flares from a pointed outline. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20).

THE DIRECTOIRE SLEEVE

3196 The Directoire pouf is outstanding among the countless kinds of new sleeves this year. And it adds just the right quaint touch to this frock with fairly high belted waistline and flaring six-gored skirt falling from a flattering scalloped outline. Simple V neck. This afternoon frock is designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20) and 40.

3192 3196

3202 3196 3222

SCALLOPS EVERYWHERE

3202 This year scallops seem to be on everything. On this frock they finish the straight edges of the tiers and frilled cape-sleeves. The frock is very simple and therein lies its charm. Scallops, ribbon belt and bow match the color of the polka dot. Square neck. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20).

DOWN TO THE ANKLES

3196 This is the long and formal length for the picturesque afternoon frock. It is made of printed net with bertha cape and six-gored skirt (on a scalloped outline) edged with footing. The ribbon belt may be moved up or down to suit one's own ideas of waistlines. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20) and 40.

BLACK ORGANDIE

3222 Black organdy is a new fabric, particularly the thing for the picturesque afternoon dress. This is the new length for such a frock. The bodice is fitted, the skirt is gathered and very full, and scallops make all edges interesting. Quaint fichu and puff sleeves. Designed for 32 to 38 (sizes 14 to 20) and for 40.

ANYDAY IS A NICE DAY TO WEAR THESE

FLOWER-GARDEN PRINTS

3198 A fresh little dress made of printed lawn and bound around the collar, pocket, and cuff edges with bias fold tape. It has tiny gathers at the shoulders, and pockets, and a little ribbon bow. You wouldn't know it but there are one-piece panties to match, underneath. Designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

FROCKS HAVE THEIR OWN JACKETS

3226 Here is a little cotton ensemble consisting of a sleeveless jacket with capelets over the tops of the arms and a sleeveless frock. There are two pockets on the jacket and the frock has the important scallop trimming plus buttons on the front of the body. Ensemble designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

HIS FIRST SUSPENDERS

3230 He will feel quite grown up when he marches forth in this little suspender suit, for it has all the ear marks, so he thinks, of a man's outfit. Shirt with a collar and tie, sleeves, short to be sure, but with cuffs, and pants held up by suspenders and a few buttons. It is designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

ANOTHER REVIVAL

3234 The jumper frock comes back again to the mode, and here is one that is classically simple. The body, with short sleeves and bow neckline, is attached to the straight plaited skirt. The jumper is separate and bloused slightly at the waistline by tucks. This jumper frock designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

FULL BENEFIT OF THE SUN

3236 The healthful sun's rays fall where they will do the most good for the little person who wears this sun suit. The back is bare except for the ladder straps and brief pants, and the bib in front makes it sufficiently modest to avoid shocking the neighbors. Sun suit designed for 21 to 26 (sizes 2 to 8).

LIVE IN A SUN SUIT

3236 They wear them all day long at the beaches or on the sand piles and the sun's rays do no end of good to their little bodies and growing bones. This suit is simply made with an apron-like front and straps that cross in the back and are joined to the top of the pants. Designed for 21 to 26 (sizes 2 to 8).

CONTRASTING SCALLOPS

3191 This time the vogue for scallops finds expression in the neatly bound collar and cuffs that trim a gaily printed cotton frock. The frock has a side closing with four buttons, a straight skirt with inverted box-plaits and the little puff sleeves that are this season's. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

POLKA DOTS

3195 This little frock with flared skirt joined in bolero outline is correctly simple, furthermore its simplicity is interesting. The collar, short sleeves, cuffs and panel down the front are of plain cotton edged with narrow Val lace. Bows match the dots. One-piece panties . Designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

BUT THESE ARE FOR PARTIES AND SUNDAY

FLOWERED DIMITY

3218 This diminutive person looks tremendously important in this new frock and rightly, for it is an important one. Its straight, shirred skirt is sewn to a scalloped Empire bodice. There is a collar of plain, lace-edged organdy and cuffs to match for the pouf sleeves. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

THE RUFFLED BOLERO

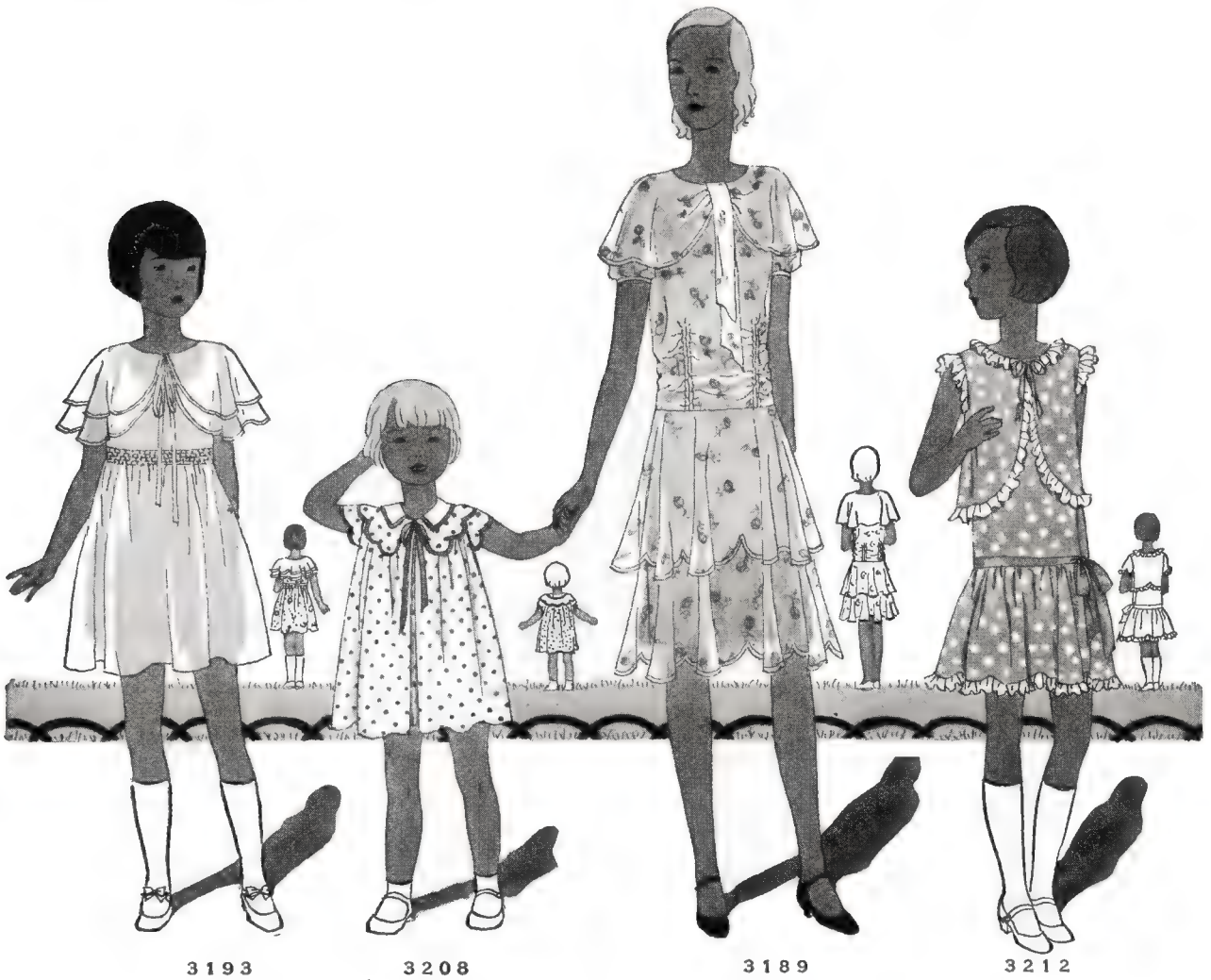
3204 A charming accessory to one's frock. One may wear them together as they have been sketched, or, on especially hot days the sleeveless frock alone is cool and smart. The flared skirt contrasts with the attached bodice, and matches the jacket with its brief sleeves. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

TWIN CAPELETS

3081 Little shoulder capelets are very smart for this party frock of crêpe de chine. The skirt is all ruffly with flared tiers—just the kind of a skirt for dancing. The ribbon-bow sash and the flowered shoulder knots are dark, to contrast with the light tone of the frock. It is designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

A SCALLOPED BERTHA

3220 It gives this frock the nicest of necklines for a little girl. A ribbon bow ties in front, and underneath the bertha the fulness is simply gathered. A simple design is stitched along the hem of the straight lower edge. The frock is for two shades of crêpe de chine. Frock designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).



A REALLY HIGH WAISTLINE

3193 Here is a really high waistline—and it is charming. The full skirt is shirred to the brief Empire bodice of this frock. Capelets are in keeping with the traditions of the period, and are here tied with a ribbon bow. It is made of voile which is delightfully cool. Designed for 23 to 28 (sizes 4 to 10).

DOTTED SWISS

3208 This fabric is a childhood favorite—especially when the dots are colored. It is nice for this frock with the very brief scalloped sleeves and a scalloped yoke. A bow ties at the tiny collar and there is an inverted plait in front. Separate one-piece panties. Designed for 20 to 24 (sizes 1 to 6).

PUFF SLEEVES AND CAPE

3189 There is a new romance to young party frocks. This one is fashioned of printed silk. The sleeves are short, but not too short to show beneath the little cape. The basque top is smartly gathered to suggest the princess silhouette. Two flared tiers for a skirt. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

BOLERO SILHOUETTE

3212 Polka dots are smart. So are frills. This frock has both and it places the frills to best advantage around bolero edge, hemline, neckline, and armholes. The skirt is straight and gathered, and the sash and little bow at the neck are of ribbon matching the dots. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

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THE NEW MODE CREATES A NEW TYPE · THE "MORNING FROCK"

COLOR WITH WHITE

3219 If the dress is white, the smartest color for trimming is blue. Navy blue and china blue accent the interesting lines of this short-sleeved frock. The skirt, attached in a point, is plaited at the front and back. The narrow belt can be placed where you like it. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

THE BOLERO IDEA

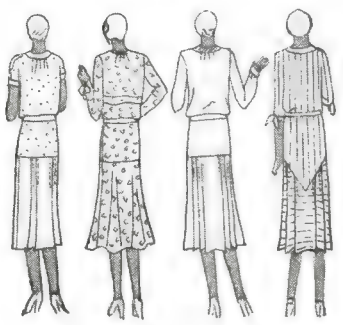
3228 The bolero idea, which is so important just now, is carried out on this frock by band trimming—a simple way to obtain this smart effect. The skirt is flared and in the correct sports length. The narrow belt gives it a high waistline. This short-sleeved frock is designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.

THE SPORTS SLEEVE

3232 It's called demi-sleeve, polo sleeve, quarter sleeve—all names that describe the same sleeve, and this is it. The frock has shirtwaist lines—a tailored body attached to a plaited skirt—and it may blouse or not, as you like. Lingerie collar and tie. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and for 38 to 48.

A NEW NECKLINE

3240 For sports, the plaited frock which has been in the background for some time, is once again the smartest frock. Here the plaited skirt is attached in an up line in front, down line in back. The crossed neckline bands turn into flared and most individual jabots. Designed for 32 to 36 (sizes 14 to 18) and 38 to 44.



3210

3214

3216

SHORT BLOUSES ARE NEW BLOUSES

EYELET EMBROIDERY

3210 The revival of old fabrics has brought back eyelet embroidery. It is used for this charming, very feminine blouse with circular fagoted jabot and roll-back collar, and short sleeves with bows. Wear it as a tuck-in or overblouse. The length is noticeably shorter than last year. Designed for 32 to 48.

THE LINGERIE BLOUSE

3214 Remember the shirtwaist? Here it is back again—hemstitched collar and jabot, buttons down the front, and all. It's one of the important new blouses. This one is sleeveless but it may have short or long sleeves. Shown here as an overblouse, it is also smart to wear it as a tuck-in. Designed for 32 to 48.

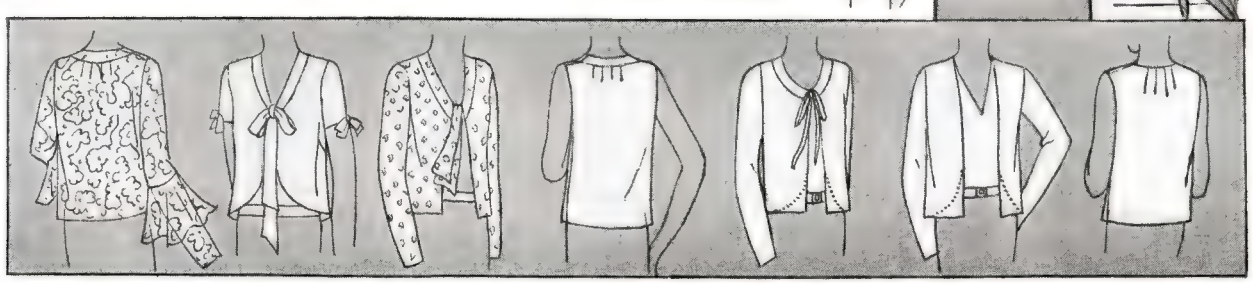
THE IMPORTANT BOLERO

3224 It is the littlest of the little jackets, but it's one of the most important. This one, with a flare running all around and with flared sleeves, may be worn as an evening wrap, as a jacket to make a formal dress less formal, or as part of a suit. Five variations of it are shown below. It is designed for 32 to 44.

IN WAISTLINE LENGTH

3216 The blouse that comes just over the waistline is very popular for, though it looks like a tuck-in, it has the easier line of an overblouse. It ties at each side and a double point tab is pulled through slits. As a final gesture of chic there is a scalloped cape over the arms. It may have sleeves. Designed for 32 to 40.

3224



3224 3224 3224

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THE NEW MODE AND THE DIFFICULT FIGURE

3213

SLENDER OR NOT

3213 Whether or not you have kept your youthful slenderness you will find this frock becoming, for it has a surplice closing with soft jabot, a diagonal straight gathered skirt, bloused waistline, and three-quarter sleeves. Designed for 34 to 48.

CHIC IN ALL ITS DIGNITY

3207 Dignity is an essential part of the chic of the mature woman. This one-piece frock has it in every line—in jabot, flare that narrows as it spirals to the belt placed at the top of the hips, and sleeves with soft flares. Designed for 34 to 48.

3207

3188

SLENDER IN APPEARANCE

3188 Right at the top of the hips is the best place for the waistline if you are not slim. This frock has its belt tied there beneath a vestee with bows and long, slenderizing white neckline. Straight gathered skirt, tie cuffs. Designed for 34 to 52.

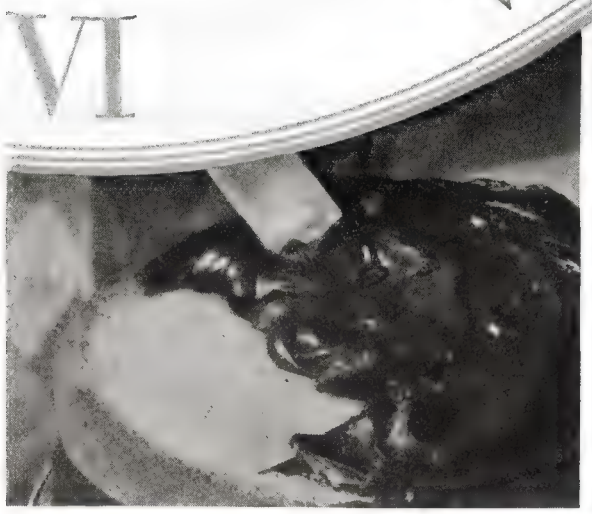
FOR THE LARGER WOMAN

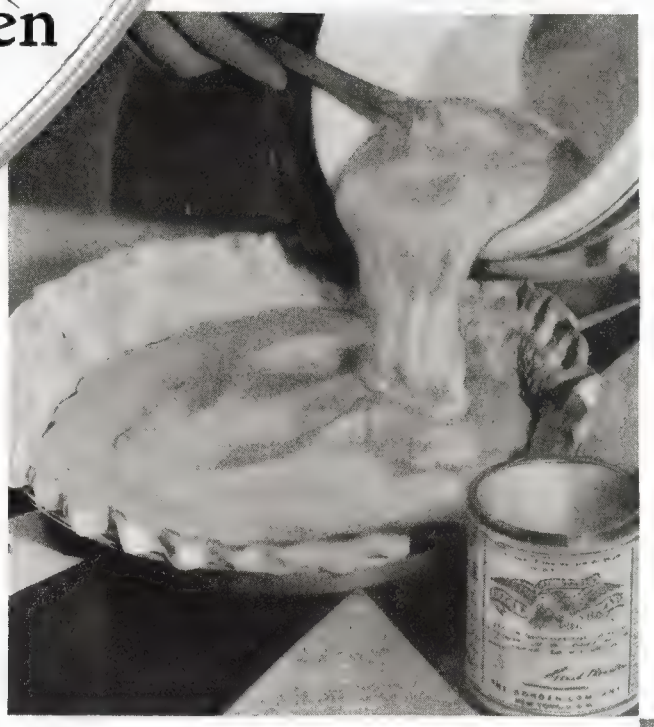
3201 The lingerie collar and cuffs of this frock are a smart note. The larger woman chooses a V neckline and her short sleeves must be three-quarter ones. The belt may be tied where she chooses. Straight gathered skirt. Designed for 34 to 52.

3201

Quicker and Easier!

Old methods have changed...here are magic new recipes for busy modern women





Oh, lady, lady... don't do that!

Nobody should spend a whole afternoon beating oil into mayonnaise drop by drop. Try this recipe. *Throw* it together—you just can't *make* it fail!

MAGIC MAYONNAISE (*It never fails*)

Beat 1 egg yolk thoroughly, and add in following order ⅔ cup Eagle Brand, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup pure cider vinegar and ¼ cup salad oil. Stir with fork or beat with Dover egg beater. If oil is disliked, melted butter may be substituted.

Why cook *a pie filling?*

Here's a perfectly gorgeous Lemon Cream Filling—rich, smooth, delicious—that can be whisked together in a bowl in a jiffy without going near the stove.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING

Place in a bowl 1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Add to this ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, and 2 egg yolks. Blend well together. Pour into baked pie crust, cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites stiffly with 2 tablespoons sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until brown. Chill before serving.

Be sensible about it . . . !

Have you been putting in a half hour or so on the making of a chocolate frosting? Tut, tut! Try this 5 minute magic recipe and hear your family rejoice. It's the smoothest, creamiest, chocolate frosting you could ever imagine. It goes on the cake beautifully, with long, luscious, swirling strokes, and it stays put—perfectly.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING—Place 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler. When chocolate is melted, add 1⅛ cups Eagle Brand and cook 5 minutes over boiling water, stirring frequently. Add 1 tablespoon of water, beat until smooth. Cool before spreading on cake.

Cocoa-makers, rejoice!

Still making cocoa by the old blend-and-boil method? Reform! Here's how to make the world's smoothest, creamiest cocoa—*right in the cup!* It takes less than two minutes—it saves using a saucepan—and it cuts the cost of your cup of cocoa almost in half! Once you've tried it, you'll never use another method.

HOT COCOA (*Made in the cup*)

Place in a cup 2½ tablespoons Eagle Brand. Add to milk 1½ level teaspoons cocoa and a few grains of salt. Add ⅔ cup boiling water and blend well before serving.

• • •

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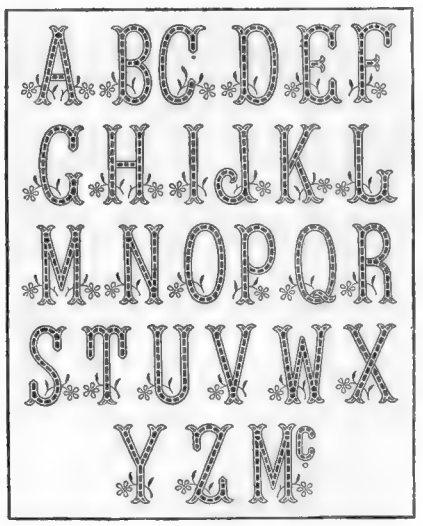
THE VOGUE OF THE FABRIC BAG

16089 Remembering that matching accessories continue to be matters of importance, one may contrive a bag that shall match one's frock to the extent that it is of the same material, and it may be decorated with serried rows of Italian quilting

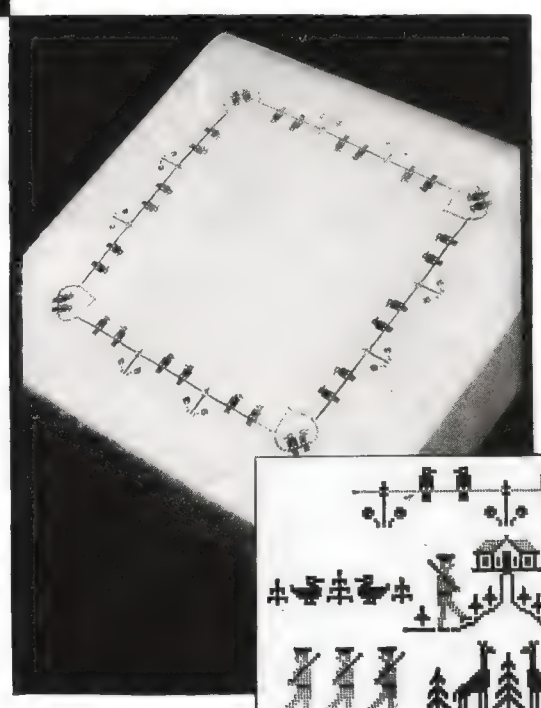


16087

16087 Letters of cutwork stand out clear and distinct, and these, with their tiny floral sprays, are appropriate for one's finer linens. In sizes varying from 3 to 4 inches, they may be used for sheets, pillow-cases, towels and other linens of the kind

16090 One has a wide choice in the mode of working the gracefully draped basket which decorates this cushion. It may be in chenille, silk or wool embroidery or it may be quilted

16090



16088 Cross-stitch, with its quaint stiffness, is extremely simple if one remembers that all the stitches must be crossed in the same direction. Needless to say, it is wonderful for nursery things, and a row of blackbirds with a suitable supply of red berries literally transforms a plain linen bridge cloth

16088

Miss Marie Ashley will be glad to answer any questions about needlework if you will write to her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

SPRING IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

From Joseph comes a printed silk suit, embroidered in rayon. On a black background are small red and white flowers.

Light as a feather for spring and smoothly fitting are the flesh-colored, hand embroidered rayon brassiere and panties from Kayser.

THE shimmering richness of rayon, its gorgeous colors and supple draping qualities are ideally suited to the luxurious mode of 1930.

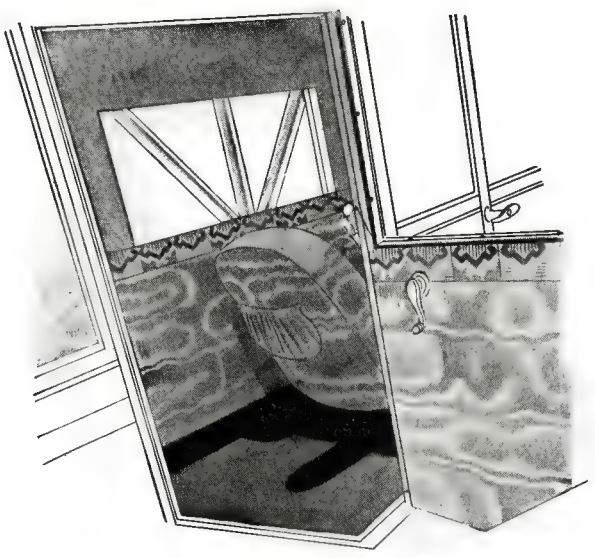
In the smart woman's wardrobe one sees evening gowns, wraps, suits, shoes and underwear of rayon, as often as in the older textiles. These new fabrics are sometimes all rayon, sometimes combinations of silk, wool or cotton, and rayon. Whether lace, satin, crêpe, or mixed weaves, all are chic.

Not only the fashionable woman's clothes and accessories, but her home, her car, and her custom-made plane possess more lavish beauty because of the new man-made textile, rayon.

Beauty, dependability and economy—these have brought rayon into the limelight of the fashion world.

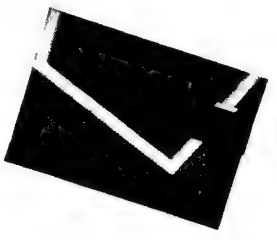
An evening dress of striking beauty is of rayon lace in a modern design. The bodice is white and the flounces that create the skirt are sapphire. From Kurzman.

AND IN THE AIR



The chic aviatrix chooses for the ceiling and upper part of the sides of her plane a beige rayon and cotton fabric; for the lower interior, a dark red rayon and cotton rep moiré. The braid trimming is beige and red. The outside is in three tones of red. Fabrics from Schumacher.

This new-size hat box, 14″ x 14″ x 9½″ high, is bass wood covered with cowhide. The top, tray, and bottom are lined with rayon and silk. The partitions may be removed. The bottom holds four hats. Arthur Gilmore.



Nat Lewis sponsors the vogue for black and flesh in a bag of unusual chic, made of black rayon flat crêpe, with pale pink patent leather for trimming.

A variation of the court pump is created in ivory rayon brocade with a collar of gold kid. Ornamented at the side with a rhinestone buckle. From Delman. A beautiful evening sandal in white rayon brocade is trimmed with gold kid and a topaz buckle. From Delman.

RAYON

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3029	40	3070	45	3111	35	3152	35	3193	35	3234	40
3030	50	3071	50	3112	50	3153	45	3194	50	3235	50
3031	40	3072	50	3113	50	3154	25	3195	30	3236	25
3032	45	3073	35	3114	35	3155	45	3196	50	3237	45
3033	35	3074	45	3115	40	3156	25	3197	45	3238	50
3034	45	3075	30	3116	45	3157	45	3198	30	3239	50
3035	35	3076	35	3117	40	3158	30	3199	50	3240	45
3036	50	3077	25	3118	35	3159	45	3200	35	3241	45
3037	30	3078	45	3119	50	3160	25	3201	45	3242	45
3038	50	3079	35	3120	45	3161	35	3202	50	3243	40
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3043	35	3084	50	3125	40	3166	45	3207	50		
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3045	30	3086	50	3127	35	3168	45	3209	50		
3046	50	3087	30	3128	45	3169	35	3210	35		
3047	35	3088	40	3129	45	3170	45	3211	45		
3048	50	3089	40	3130	45	3171	50	3212	35		
3049	35	3090	50	3131	35	3172	45	3213	45		
3050	50	3091	50	3132	35	3173	50	3214	35		
3051	35	3092	50	3133	50	3174	50	3215	50		
3052	50	3093	30	3134	30	3175	50	3216	35		
3053	40	3094	50	3135	45	3176	40	3217	50		
3054	50	3095	45	3136	45	3177	50	3218	30		
3055	35	3096	50	3137	45	3178	40	3219	35		
3056	50	3097	40	3138	45	3179	50	3220	35		
3057	35	3098	45	3139	45	3180	45	3221	45		
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3059	45	3100	50	3141	35	3182	45	3223	50		
3060	50	3101	50	3142	35	3183	45	3224	30		

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16080	25
16081	40
16082	35
16083	40
16084	30
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16088	35
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16090	35
16091	35
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THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 106

"Maybe so, maybe not. If not, you can't object to tellin' what you did with your time between five yesterday afternoon, when you left your grips with the cab company, and this morning when you called for them."

"Well," Gib began, "I stopped at the De Luxe dog wagon first and got my supper. Then I went down to the station and took the seven-twenty to Cobb's Ferry."

"What'd you want to go there for?"

"To see if Tim Shave would give me a driving job."

"What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, his father used to work for us; and I thought maybe he'd give me a chance to make enough to pay my fare to New York. And he did."

"Jumped at the chance, eh, and started you cruisin' in that coupe first thing?"

"Not exactly." Gib took a deep breath and plunged off the deep end. "A man got off the nine-eleven and wanted to go to Appleton; and Shave didn't have anybody else to send."

"And you drove this man to Appleton all the way through that storm?"

"Well, I couldn't very well duck it, could I?"

"Less lip you give us, the better for you, Parke. Who was this man?"

"He didn't tell me his name."

"Whereabouts did you leave him?"

GIB licked nervous lips. To mention Halfway House would be to court an investigation which might not only uncover the true nature of his errand there but drag in the name of Lyn Castaigne.

"What's the matter? Know where you took this man, don't you?"

"I—was just trying to think."

"Better not try. Less thinkin' you do, the more likely you'll be to come clean."

"But I don't know any streets in Appleton. He just told me what turnings to take and where to stop; and it was pretty dark and raining cats and dogs, and I didn't pay much attention to what the place looked like. It was just a house in a yard with a picket fence. That's as much as I remember."

"All right," Madigan wearily agreed. "What did you do then? Drive back to Cobb's Ferry and go to bed?"

Now the snake of panic was wildly thrashing.

"No, I—started to, but I had tire trouble, first one flat, then another; and the last happened when I was miles from anywhere."

"Made both changes while it was rainin'?"

"Only the first. It had stopped when I was able to make the second. The Hup had only one spare, so when the second shoe went flooey I couldn't do anything except sit and wait till a farmer came along in a Ford, little after daybreak, and sold me a tire patch."

"You didn't get his name, either, of course. And then what did you do?"

"Well—I'd been out all night, anyway. I thought it wouldn't make any difference to Tim Shave if I stopped up here and got my bags."

"So you spent most of last night, four or five hours anyway, after midnight, sittin' all by yourself in your car on a back road—doin' nothing! Expect us to believe that?

"I'm only—only telling you how it happened."

"But the first flat—" Madigan harked back— "you made that change in the rain, you say?"

"Yes."

"And didn't get wet?"

"I—don't remember."

"Oh yes, you do. You couldn't have changed a tire in that shower without gettin' soaked through and your knees all mud, could you?" Gib swallowed hard. "Never got that swat on the head changin' a tire, did you?"

"But I——"

"Is there anything to be gained by going on with this farce, Mr. Madigan?" Jarnol acidly put in. "It must be apparent to the meanest intelligence that this boy is lying. I am prepared to take my oath that your prisoner is the thief whom I caught sneaking through the house in the dark, early this morning, and who got away only after a desperate struggle in the course of which I struck him precisely where this boy's face is bruised."

"That's a lie, and you know it, Stuart Jarnol!"

"You keep a civil tongue in your head, Parke," the chief of police snapped. "Guess you're right, Mr. Jarnol; we're wasting time tryin' to give this specimen a fair show. Town court sits day after tomorrow at ten A. M. Will you be on hand to press the charge? Good enough."

Those hard blue eyes swung back to Gib. "It's your last chance, Parke. Mr. Jarnol here doesn't want to be hard on you, I know——"

"Oh, no! He wouldn't lie like a hound to send an innocent man to jail, J. Stuart Jarnol wouldn't. Why, he's got a heart as soft as a hyena's!"

Madigan threw open the door and called to Sergeant Lambert: "All right, Eddie. Search this man and lock him up."

Gib's quixotic chivalry brings the shadow of prison bars very close. His further adventures will be in the June instalment of this new and fascinating novel by Louis Joseph Vance

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 83

of lilies. Girls sauntering the pavements in muslin frocks reminded him of Flo. How was life treating her, he wondered, now that the temporary officers, who had contributed to her comfort, had returned to their peacetime jobs of being bank clerks and plumbers.

Tooting its horn, the taxi swung out of the throng into a back water of old world tranquillity.

Before a dwelling with a blue door, the taxi driver jerked to a halt. Gordie unloaded his bags and gun-cases as though he were the master returning from a holiday.

As the taxi moved off, he raised the brass knocker. The maid who answered betrayed surprise at his weather-beaten collection of belongings.

"Mrs. Darfree's expecting me," he assured her.

"I don't think so, sir. But if you'll give me your name and step inside, I'll inquire."

"I'll have to bring these things with me," he said.

The maid left him in the hall while she mounted the stairs. He heard her tap and enter. She was gone for a full five minutes. When she returned, she handed him a note and waited to show him out when he had read it. The note began without preface:

Foolish to have come. Again it's too late. Wisest not to see me. You won't want me.

"Your mistress will see me." He looked up.

Crumpling the note, he had dashed past her and was leaping up the stairs. A landing. A door to his left. Opening it, he found himself in a long and narrow room. The next instant he discovered Gay. She was stretched on a couch, pretending to read a book.

Without a word, he slipped across the threshold and closed the door.

"Why too late?" he challenged.

She looked up, fairly amused, turned her book face downwards in order not to lose the page, and offered him her hand.

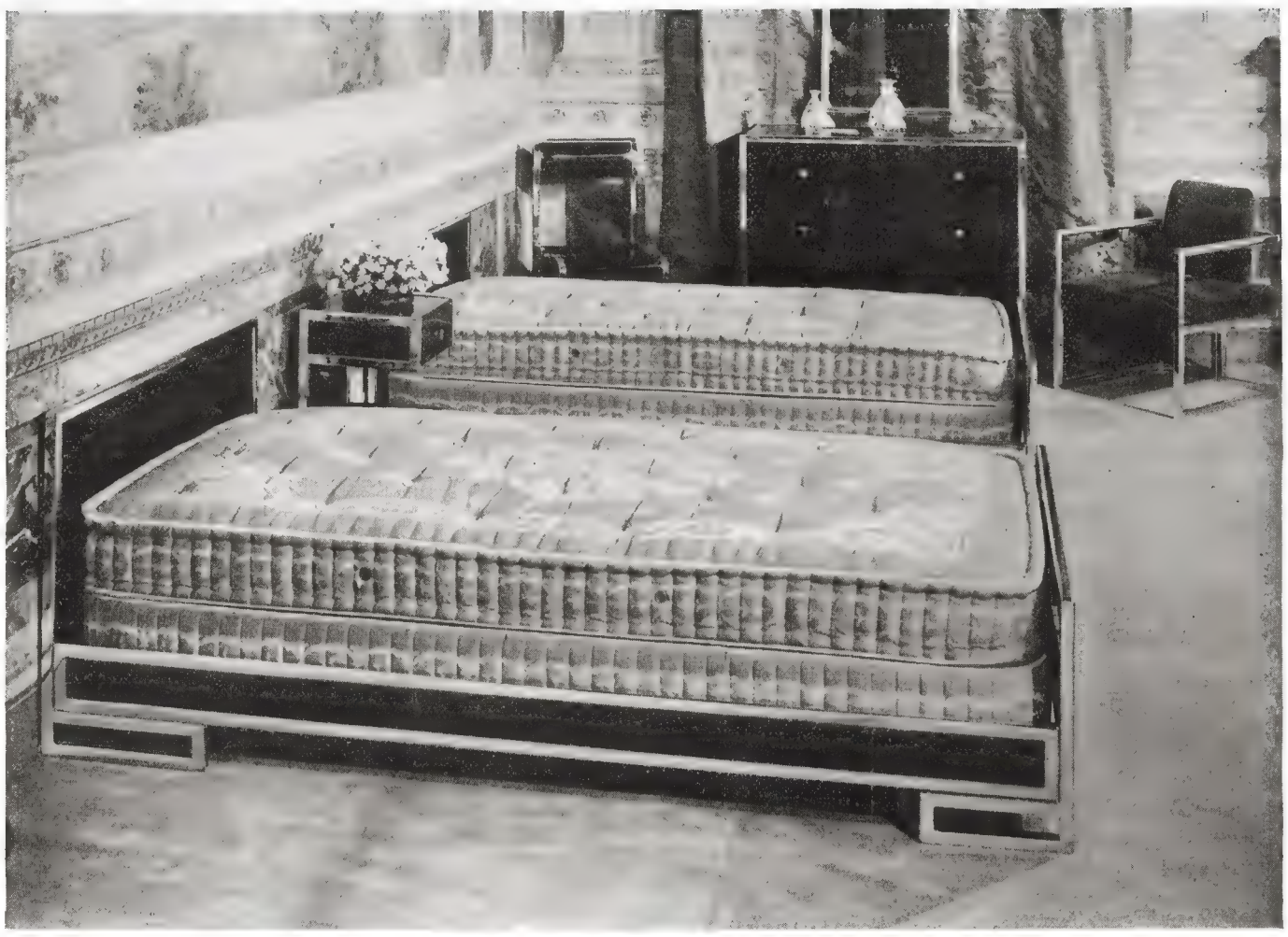
"Sorry, old thing. Afraid I've brought you on a fool's errand."

"It isn't the first." (*Turn to page 120*)

the duchess of sermoneta

has taken back from America to her ancient Roman palace the "extraordinarily comfortable" beautyrest mattresses which she discovered in our "amazing country" . . . . .

vittoria colonna, duchessa di sermoneta, is a member of the famous italian family, whose records go back to the year 900



Fot. Vasari, Roma

● "An achievement in comfort typical of your amazing country." So says Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta, beautiful descendant of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Italy. She refers to the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on which she slept in the home of distinguished friends whom she visited during her stay in America over a year ago. "I must send some of these wonderful mattresses and springs home," the Duchess said. And there they are today, the most modern of mattresses—in one of the most ancient palaces of Rome! The Duchess's experience is also that of thousands of Americans who learn, in the homes of friends, of this new type of mattress with its heart of tiny, resilient coils. Now the Simmons Company have produced a second inner coil mattress, the new Deepsleep, at a price that millions can afford.

The Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12. Beds, $10 to $60. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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● Above. Corner of bedroom in the historic Palazzo Sermoneta. Against its marble and frescoed walls, a modern suite in metal designed for Simmons by Norman Bel Geddes offers a rich and interesting contrast. The complete suite consists of nine pieces.

Below. A glimpse into the gardens with their orange trees and fountains.

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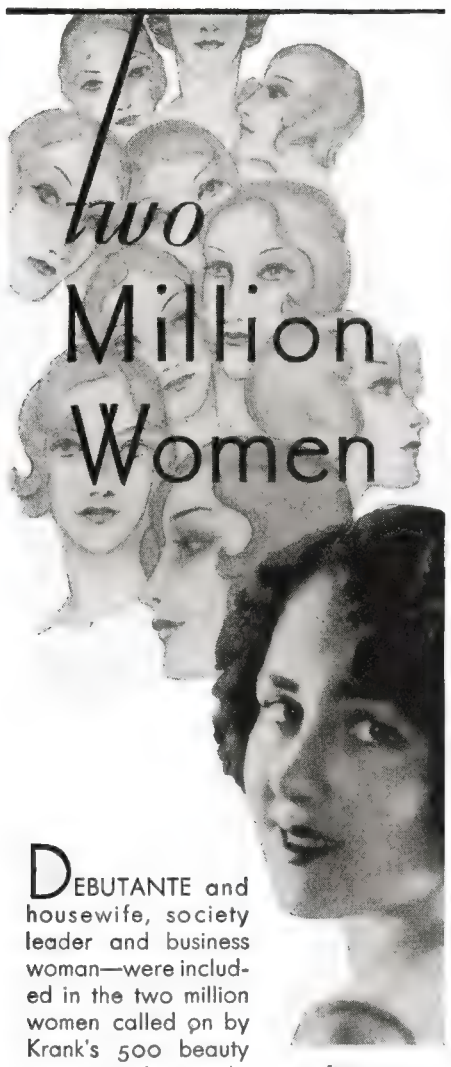

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BORED TO DISTINCTION

Continued from page 25

motions bore you, but if you do them correctly, they will bother you less than if you do them only halfway, because a little stretch of doing them properly will show you results that are interesting, anyway!

If your chin is inclined to be a little spineless, discouraged and saggy, there is a fine natural astringent in your ice-box. Any time you want to get back the firm look of youth in your chin and breasts—and no one can look chic with a loose chin or with breasts which sag instead of being round and firm under the tight little basques that have come back into the world—put on some facial oil or nourishing cream—work it in well—and then run ice over neck and chin and breasts. Do it both morning and night—you'll be surprised! And then put a circulation ointment on them, twice a week. Back they'll come into shape.

Ice is good for the face, too, but never on the cheeks—the skin is too thin there and the veins too close to the surface. It's all right if you have cloth over the ice or thin cotton pads over the cheeks. And never hold the ice still in any one spot—keep it moving and don't do it so long at a time that you shrivel!

TEN minutes' exercise morning and night contribute to that splendid look of well-being which grooming brings about. Stretch and bend in the morning and roll and stretch and do the in-and-out at night. We'll have to take this waistline business seriously whether we want to or not—it has come to "set a spell"! And it's time it did—we can use a little curve or two after all those straight lines—if we'll only keep our heads and refuse to go "waspish."

To keep a velvety, even look—no shiny spots as the hours roll by—it is almost necessary to use a foundation cream. Powder goes on best with a flat puff; smooth it over and then sort of work it in.

Paste rouge or liquid, of course, go over the foundation and under the powder. Dry rouge goes on top of the powder. Use a more vivid rouge and lipstick in the evening than in the daytime if you want to get the most brilliant effect. Never take your lip-paste to the corners of your mouth, but get it well inside the lip. No one but brunettes should use black mascaro—everybody else should use brown—and especially blondes and elderly people. And when it is dry, brush it off with a clean brush; it gives a softer finish.

Topknots need very faithful care in order to look groomed. You have to go an added inch beyond the usual care: immaculate brushes, and faithful brushing for ten minutes a day. Then, once a week, go to a good hair salon and be massaged.

Nails have to have attention every day. Softly push down the cuticles after each washing, never clean the nails with a sharp instrument, but with a nail-brush or, if necessary, cotton on an orange stick. The bright coral color is very chic these days and is charming if the hands and nails are beautiful. If they are merely normal, better stick to natural color.

No air of well-groomedness can emanate from you if you are careless about mouth hygiene. Mouth washes are a very necessary part of an *élégante's* toilet.

It is not possible to send out a bona fide impression of elegance, gracious living, groomedness—whatever you like to call it—without doing every single one of these things. One slip-up and we are betrayed.

If you could know the number of beautiful actresses who aren't beautiful at all—they are only groomed!

Remember, as a child, how bothersome it was to eat as nicely as your mother wanted you to? Think how comfortable it makes you now—and no trouble at all—all automatic.

Half the road to distinction is to bother with necessary details; the other half is to be smart enough to learn not to be bored by them. Escape by making them automatic, first of all get your technique and then teach your body to do it without asking anything from the mind. Then take that time your body needs and give it to your mind to play with—dream, remember, meditate.

Bodies are the Marthas, busy with many things; minds are the Marys, sitting at the feet of joy and wisdom and infinite understanding.

And the end of the road is Perfection.

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 118

He greeted the tips of her cool fingers. "If you'll pardon me for saying so, you're an incurable flirt."

"Not any longer." She gazed up at him through long lashes. "My husband's death has sobered me. You seem to have forgotten it."

"I'm forgetting nothing. On the contrary, I'm remembering that when your husband was living you summoned me all the way from Africa that I might help you to betray him."

"You must have flown." She laughed nervously.

"We were discussing the fact that you're now a widow." He ignored her interruption. "Far from complicating the situation, your husband's death has removed an obstacle."

"Unfortunately it hasn't. You read my note. I not only wrote that you were too late—I added that you wouldn't want to see me."

Her aloofness angered him. She was indulging in her old tactics—holding him with words at arm's length.

"As for wanting to see you—" he imitated her carelessness—"I'm the better judge of that. That I do want to see you, my presence proves. Your letter inviting me to come and steal you reached me in the jungles, months after it was posted. The reason you gave for your request was that you belonged to me—always had. I agree with you. It seems that you've developed scruples. I would be interested to hear what has aroused them. Is it that you've discovered noble qualities in Darfree now that your appreciation of them can't help him?"

"You're funny, Gordie." She rested her head on the cushions. "You can't guess how funny. My husband was killed in a brawl by a German ex-officer he had insulted. Knowing my husband, I'm certain the German received every provocation. I don't want to sound harsh and condemning, but I've never deceived myself. My husband's fatality was the most fortunate release that could have happened."

"Then you've discovered ignoble qualities in me since you wrote that letter," Gordie suggested.

"I haven't." She turned quickly. "Please don't say that. It hurts most frightfully."

His earnestness caught flame at her flash of sincerity. He seized the hand that was nearest to him, crushing it between his own. Going on his knees to her, he kissed it from the finger-tips to the elbow. She struggled faintly. When he looked up, she was smiling mockingly.

Without permitting her a chance to jest, he began to pour out his reasons for needing her. He had always needed her. As a boy he had fancied himself engaged to her. He attempted to rouse memories of past tenderness. The ranch days, when he had accompanied her to school. That journey down the lake, when he had seen her off to England in her forlorn little black dress. Their night on the downs, when he had made a nest for her of bracken. Their day in the spring wood when she had pledged herself to him afresh.

"You can't take care of yourself, Gay. You were always irresponsible. You never could. I sometimes doubt whether you know the difference between right and wrong. That's where I come in—I do. I'm exactly the person to protect you."

She heard him patiently to an end. Then, "But all that's changed since I wrote you." She paused. "Get up, Gordie. You'll feel ridiculous there when (*Turn to page 122*)

You'll like this instant deodorant

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"STRANGERS STOP NOW TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL

Yet Only a Few Weeks Ago She Was Nervous, Pale and Underweight"

A Swiss Discovery That's Working Wonders For Nervous, Underweight Children

DISCOVERIES have been made in Switzerland that throw a new light on the underweight, nervous child.

The result of those discoveries—*an utterly NEW TYPE and supremely delicious food-drink*—has spread over some 54 different nations of the world, largely through medical influence.

New to America, it is virtually a national beverage in most of Europe. Over 20,000 doctors are already advising it.

The two examples of its results, pictured on this page, are typical of thousands of others coming from mothers in practically every part of the world.

It may do much or it may do little for your child. But, in light of what it has done for others, we think you will agree that trying it is well worth while.

So that you may first test it, before purchasing a larger quantity, a special 3-day supply coupon is printed below.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered cocoa, chocolate, malt or sugar mixtures offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D*.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

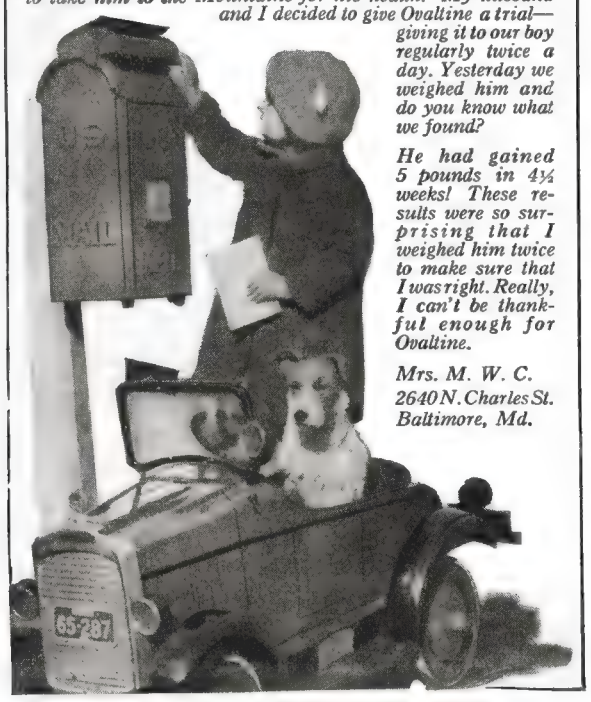
*(*Note*): *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"He's Gained 5 Pounds in 4½ Weeks"

After my little boy had had his tonsils removed I found it impossible to build up either his nerves or his weight. He was much underweight and so fretful that I thought I might have to take him to the Mountains for his health. My husband and I decided to give Ovaltine a trial—giving it to our boy regularly twice a day. Yesterday we weighed him and do you know what we found?

He had gained 5 pounds in 4¼ weeks! These results were so surprising that I weighed him twice to make sure that I was right. Really, I can't be thankful enough for Ovaltine.

Mrs. M. W. C.
2640 N. Charles St.
Baltimore, Md.



"Strangers stop now to admire my little girl, yet only a few weeks ago she was nervous, pale and underweight"

Only a few weeks ago my little daughter was nervous, pale and underweight. Her appetite was poor, she even refused her milk and her sleep was fretful and restless. People used to look at her and remark that a city is no place in which one could raise a healthy child. Naturally, this made me decidedly unhappy.

Finally, I took the child to the doctor who advised Ovaltine. A short time after she began drinking it we noticed results that are almost unbelievable. She has rosy cheeks, a gay, happy manner, an excellent appetite and is gaining in weight.

Strangers stop now to admire my little girl. And I no longer hear remarks about the city being no place in which to raise a child.

Mrs. A. D. H., Jr., 12 East 8th Street, New York City

We Send Mothers 3-Day Supply • • • Note Coupon

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE WANDER CO.
180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill. Dept. F-20

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER C

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

Name .....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person) 709

OVALTINE The Swiss Food-Drink

you cannot conceal —you can destroy

Use this proven, permanent method

IT WAS proved many years ago that ***ZIP*** would ***permanently destroy*** hair growths. Since then hundreds of thousands of women have been using it with amazing success. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars and has won the approval of the Medical Profession.

ZIP is not to be confused with depilatories which merely burn off the surface hair by chemical action. ***ZIP*** gets at the cause . . . the roots . . . and in this way ***destroys*** the growth.

ZIP IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

leaves no trace of hair above the skin; no prickly stubble later on; no dark shadow under the skin.

It is a harmless, fragrant compound free from sulphides, and pleasant to use. Moreover, there are no disagreeable fumes, no discoloring of porcelain and tile. ***ZIP*** acts immediately and brings lasting results. ***ZIP*** is sold on a money-back guarantee basis.

Treatment, or *demonstration without charge* at my Salon.

Sold Everywhere in Large Combination Package

Madame Berthé *Specialist* 55

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

By mail, in plain envelope, tell me how to be entirely free of hair. Also send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" without charge.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE

Continued from page 28

durable. These walls are broken by double shuttered doors painted Nantucket green, a bright medium shade that we have come to identify with shutters on the tidy cottages of New England fishermen. One of the doors leads to the main part of the house, the other to the sun room that we described last month.

THE two remaining walls (walls in the airy Japanese sense) are composed of porch blinds made of thin strips of wood; these can be ordered from the manufacturer in sizes to fit your porch, and they will be finished in any color you desire. We chose natural dark brown because it seemed to fit in best with our idea of making the porch a liaison between indoors and out.

The blinds can be rolled up and down to control the amount of sun, wind, and privacy that seems desirable at any time. A fence of saplings, enclosing a small terrace, contributes further privacy; it is broken by a low curved gate that leads to the garden. Both fence and gate were purchased from the manufacturer.

To avert the ardor of a noonday sun, and to give protection from the rain, we stretched awning canvas, striped in orange and black, over beams painted Nantucket green. The canvas can be rolled back in the freshness of the morning, or when night sends her silver messengers to tighten romantic heart strings.

We chose reed furniture in a modern design of simple excellence. It is painted a bright, clear, camellia rose, the strongest color note in the room. Armchairs, settee, and chaise longue all have deep cushions covered smoothly in pale, almond-green fabrikoid, which, as you know, is impervious to moisture and can be cleaned readily with a damp cloth. We rather fancied the cool suave look of a plain color on this porch, but perhaps you'd prefer a flowered chintz. In that case we'd advise your choosing a large all-over design rather than stripes that might conflict with the vertical lines of the furniture.

A table, as you can see, is set for a final round of bridge. Here contracts, bids and rubbers, misdeals, renigs, and trumping partners' aces will be forgotten in the spell of tea and gossip.

The card table itself, and the comfortable little chairs, are made of metal, lacquered bright red. They all fold up, and can be stowed away in a small space. The table has a sliding arrangement under each corner for the disposal of glasses and ash trays, keeping the board clear while the game is in progress.

Our hostess is not as concerned as usual with her score. She knows her triumph will come with the laying of the table for tea. She thinks of her fringed cloth of natural linen, embroidered in bright playing-card motifs, of how cleverly the king of each suit will show through the faintly pink glass of her new plates. She thinks of pink tumblers resting in trim silver coasters, of the graceful modern pattern of her new tea knives, of the smoking set with its triangular trays for ashes. She is not the least worried about the loss of a few contracts because she knows that her table will be the ace of all trumps, that the afternoon will be hers no matter what the tallies say.

Summer winds are unable to scatter ashes deposited in this practical ash-receiver

Accessories establish the final bonds of joyous concord between house and garden. A metal birdcage, painted two shades of green, allows "Tickey-bird" to compete in the open warbling championship. And white terra cotta urns of classic mold, standing on square pedestals in each corner of the room, are filled with plants that echo the color scheme, and suggest, in their arrangement, a fantastic fountain: striped aspidistra rises gracefully in the centers, and ivy cascades darkly down the sides, over the rims banked with intensely red geraniums.

Wouldn't new curtains give you a feeling of rejuvenation? There will be many helpful suggestions for making and hanging them in Delineator for June

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 120

I've told you. I'm going to have a baby." She watched him keenly. "That does make a difference, doesn't it?"

"It changes everything," he faltered.

She curved back her arms to support her golden head. "I'm going to have a baby by a man whom you despised and to whom I, for love of you, was anxious to be unfaithful. If its father had been your friend, you might not have minded so much. It wouldn't even have been so bad if its father had been a clean-blooded chap to whom I'd had the misfortune not to be married. Moreover, I, who am to be its mother, don't want my baby. As for you, you almost hate it before it's born for taking me from you."

There was no denying her last statement. In the shock of her revelation he almost hated her. With slouched shoulders, he turned away, crossing the room slowly. His hand was on the door knob, when he heard her laugh hysterically.

"So, with an unwilling mother, plus its father's heredity, a fine chance the poor little mite will have."

Her voice broke. "The poor little mite."

Something stirred in him—a black horror. The narrow room had faded to twilight. Above crouched housetops the rose of the sunset glowered. He wasn't a man any longer. It seemed to him that if he opened that door, he would be met by his own fatherless childhood. All this bright world of freedom and adventure would vanish. He would find himself back in the Denmark Hill garden, making believe that he had a father.

He glanced furtively at the couch. There was no need to be furtive. She was a quivering outline, her face hidden.

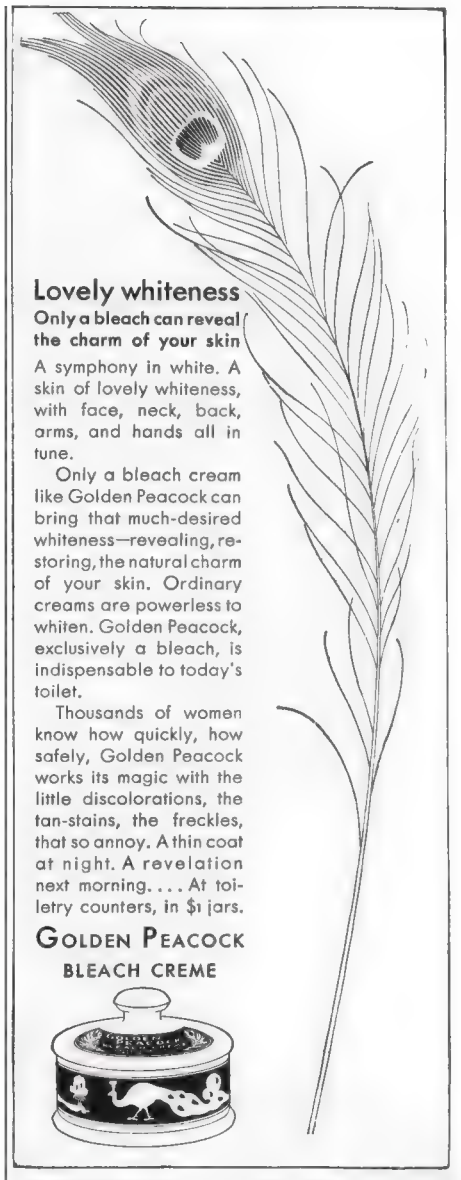
"Oh, darlingest, I would give anything that my child might have been yours. If it had been, I would have wanted it."

"Your child shall."

She looked up. He had advanced and was standing between her and the door.

"How can it?"

"It's not too late." He spoke heavily. "The child's not born yet. If you and I were to be married by the time it is born, it would never know the difference. It would have a father of your (*Turn to page 128*)



Lovely whiteness

Only a bleach can reveal the charm of your skin

A symphony in white. A skin of lovely whiteness, with face, neck, back, arms, and hands all in tune.

Only a bleach cream like Golden Peacock can bring that much-desired whiteness—revealing, restoring, the natural charm of your skin. Ordinary creams are powerless to whiten. Golden Peacock, exclusively a bleach, is indispensable to today's toilet.

Thousands of women know how quickly, how safely, Golden Peacock works its magic with the little discolorations, the tan-stains, the freckles, that so annoy. A thin coat at night. A revelation next morning. . . . At toiletry counters, in $1 jars.

GOLDEN PEACOCK BLEACH CREME

Aluminum needs Sapolio

Food cooked in aluminum ware has full, true flavor only when the aluminum is absolutely clean and spotless.

Sapolio is the ideal, safe cleaner for this peculiarly delicate metallic surface.

Sapolio keeps all kitchen ware and equipment wholesome, clean and bright.

SAPOLIO

No disagreeable dust or odor

Send to ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., New York for verses of SPOTLESS TOWN in *"Fun for Little Folks"*

SPOTLESS TOWN SERIES NO. 2

"One of those 'Model Kitchens'?"

"No indeed... I designed this kitchen *myself*"

What fun it is to plan your kitchen this easy new way! Shall we have a unit for pots and pans near the stove—or the sink? Where shall we put that clever broom closet, with its ironing board concealed in the door? How about some extra cupboard space? And don't forget that special Curtis unit with its sugar bin, flour bin and cutlery drawer that all tilt downward when opened.

THE woman who designed this kitchen has a host of friends who have called to admire her amazingly compact and convenient "workshop." It is with a little ring of pride—and who can blame her?—that she tells them, "This is not one of those 'model kitchens.' I planned this kitchen myself. No one *could* have designed it for me—because no one knows as well as I just what kitchen units I really need and just how I'd like to see them arranged."

And after all, don't you feel just the same way about your kitchen? That's exactly why Curtis Kitchen Units (and there's a wide variety of them in all sizes and for all purposes) are reproduced in Miniature Kitchen Sets. With the help of one of these Miniature Sets, you—like the woman who designed the kitchen pictured here—will find it as simple as playing with blocks to build up and tear down as many kitchen designs as you please—right on your library table. At last you'll see the very kitchen you've always wanted—yet before a single step is taken in actual building or remodeling.

Just to give you a hint of what you can do, we have prepared an attractive booklet, "Your Dream Kitchen," showing a number of Curtis assembled kitchens and suggesting as well harmonious color treatments. It will take but a moment to mail the coupon below for your free copy.

There's a lumber or woodwork dealer near you who carries the Curtis line, and who has our Miniature Kitchen Set. Ask him to call and show you this novel way to plan kitchens, or drop in to see him . . . Or make use of our Free Planning Service. Your coupon request for our booklet will also bring you information explaining how our Free Planning Service can help you to bring individuality, utility, and convenience to your kitchen.

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
396 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Visit Curtis Woodwork, Inc., Display Rooms and Sales Office, Room 201, 9 East 41st Street, New York City. Chicago Display Rooms, Curtis Door & Sash Co., 1414 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A Note of Character For Your Living Room

This English Mantel, created by Curtis, will give a note of character to your living room. Although English in origin, it is so closely related to the Colonial that it may be readily adapted to almost any type of home. In everyday items of woodwork too—windows, doors, frames, trim, porchwork—Curtis shows the same careful workmanship you see in the Curtis series of period reproductions of mantels, entrances, stairwork.

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This trade-mark appears only on Curtis Woodwork and no item of woodwork that does not bear this mark is genuine Curtis Woodwork. For your own protection, be sure this mark is on each piece.

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Please send me, free, a copy of "Your Dream Kitchen," along with information explaining how your Free Planning Service can help me. I intend to ☐ build; ☐ remodel.

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Street .....

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Approved

by the
AMERICAN
MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION

for baby

The approval of Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products by the newly organized Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association confirms the judgment of the thousands of physicians who have been prescribing the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products this past year. It carries with it approval of the Gerber method of preparation — approval of the specific products— and an endorsement of our policy of avoiding any unwarranted, exaggerated, or misleading statements as to the health or nutrition values of the Gerber Strained Vegetables for baby. If you have no infant feeding problem in your own home—speak to your friends who have babies, and tell them about the Gerber Strained Vegetables. They will be grateful for your suggestion. But if you are yourself facing the daily problem of preparing the strained vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet, and are not already enjoying the convenience, regularity, and freedom from hours of work provided by the Gerber Products — specially prepared — unseasoned — ready-to-serve — ask your doctor about them today.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Send for Assortment

Most leading grocers have the Gerber Products in stock. If your own grocer cannot yet supply you — send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10— Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
$1.00 Complete Assortment Dept. D-6— Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

My grocer is .....

THE SPORTS SCHEDULE

Continued from page 31

thousands. It was the star of the Palm Beach season, and it summered in every city in the United States.

Now, of course I didn't get the story from Mary Lewis. She is much too busy doing things to tell how she does them. But the style-interested friend who was present at the back-snipping ceremony told the episode to me with much gusto. So, remembering the story not only of that success, but other of Mary Lewis' convictions—overalls, romper sun-suits, and chukker shirts, I went to the same source for this summer's forecast.

We arrived, Pierre Mourgue and I, bent on a little calm sketching and chatting. We did both in the midst of phone calls, buyers dashing in and out, and proof boys whirling in occasionally to deposit next day's ads.

"What's on the summer sports program?" I asked in the first lull.

"The most important things are normal waists, cap sleeves, the shirtwaist suit, trousers and baby blue," she said, gathering up in one sentence the whole bothering business. "The simple, tailored, tuck-in style of short sleeved normal waist dress is due for a tremendous vogue. At Palm Beach women were buying them by the half dozen. They're the new sports length, three inches below the knee, and very becoming, too, I think. Sleeves are selling short and they're a logical hot weather fashion. The polo length, just above the elbow, is going to be smart, too, as well as the cap sleeve."

"You believe in baby blue, then?" I asked, mentally approving the blue flat crêpe dress which Mary Lewis was wearing and which did lovely things to her eyes and hair. What a lucky thing, I couldn't help thinking, when a season's favorite color also happens to be your most flattering hue.

"I think it's first and foremost for sports. Then baby pink, and of course white. To get back to the shirtwaist frock, which is worn for almost any daytime sports affair except tennis, it is just as smart in cotton as it is in silk, and both piqué and sudanette will be favorites."

"Do you think that trousers are really a fashion—or perhaps just a fad?"

"Not a bit of it. They're logical because they're comfortable, and they're modest, too. Shorts of linen or cotton worn on the tennis court are certainly much more modest than a short, full skirt. For motoring, beach wear, to put on immediately on coming out of the water and to wear for the day long sort of beach lounging which is so popular now, nothing is more practical than trousers in jersey or linen. Of striped linen or flowered cotton, with perhaps a kerchief to protect the neck from sunburn, and worn with an Antibes cotton lisle striped shirt, a big beach hat, and beach clogs, the costume is both practical and becoming."

"How about shoes and hose?" I asked.

"Taking the first thing first, the all white shoe is going to come into its own this summer, although the brown and white will still be smart. The printed cotton sandals which may match a cotton scarf will be worn a good deal to give color accent, for instance, to a white frock. As to hose, the bare leg vogue is very much on the wane. But I do think that seamless hose, which give a lovely sheen but have an almost invisible effect, will be much worn, too.

Seamless hose, knitted to fit exactly, are smart with printed sandals. Best & Co.

"What hat would you suggest for the shirtwaist type of frock?" I queried, with my eye on the very smart one on her hanger.

"That's it," she said, following my eye. "The very simple panama cloche with a belt which can either match the belt of your frock or be in plain black.

"And how goes the drawing, Monsieur Mourgue?" I asked.

"*Fini*," he answered.

So, with a consideration for the minutes of a busy executive, we retreated with a grateful "*Au revoir*."

SPRING IS NOT FAR BEHIND

Continued from page 13

went to most of the museums. They went to Versailles and Fontainebleau. They visited tiny churches lost on side streets. They spent half hours in the markets. There was nothing that Miss Potter was not willing to do, for the girl's excitement paid her in advance.

Mrs. Featherstone seldom accompanied them on their tourist rounds. She was much too busy visiting collections.

"Of course I can't afford to buy much," she confided to Miss Potter, "but I'm getting my eye in. Next year I'm going to manage to get into some of the swell places here."

The old churches and the crooked streets did not move Mrs. Featherstone to ecstasy. "Gosh, my feet!" she used to say. "I don't see how you and Lyd can stand it. It's all interesting, of course, but I guess I'm too old. I'd a lot rather get all dressed up and eat in one of those swell restaurants on the Champ Elysées, or at the Ritz. That's the kind of relaxation I like." She smiled. "You know, Miss Potter, I like a good time."

Miss Potter smiled too. "I understand. You've had to work hard. I don't blame you for wanting to play now."

Mrs. Featherstone's eyes held the older woman's. "That's it. I didn't suppose you'd understand. You're so intellectual." She stopped. "I'm only thirty-eight, you see. Loads of women at thirty-eight look like girls. Of course they're women that haven't had to worry. Some women have all the luck."

Miss Potter regarded her kindly. "You mustn't forget the luck you have. To me you are young, and you're strong, and—" she stopped—"you have Lydia."

"Yes, Lyd." Mrs. Featherstone fumbled in her cheap bead bag for a lipstick. "Next year she's going to help me. Lyd's smart."

Miss Potter nodded. "I'm sure your worst days are over."

FOR five years the Featherstones came each fall to Paris, and they continued to stop at the Pension Buena Vista. They continued to stop there, in fact, long after their fortunes justified a more pretentious lodging-place.

"It's always nice to see you, of course, Miss Potter," Mrs. Featherstone explained. "That goes for both of us. But Lyd adores it here anyway, God knows why. I, personally, can't get over having to walk a block to the bathtub."

Miss Potter looked at the two of them. It was obvious that they were prospering. Miss Potter could not determine which had changed the more since that first timid visit. Lydia looked older, but (*Turn to page 126*)

HARD WATER PLUS MEL'O MAKES SOFT WATER

Do your white clothes turn GRAY when you wash them?

Do YOU scrub and scrub and still find that your white clothes, when dry, are not *snow*-white? The explanation lies not in the way you wash, probably not in the soap, but in *hard water*—water full of harsh alkalis that combine with dirt to make a gray scum virtually impossible to wash or rinse away.

But fill your tub with dirty clothes. Add two or more tablespoonfuls of Melo—instantly the hardest water becomes soft. Quick, rich suds pile up, and *last*. Rinsing is swift and thorough. The skin of tender hands is spared.

Try a can of Melo tomorrow. It simplifies every washing, bathing and cleaning operation. At your grocer's—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

MEL'O
WATER SOFTENED
WITH MEL'O IS A
REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS

MANNERS
at the TABLE 15c
DELINEATOR, 161 Sixth Ave., N.Y.

SMELLY ODORS GO

Overnight

Apex Crystals evaporate, neutralizing stale tobacco and other odors, leaving the room fresh and healthful.

1. Foul air fills room.
2. Sprinkle Apex Crystals before retiring.
3. Crystals evaporate overnight. Foul air gone.

HERE is an amazingly simple way to banish objectionable odors from your home. Odors that actually cling to the curtains and furniture for days after the bridge party or other social gathering. Just sprinkle Apex Crystals on carpet before retiring and close room. Overnight, these crystals evaporate. Their vapor neutralizes the foul odors of the room and next morning all traces will be gone. Women everywhere are using this powerful deodorant to keep their homes fresh and livable.

In addition to deodorizing, the vapor of Apex Crystals will actually kill all moth life. Get a can today and learn the many uses of this great product.

Price for large can, only $1.

For sale in Drug and Department Stores. If your dealer does not carry, MAIL COUPON.

APEX CRYSTALS

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Dept. 96, 1401 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send.....cans of Apex Crystals for which I am enclosing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

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reducing the care of your floors

an entirely new method that keeps floors clean, polished, protected — without scrubbing and without slipperiness ■ a free 25c sample to begin

A woman wrote a letter to an editor saying that the varnish on her floors was showing wear in certain places. Could it be prevented? The editor printed an article on the subject.

Other women wrote and said that scrubbing linoleum was taking the life out of it. Yet they couldn't keep it clean otherwise. What did the Institute think about that?

Other women observed that oil on floors made them sticky. After a few oilings, dirt and dust settled into the film and could only be removed by scrubbing. Could the Institute suggest a remedy?

the remedy—

"Don't scrub your floors," the Household Institutes say (—and who wants to?). "It damages them. Wherever they are soiled, use Liquid Wax as a cleaner. Wipe over it with a few clean rags and you'll pick up the dirt without leaving a sticky film for dust to cling to."

If you want to prevent wear on varnish and linoleum, see that your cleaning cabinet contains an Electric Polisher. If you don't want to buy one right away, at least rent one at slight cost from one of the stores in your neighborhood and give your floors a protective wax polishing. It's no effort to run—the machine runs itself—and once a month is plenty.

Remember—you are doing this as a remedy for certain "troubles." BUT—after your first waxing, you will also notice an amazing transformation. The floor apparently comes to life. Almost better than new—because the effect of wax is to mellow and enrich anything it touches.

You will discover a new depth to your floors, as though you were seeing deep into the grain of the wood and the pattern of your fine linoleum. Not just one dimension, but two.

here's the way to try it—

If it sounds new to *you*, don't give it up for that reason! Try it. Millions of women are using this method and they know—as you will—that their floors were never so beautiful or so simple to take care of.

Beautiful floors. Yes, really. Just send the coupon at the opposite side for a free 25c can of Johnson's Wax, and have them—in your home—now.

The new Improved Johnson Household Polisher —and Johnson's Wax in paste and liquid form.

three steps

This treatment applies to all floors—wood, linoleum, composition, tile, etc., varnished, painted, lacquered or shellaced.

1 Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. No scrubbing.

2 Wipe up liquid solution with clean rags. All dirt and dust come with it.

3 Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month or two will keep floors in perfect condition.

free 25 cent can

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. D5,
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Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ( ) paste or ( ) liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

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Address_____

At the very first taste . . .

you'll know Pebeco Toothpaste is *working!* Not the sweet, meaningless flavor of the ordinary dentifrice. But a sharp, refreshing tang...distinctive, *active!* Perhaps at first you may not like it—but it definitely assures you that it is doing its job—affirms your real need of its help. In a week you will be grateful for the change. While cleaning and whitening the teeth, Pebeco actually counteracts the destructive mouth acids which cause decay. Isn't this *extra* result alone worth your week's trial? NOW?

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

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SPRING IS NOT FAR BEHIND

Continued from page 124

Mrs. Featherstone, on the other hand, appeared to have lost ten years. She was still slender, but the drawn and scrawny look had left her face. Each year she was dressed in increasingly better taste, and the make-up she now used was chosen with subtleness and judgment. Moreover, Mrs. Featherstone not only looked younger but she felt younger.

"I tell you, Miss Potter," she explained, "there's no tonic for a woman like success, unless it's a love affair." A distant look came into her eyes. "It's been a long time since I've had a love affair. I guess you know my marriage didn't come off. I was only eighteen. After that I steered clear of men, and of course I had Lyd to support."

"I'm glad fortune is smiling now," said Miss Potter.

The younger woman nodded. "I guess you're bound to win if you stick at it long enough, and of course Lyd's an asset now." She smiled. "I'd hate to tell you the income tax I ought to have forked over last year."

Miss Potter smiled too. "And didn't?"

"Oh, I paid my share all right." Her laugh was as naive as a child's. "Of course I had a good lawyer. Jim Brady. He's smart."

"I see," said Miss Potter.

Mrs. Featherstone inspected her nails, which were exquisitely manicured. "Yes, I reckon I've got everything now," she stopped, "except the one thing that matters most to a woman. Naturally I've had men friends. For one—" she giggled—"my smart lawyer. I like him, too." Again there came into her eyes a look both of defeat and of longing. "In some ways we've got lots in common. But, well, maybe I'm romantic. Now I'd like—you'll think I'm a fool, Miss Potter—I'd like to be made love to, you know, beautifully."

The change in Lydia was quite opposite to the change in her mother. Lydia was graver. She was lovely to look at, of course. But between her eyebrows lay the ghost of a line that had disappeared from between Mrs. Featherstone's. Lydia had to steal half hours now in which to visit the places she had squandered hours in before. Her only hours of escape were when the American buyers were being entertained.

"I can't bear those parties," Lydia confided to Miss Potter. "They're so hideously commercial."

Miss Potter was troubled. "You mustn't work so hard, my child." She stopped. "And when, as the story books say, the right man comes, don't be too preoccupied to notice him."

Lydia gave Miss Potter a strange look. Then she laughed sharply. "That's all well enough, Miss Potter, but the right man has got to notice me too. Besides, I don't want the things most American girls want—money, limousines, bigger bathrooms."

"What do you want, my child?"

"I want things that are old and beautiful and shabby." She blushed. "You'll think I'm insane, Miss Potter, but I want peace. I think hell must be filled with modern and convenient apartment houses."

Miss Potter laughed. "You're traitorously un-American."

Lydia's eyes rested on the moss-outlined flagstones of the old courtyard of the Pension Buena Vista. "No, I'm tired."

But Miss Potter knew she wasn't tired. Lydia was unhappy.

THE fifth time Mrs. Featherstone and her daughter arrived in Paris, Miss Potter was recovering from a bad attack of rheumatism.

"I should think you would have rheumatism," blustered Mrs. Featherstone. "living in an old stone pile like this. Lord knows why we keep on coming here. It's a terrible address for me to have to give, let alone the discomforts. I'm awfully sorry you're not feeling so well, Miss Potter."

Miss Potter, propped upon pillows in her mountainous bed, smiled dryly. She had never seen Mrs. Featherstone look so smart as she did this trip, but for all that her face was lineless, it struck Miss Potter for the first time as hard. "At my age I've got to expect rheumatism," remarked Miss Potter tartly.

Mrs. Featherstone laughed. "You and Lyd are funny. But I'm frank to admit I like my luxuries. I reckon that's about all I've got to live for."

"Mom!" The girl's expression gave Miss Potter a twinge as sharp as her rheumatism.

However, if Mrs. Featherstone had given up all hopes for romance, she was wrong. It was only two days after her arrival in Paris that, at a dinner given by a silk manufacturer at the Ritz, she met the Comte de l'Algac. Mrs. Featherstone had accepted the invitation because it was good business, and she had gone because the Ritz still held for her the glamour of the unusual.

"If you keep moving around," she confided to Lydia while she was dressing, "you forget the things you want and haven't got."

Lydia smiled. "You may meet your fate tonight, Mom."

"Humph."

STRANGELY enough, Mrs. Featherstone did.

Love at first sight always smacks either of the improbable or the ridiculous, but there may, perhaps, be no other love except that. Nancy Featherstone knew the moment her eyes met those of the lean young Frenchman why her heart had been empty so long. Something tingling shot through her, something she had tried to persuade herself she would never feel again.

"I'm a fool," she told herself savagely "I'm forty-three. He can't be more than thirty-three."

But her eyes looked into his and smiled. Years were nothing. There was no past, there was no future. Only the two of them, and a room filled with people, people all with their heartbreaks, their hopes, their humiliations. But Nancy Featherstone and the young count saw only each other.

"I'm to take you in," said the count.

Mrs. Featherstone smiled. How wonderful the world was, how unaccountably life had come streaming back, filling her heart once more from that eternal and mysterious fount that remains forever hidden to those who search for it.

The next day, when Mrs. Featherstone came in to see Miss Potter in her vast and quiet bedroom, Miss Potter knew that something had happened. Mrs. Featherstone was glorified. She had on the same smart frock she had worn the day before, she had on the same efficient and careful make-up. But this day she didn't need the make-up. There was a light in her eyes that was so radiant Miss Potter looked away from it.

"I brought you some flowers," said Mrs. Featherstone. She was arranging them in a stone vase. "Funny little vase," she said.

"It came from Crete." Miss Potter stopped. "It must have lain buried for a thousand years."

"A thousand years." Mrs. Featherstone smiled. "That isn't very long, now, is it?"

Again Miss Potter caught the look of wonder in Mrs. Featherstone's eyes.

"I mean, isn't it wonderful to have lain buried all those years—" Mrs. Featherstone's breath caught a little—"only to be found again and to be beautiful?"

"Yes," said Miss Potter. "The older I grow the more I believe in magic."

"Magic," echoed Mrs. Featherstone. "Yes, that's it. And isn't it wonderful? I suppose that's why we keep on living. Because things happen that aren't in the cards at all. Things you wouldn't be hopeful enough even to dream of. And then—" again she gave a little gasp—"they're there." Mrs. Featherstone laughed, shyly. "I suppose you think I'm a fool."

Miss Potter's eyes met hers. "No, I don't." She paused. "Nothing that can make you so beautiful could have anything to do with foolishness, unless—" she smiled—"it were a divine sort of foolishness."

Tears came into Mrs. Featherstone's eyes, "You don't think people should be sane and reasonable and cold-blooded, do you, when they've got a chance to be beautifully and divinely idiotic?"

"I don't know," said Miss Potter. "But I think it's a mistake to play fast and loose with happiness."

"I see," said Mrs. Featherstone. "I think you're the kindest woman I've ever known."

FOR two days Miss Potter did not see Mrs. Featherstone. Late the following afternoon, however, Lydia dropped in to visit the invalid.

"You're tired, child." (*Turn to page 128*)

SURPRISE YOURSELF WITH $3,000.00

SET aside $19.50 per month on the Investors Syndicate plan. Pay it along with your other monthly bills and you will scarcely notice it. 120 months from now you will find yourself with $3,000 cash in hand—built up by these small payments under the Investors Syndicate plan.

Larger or smaller amounts are proportionately easy to accumulate. 165,000 investors use this time-proved plan. Write for payment schedules and full details.

RESOURCES OVER $32,000,000

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

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MINNEAPOLIS
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES

OFFICES IN 51 PRINCIPAL CITIES

Mothers Can't Stop For A Headache

Meals to get cleaning to do—playful shouts—rattling toys—and with it all a splitting headache. But it takes more than a headache to make a mother quit.
Kohler Antidote gives quick, safe relief from headache, neuralgia and simple nerve pains.

Manufacturers also, of KOHLER One Night Corn Cure

KOHLER ANTIDOTE for HEADACHE

"Removes - not only relieves pain"

LEILA HYAMS — M-G-M STAR

Pretty as a Picture

Your hair—lovely, lustrous, sparkling with a myriad of tiny dancing lights—*pretty as a picture!* That is the way it will look after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

The secret of this marvelous shampoo is its *difference.* It is used *differently*—just to suit your own shade of hair—and what a delightfully *different* effect it gives. Your hair will glow with a soft loveliness. You'll see beautiful undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than you have ever seen it. And it's so easy to use—you'd never believe so small an effort could bring such wonderful results! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 609 Rainier Ave., Dept. E
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair:

Opens a new era in antiseptic care of mouth and throat

- Active ingredient—70 times stronger than carbolic acid
- Entirely harmless
- Actually soothing
- Odorless
- Stainless

HEXYLRESORCINOL
SOLUTION S.T.37
LIQUOR HEXYLRESORCINOLIS 1:1000
12 FLUID OUNCES
S & D
A powerful non-poisonous antiseptic for open wounds, burns, scalds and the hygienic care of mouth and throat. Its
SHARP & DOHME

HEXYLRESORCINOL
SOLUTION **S.T.37**

NOW, with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37, you can give mouth, nose and throat safe, *intelligent* antiseptic care. Solution S. T. 37 has sufficient power to kill the harmful bacteria usually present in the mouth, and to keep the bacterial count reduced for hours.

Its active chemical, Hexylresorcinol, is seventy times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet this powerful solution can be poured even into open wounds without the slightest injury or irritation.

Many other non-poisonous antiseptics, when used as mouth washes, are less effective, either because they are not powerful enough to kill bacteria on contact, or because they penetrate so slowly and imperfectly that they fail to reach them.

For intelligent antiseptic care of mouth and throat, you should rinse them twice a day with Solution S. T. 37. It is odorless, stainless, and has a sweet, pleasant taste. Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or whenever there is irritation in nose or throat. It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces—it will not burn or sting; it is actually soothing. Ask your own doctor and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

This Product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

S H A R P & D O H M E

In the same time it takes to powder

IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

If you will mail this coupon to MUM, 80 Varick St., New York, you'll receive a complimentary box of Mum for a free demonstration!

Name.....

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P.O.....

.....

DD-5

RUNAWAYS FROM REALITY

Continued from page 122

choosing. If that wasn't in your mind, why have you allowed me to sit here talking?"

"Because I love you."

She ceased sobbing.

"I love you more than ever. I've been wild and passionate."

He halted her.

"I ought to warn you. I'm a poor man, a pioneer, quite unfitted for the soft ways of civilization. I intend to live the kind of life for which I'm fitted."

"I would be glad to share it," she said. She reached out her hand to him, tempting him to approach her. "I could be honest again."

He crossed at a run and sank beside her.

"If this is a new start, let's have no secrets. Gay. If you'd wanted me only for your own passion, I'd have refused you. If I'd wanted you only for mine, I'd have done the same. Since you want me because of your fatherless mite——"

She placed her arms about his neck, fearful to show ardor.

He leaned his face against her bosom.

THE END

SPRING IS NOT FAR BEHIND

Continued from page 126

The girl had thrown herself into a great chair by Miss Potter's bed. "I am." She paused. "Dead tired. You know, I've almost come to the conclusion we're silly to stop clear over here. It's awfully inconvenient."

Miss Potter smiled.

"That, I believe, is also your mother's theory."

Lydia looked up sharply. "Was, you mean. I said something about it to her today and she only smiled and said she liked this old place."

"It's a nuisance." She stood up wearily. "I've got to go to a dinner tonight."

Miss Potter's astonishment was echoed on her face.

"I know." The girl picked up her purse and gloves. "Mom usually does the social stuff, but she's gone off somewhere. She told me she was having tea with a man she met at that silk dinner."

"But surely," said Miss Potter, "she'll be back in time to go with you this evening."

Lydia shook her head. "She said she might be late, and for me not to wait for her." A shrewd look came into the girl's eyes. "I think I made a rather smart deal this afternoon. I'll have to cable Jim to watch out for my shipment."

"I see," said Miss Potter. "I suppose this Jim is your mother's lawyer. She's spoken of him to me."

"She would." A strange look had come into the girl's eyes, a look Miss Potter had never seen there before. "I expect she even boasted about him."

Miss Potter shook her head. "I think she admires him."

How old the girl's face looked! "Well, she ought to. He's the smartest man she'll ever know. He's good, too." Then, with a start, she brought herself back to the present. "I've got to go now."

WHEN Mrs. Featherstone came in late the following afternoon, she brought Miss Potter a little bunch of woodland flowers. "For you," she said. "I picked them myself."

Miss Potter smiled her thanks. "Sit down, my dear."

Mrs. Featherstone sat in the great chair against which Lydia had rubbed her tired head the afternoon before. She smiled shyly. "I hope Lydia looks for me here. I'm afraid I rather ran out on her this afternoon. You see, I was to have met her at Chanel's. I'd agreed to."

Miss Potter smiled. "And you didn't?"

Mrs. Featherstone shook her head. "I went to the country. Oh, it was beautiful. We visited an old château, oh, such a lovely place. Beach trees bordering an avenue that kings have galloped over. You know."

Miss Potter nodded.

"There's a magic about old places," she said. "Even this place."

Mrs. Featherstone nodded. "I know. I love it. You know, Lydia wants to change. She says it's inconvenient. You know, there isn't a scrap of modern plumbing in the Comte de l'Algac's whole château."

Miss Potter looked at her. "I know the place. It was begun in the thirteenth century, and if its history were written you would have also the history of France." So that was the man.

Mrs. Featherstone blushed. "I didn't mean to blurt it out like that. I met him the other evening at dinner. He has to work now, for a silk manufacturer." She paused. "He didn't say so, but of course he hates it. He was in the war and wounded."

"His ancestors," said Miss Potter, "were in the crusades."

Mrs. Featherstone nodded. "Of course he's no money. He's barely able to pay the taxes on the place. That's why he has to stay in Paris."

THERE was a sharp knock at the door.

"*Entrez*," called Miss Potter.

Lydia stood in the doorway. "Mom."

Mrs. Featherstone blushed and stood up. "I only dropped in for a minute."

The girl's hard eyes did not waver. "You dropped out all afternoon, though. I waited as long as I could and then I just had to order."

Mrs. Featherstone nodded. "I'm glad you ordered." She blushed. "Your judgment, I'm sure, is quite as good as mine."

"Better," snapped the girl, "at least these last few days."

Mrs. Featherstone blushed again. "Lydia, you haven't spoken to Miss Potter."

"I'm sorry." The girl looked around and nodded. Then she turned back to her mother. "I've accepted a dinner invitation tonight. Cusack's going to be there and I want to meet him. He's going to be the rage."

"I know," said Mrs. Featherstone. "I think you're very wise."

"I should hope so." The girl's face relaxed a little. "One or the other of us has got to have a little business sense."

She was gone. Mrs. Featherstone looked at Miss Potter. "I must help her get ready. Poor lamb, she's tired."

Miss Potter considered. "If you were to ask me, I should say that she was fighting something down. She's glad to be busy."

Mrs. Featherstone's look was incredulous. "Do you think so?" She paused. "I can't imagine what."

THERE came a time at last when Lydia met the Comte de l'Algac.

"Her eyes are too young," thought Miss Potter on her great bed, "to see anything yet."

(*Turn to page 130*)

DOES MOTORING MAKE YOUR EYES SMART?

If so, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine* when you get home. It instantly ends irritation; banishes the tired, heavy feeling, and clears up the unsightly bloodshot condition that often follows exposure to sun, wind and dust.

Many persons use *Murine* daily and thus keep their eyes *always* clear and bright. 60c at drug and department stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Then CORN dropped off during the night

FREEZONE is surprising. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN—INSTANTLY! Then corn loosens and falls off or lifts off with fingers, easily, painlessly. To get rid of soft or hard corns, calluses or bunions, get a bottle of safe FREEZONE from your druggist.

Just "plain folks" *at home . . . these glamorous successes find* **DATED** Coffee *luxuriously satisfying*

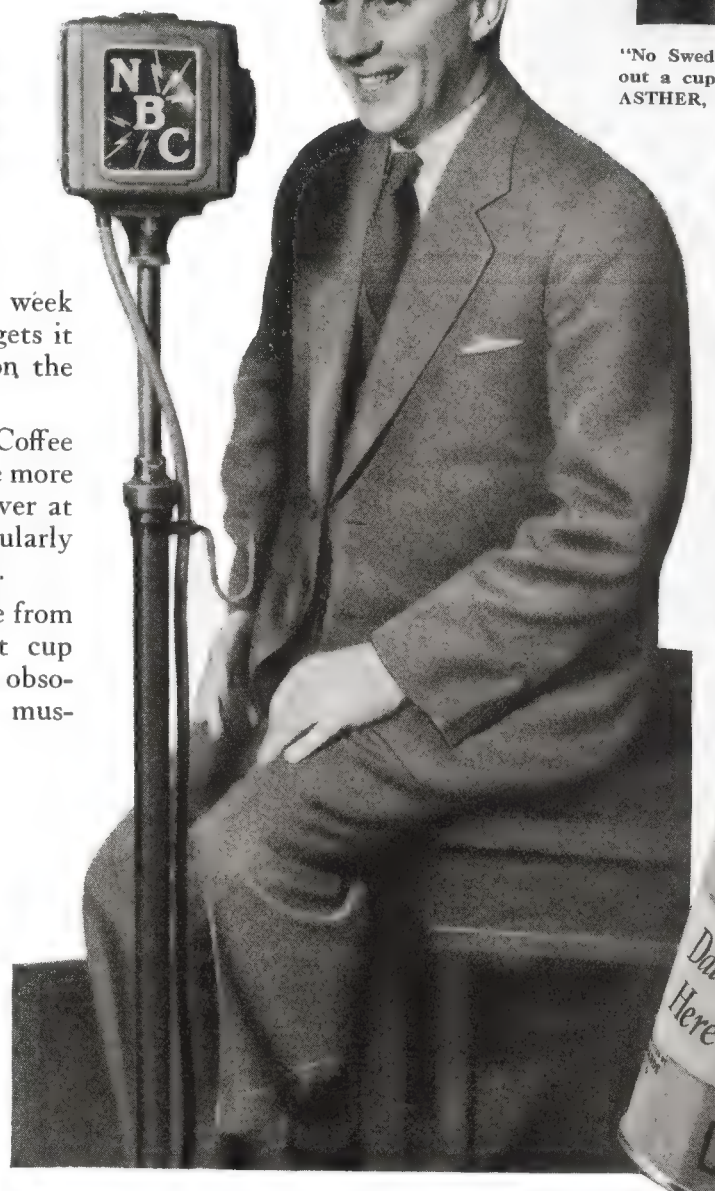
THE fastidious buy "24-hour eggs" in a dated package. Careful mothers pour milk from a bottle with a dated cap. Now you, lover of good coffee, can get yours fresh from the roasting ovens . . . with the date stamped on the can.

For sixty-five years, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has been a favorite in many sections of the country. Now, through the same "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., which delivers fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, this extra fine coffee speeds to your grocer wherever you are, straight from the roaster.

No storage . . . no delay for re-handling. Two deliveries a week . . . the date that your grocer gets it plainly marked in large type on the label of each can.

And no Chase & Sanborn's Coffee can remain in your grocer's store more than ten days. Any cans left over at the end of that period are regularly collected and replaced by fresh.

Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee from your grocer today. Your first cup will make all undated coffees as obsolete for you as the Victorian mustache cup.



GRAHAM McNAMEE and Radio grew up together. There are very few people who do not know his voice—his pulsing, eager voice which makes words leap to glowing pictures. But few of us realize the man behind the voice. He is quiet, simple, and appreciative of good things.

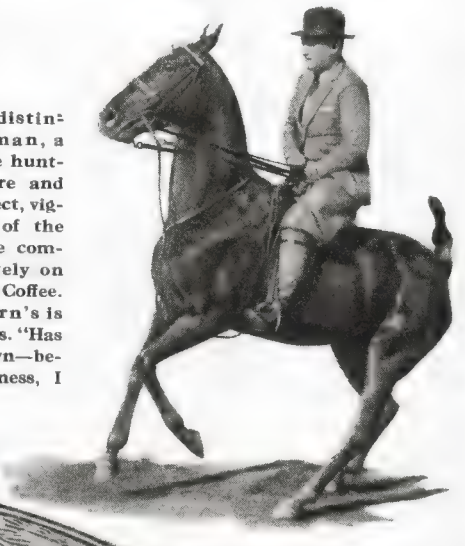
"Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says earnestly, "reaches the top of coffee flavor. It is undeviatingly mellow and rich and full-flavored."

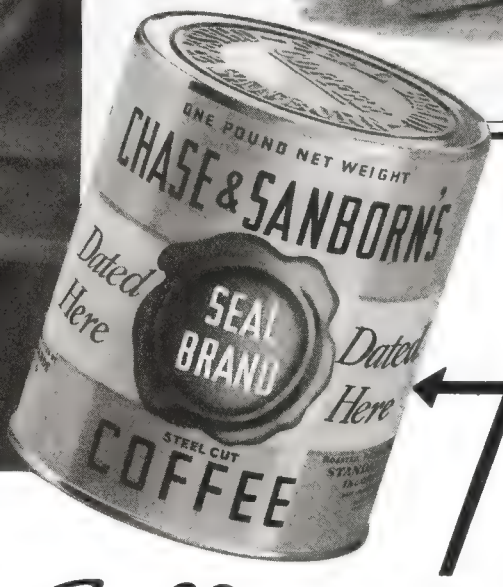
"No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says NILS ASTHER, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste and one never grows tired of it."

IRVIN COBB, author, jovial and witty, his name linked eternally with laughter, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "I think your coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."

■

ERIC DREXEL, distinguished sportsman, a noted figure in the hunting field both here and abroad, has the direct, vigorous preferences of the outdoors man. He comments appreciatively on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. "Chase & Sanborn's is great coffee," he says. "Has a tang all its own—because of its freshness, I dare say."





LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

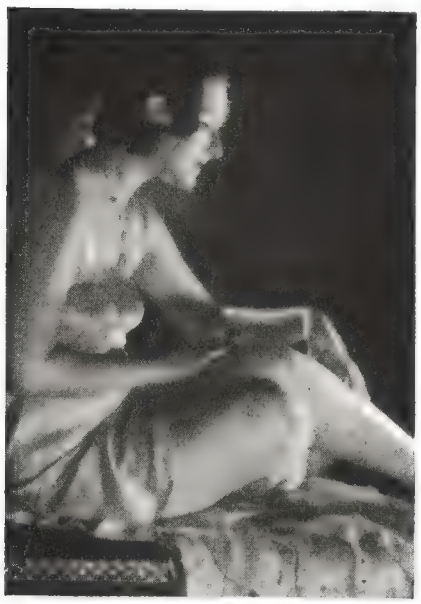
Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Now a Way That Really *Rids* One of *Arm* and *Leg Hair!*

—Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth!

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably



Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand

Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Foot Troubles

ended quickly with safe, soothing, cooling Cal-o-cide. Relieves sore, tender, swollen burning, aching feet in one minute. Draws pain and inflammation right out. Walk, run, dance in comfort. Wear shoes you like. Guaranteed. 35c at all druggists with FREE Book "Care of Feet." Or order direct from Medco Co., Dept. 5-H, Dayton, Ohio.

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

GAMES for GROWN UPS

15c DELINEATOR 161 Sixth Ave., N.Y.

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Gone GRAY HAIR

Gray or Faded Hair IS taken as a sign of old age; age is judged by your hair.

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair? USE **B. PAUL'S HENNA**

Quickly colors your gray or faded hair IN ONE BRIEF APPLICATION giving it a lovely radiance and youthful allurement. Do not hesitate to try this marvelous preparation of Herbs Henna and other harmless ingredients. Used 15 years by millions of fastidious women. Leaves the hair soft and glossy; unaffected by shampooing, previous dyes, tonics or oils. Dependable. 14 Shades, Black to Blonde. Price $1.10 P. P.

B. PAUL'S WHITE PASTE (*Formerly Called*) "White Henna" for lightening blonde hair grown dark. Price $2.25 P. P. Free Advice and Booklet

MON. B. PAUL, Dept. 7-X, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.

SPRING IS NOT FAR BEHIND

Continued from page 128

And when she met the count she still saw nothing.

"He's an aristocrat, of course," she told Miss Potter. "He's marvelously educated, as they all are over here, and speaks English beautifully. Of course his manners are excellent." She paused. "I don't think he knows two raps about the business."

Miss Potter smiled. "I suppose he has other interests."

"He's got a château somewhere," Lydia went on. "Of course he can't afford to live in it. I told him to borrow money on it and get it into shape and sell it."

"And what did the count say?" inquired Miss Potter.

Lydia yawned. "I don't remember. I guess he changed the subject." Again she paused. "Mom's dining with him again tonight. Some shabby little place on the Left Bank. Imagine Mom."

She stood up. "I'm dining with Cusack tonight." A look of victory came into her young eyes. "If I can sign him up I guess you'll be calling on us at the Ritz next time we come over."

"Lydia." Miss Potter raised herself with effort in her great bed. There was a terrible gaunt dignity about her, even in her flannel nightgown and with the old red shawl around her shoulders. "Lydia, how dare you speak like that to me—who showed you Paris on your first trip over, the old and beautiful and enduring Paris? What do your Cusacks matter? They'll be gone and forgotten in five years. Lydia, you've changed. You've got hard. You're just like——"

"Just like Mom was." The girl's eyes flashed back at her. "Well, you've got to be when you've a living to make. Don't think I do this for my health. Somebody's got to, and Mom—" she stopped— "something's come over Mom. She's—" again her eyes blazed— "she's just lazy."

"Your mother's worked a long time," said Miss Potter, "and harder than you ever will, and she had a little baby to look after."

Lydia's eyes dropped. "I know. I suppose I oughtn't to have blazed up like that. But I hate to see her wasting her time on a man that isn't going to get her anywhere. She's lost her eye."

IT WAS a week before Mrs. Featherstone had the courage to tell her daughter she was engaged. But when she did she concealed nothing from her.

"The marvelous thing, my dear," said Mrs. Featherstone, "is that he cares as I do. I never dreamed he would. I only thought it was beautiful to love him. Now it's like spring—" her eyes were shining— "spring that's come early after the winter has been hard."

"Spring?" The girl's eyes were blazing. "Spring? I call it Indian summer. You're forty-three. You're my mother. I suppose you've heard—" her voice was shrill with pain and anger— "the old saying that there's no fool like an old fool."

"Lydia!"

It was in this mood that Lydia plunged herself into Miss Potter's room and collapsed beside Miss Potter's bed, sobbing.

For a long time Miss Potter only stroked her hair. Although she didn't know what had happened, she could imagine. Too bad Lydia couldn't have seen it coming.

"A gigolo," the girl sobbed.

Miss Potter shook her head. "No, my dear, a gentleman."

"Why should Mom get everything?" She stopped. "Why, this one is young."

Miss Potter smiled. "So is your mother. There's a magic about such things."

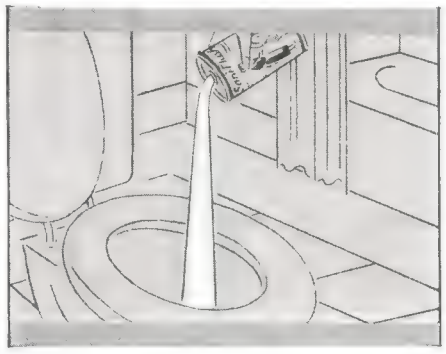
"Magic." The girl lifted her head. Her eyes were red and her cheeks stained with tears. "I think it's terrible." She stopped. "I'm going to cable Jim. It's only fair."

"Jim?" Miss Potter considered. "Your mother's lawyer? But would he come?" Then she, too, paused. Perhaps he also was in love with Mrs. Featherstone.

"Oh yes, he'll come all right—" the girl's voice was hard— "if I just sign the cable 'Featherstone'."

"Oh," said Miss Potter. (*Turn to page 132*)

All germs...all dirt...swiftly FLUSHED away



NO LONGER need the modern housewife perform that most unpleasant of all tasks —scrubbing an unclean toilet bowl.

Such a thing is old-fashioned now. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and watch the toilet grow spotless before your eyes—snow-white. And you have the satisfaction of knowing that this simple operation provides perfect sanitation, killing all germs, eliminating all odors, and reaching even to the hidden trap which no brush can touch.

Free yourself from household drudgery. Sani-Flush is sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITH-OUT SCOURING

Come and ride with us in

GLACIER PARK

Here's the vacation you've dreamed of... come on out to Glacier Park and ride with us . . . a thousand miles of tempting mountain trails! Palatial Great Northern trains take you there and bring you back . . . in greatest comfort. Full information from Dude Ranch Dept., Room 709, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

GLACIER PARK *via Great Northern*

"The World's Greatest Dude Ranch"

GREAT NORTHERN

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

Give her facts, not hearsay.

"Mother, what is *feminine hygiene?*"

CAN you answer that question *correctly?*

Much needless ill health and unhappiness are caused by misunderstanding of this vital subject.

Yet no woman need be misguided. "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the unquestioned standard for this delicate use for 40 years. Don't experiment. That is foolish and often dangerous. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" today. The directions with every bottle are professional. They are simple, specific, and easy to follow.

And send the coupon at the right for our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It is a woman physician's frank message to women.

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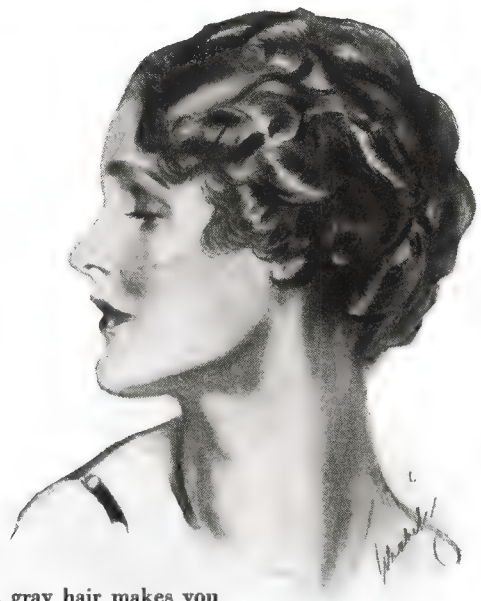
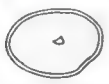
Gray hair isn't "distinguished" —it's OLD



A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.



B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's transparent covering — exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

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SPRING IS NOT FAR BEHIND

Continued from page 130

It is not easy to watch the suffering of others, and Miss Potter put in a bad two weeks between the sending of Lydia's cablegram and the arrival of Jim Brady, who had cabled back the one word "Coming."

LYDIA continued to go about her business, silent, white-faced, cold as ice.

"I can't touch her," confided Mrs. Featherstone. She looked pale, too, and there were circles under her eyes, but her eyes themselves still shone with the joy of hope renewed. "Oh, Miss Potter, if you could only have seen her as a tiny girl." She looked up at Miss Potter. "It was a bad time. I had no friends. Only Jim." She stopped again. "He was good to me. I can't tell you. And so good to Lydia. When she was two, she had scarlet fever, and Jim helped me with the bills. He didn't have much then, either. Of course I paid him back. He wanted Lydia to go to college. He wanted to send her himself. But Lydia wouldn't go. She was funny about it. She was downright unkind to Jim, although what she said was that she thought she ought to help me." Mrs. Featherstone smiled sadly. "Lydia has a conscience. Perhaps that's what makes her so hard now."

"She's very young," said Miss Potter, "and the young can be cruel for such noble reasons."

Mrs. Featherstone nodded. "I think she always expected me to marry Jim."

Miss Potter wondered whether Jim expected it, too, whether he still did. What would be the outcome of his arrival in Paris?

"Oh, Miss Potter!" Mrs. Featherstone's slender hands were locked together in an agony of supplication. "You don't think I'm doing wrong, do you? I care so much. And he cares, too. Jacques, I mean. I know Lydia's cabled for Jim. But no matter what happens, I can't go back now." She stopped.

Lydia, after that first outbreak in Miss Potter's room, had ceased to confide in her. Every day she looked in for a moment, and she sent Miss Potter great bundles of flowers and books.

"If there were only some way in which I could help," thought Miss Potter.

And, as it happened, there was.

It was the day before Jim Brady was expected to arrive, a day of such splendid late August sunshine that Miss Potter had decided to venture out. Swathed in steamer rugs and with the thicket of hew hedge behind her to cut off the draft, she and Lydia were having tea together in the garden. A sort of peace had descended upon Miss Potter. She dropped a lump of sugar in her third cup.

"I shall doubtless pay for this tomorrow," she said. "I'm not supposed to have either tea or sugar."

For the first time in two weeks Lydia laughed. "You're sure you're warm enough?"

"Inside and out," stated Miss Potter. "My only hope is that no fool sees us here and decides to join us."

AT THAT moment, however, Jeanne arrived, racing across the uneven squares of flagging.

"I'm not done with tea," stated Miss Potter firmly.

Jeanne straightened her cap. "There's an American gentleman to see you, Miss Potter." She held out a card.

Miss Potter stared at it. "To see me?"

Jeanne nodded. "Yes, he said 'Miss Potter' with a great distinctness. He said he would see you alone."

Miss Potter glanced at Lydia. Her face had gone scarlet. Now it was white. "I'll go."

A second, Miss Potter considered. Then she turned to the servant. "Very good, Jeanne. I'll see him here." As Jeanne shuffled away on her felt slippers, Miss Potter turned to Lydia. "Now I want you to do what I tell you and no questioning."

The girl stared.

"Get behind that hedge." There was a ring of command in the old woman's voice.

"I don't understand."

"I do."

Lydia disappeared behind the hedge just at the instant Jeanne reopened the house door and a man stepped into the courtyard.

Miss Potter liked him almost at once. He was probably forty-three or four, but there was a vitality about him that made him seem young, almost boyish.

Miss Potter held out her hand and smiled. "Sit down, Mr. Brady."

Jim Brady sat down. He was a big man and the little iron chair was much too small for him. "I suppose you're wondering why I asked for you."

"I've ceased wondering about anything," said Miss Potter, "but I'm glad you did."

He hesitated. "I knew, of course, you knew both of them," he began. "Mrs. Featherstone and Lydia."

Miss Potter nodded. "And I'm fond of both of them."

"That's why I wanted to talk to you. First, I mean."

"I want to ask your advice." He stopped. "Maybe that sounds funny from a stranger. But I don't feel we're really strangers."

"I'd hoped you wouldn't," Miss Potter said, "because I don't."

His eyes thanked her. "Perhaps I better go back a little first." He stopped. "You see, I've known Mrs. Featherstone a long time. I've always liked her. Perhaps admired her would be nearer it. She's a brave woman. She was quite young when I first met her. That was right after her divorce. She'd had a bad time."

Miss Potter nodded.

"I saw quite a bit of her then, and I used to wonder why I didn't fall in love with her."

"It would have been logical," said Miss Potter.

He nodded. "But I didn't. I'd have given her my last cent, you understand. But I didn't love her, at least not the way I understand about love now."

"So you understand now?" said Miss Potter.

Jim Brady nodded. "It came slowly. So slowly I hardly recognized it myself until about two years ago. And when I did, I thought it was ridiculous."

"Love is never ridiculous, Mr. Brady," said Miss Potter.

THE man laughed shortly. "You'll think mine is, I'm afraid." Again he stopped. "You see, she's never thought of me romantically. She used to be fond of me, the way a child is of a decent and not too stodgy uncle. All the little things I used to do for her gave her pleasure. And then, well, she grew up." Again he stopped. "She grew up into something beautiful. She's like a flower—" he blushed— "like a narcissus. Tall and slender and fragile."

Miss Potter nodded.

"She isn't fragile, really. I learned that later. Overnight, she changed. The old comradeship was gone. She wouldn't let me do anything for her." His eyes held Miss Potter's. "And I could then, so easily. At first I was angry. There wasn't anybody else, at least that I knew of. She'd started work by this time. She's very capable." He smiled. "In some ways, I think, even abler than her mother. It began to look as though work were all she needed in her life."

Miss Potter's eyes held his this time. "And it wasn't."

"No." He stopped. "I knew finally she was working, the way a man can, to fight despair." There was a moment. "It was terrible to watch her because I knew by this time that I loved her. And I couldn't reach her."

"I see." Miss Potter nodded.

"Then that cablegram came." His face was grim. "I might have guessed there was somebody over here she cared about. I knew there wasn't any one in Lansing." Again he stopped. "Nancy Featherstone never would have cabled me to come if it hadn't had something to do with Lydia. I can't tell you what this trip over has been, Miss Potter."

"Lydia must have got herself engaged to some one—" his voice sank— "and it's all wrong." He stopped. "I got here ahead of schedule because I took an airplane from Cherbourg. I wanted to see you first." He stopped. "Miss Potter, do you think there's any chance for me? Or have I thrown it away by keeping silent? Or didn't I ever have any?" He was leaning forward now. "I'm not much, and maybe there are one or two things in my past I (*Turn to page 134*)

The settings are quaint

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SPRING IS NOT FAR BEHIND

Continued from page 132

should be none too proud of. But I don't believe anybody in the world could love Lydia the way I love her."

MISS Potter struggled up. It was not an easy process, locked in steamer rugs as she was. "Mr. Brady," she said, "why don't you ask Lydia to marry you?"

"She's not engaged, then?"

Miss Potter shook her head. "She's not engaged now." When she spoke again her voice was calculated to reach into the furthermost portions of the garden. "But if she isn't soon, I'll believe her a bigger fool than I think she is."

"What do you mean, Miss Potter?"

But Miss Potter, swathed in shawls, had turned her back. Her keen ears had heard a distinct sound behind the hedge that had been selected, primarily, as a screen against the draft.

"Lydia!"

"Jim!"

With amazing self-control Miss Potter did not look behind her. How stiff she was! She'd been a fool to sit out there so long; she was an old woman with rheumatism.

"Jeanne," she called on entering the gloomy hall of the Pension Buena Vista, "fetch me my hot-water bottle."

"But yes, Miss Potter."

"Well, that's that," thought Miss Potter as her rheumatic old knees ascended the stone stairs. "Lydia will spend her days in the most modern of modern apartment houses and Nancy Featherstone will shiver over a tiny fire in a room the drafts have swept ever since Catharine de Medici was regent. And I—" she smiled. She had almost reached her own room now. "I shall be happy if ver Jeanne arrives with that hot-water bottle."

TAKE YOUR CHILD TO NATURE

Continued from page 22

gone out of the pattern of life. If Mr. Jones knows only a robin and a bluebird, it would be far better for all the little Joneses to go out with their father and hunt robins and bluebirds than go on a paid excursion where they may learn thirty birds to father's two.

Look at what comes out of father's bird trip: first, the pleasure of an excursion with your own children, the opportunity of delight together in a free, outdoor pastime, the mutual desire to know more about birds, the going home to write to a publisher for a good bird book, or to find in your own library or public library a bird book which will help answer some of your mutual questions.

The mutual element in this is the important feature. When it comes to facts, any intelligent mind may dig them out of good reference books. But the sad part is when all these delightful experiences are carried on with members outside your own household. Parents will have far more time for bridge, theaters, parties, if their children are turned over to others, but the opportunity to know your own child in his pleasures, his weaknesses and his possibilities is beyond all thought. If parents could look upon their children as their personal contribution to the good of the world, we would lay the foundation, in this thought and its pursuance, of a new era of society. It is easier to present a picture to a museum than a man to the world.

Now you say, "What can we do at home with our children? Instead of talking theory, talk practise."

Very well. Suppose you choose some subject and open it up this year to your child. When I say some subject, of course I am talking of some subject in the field of nature study, because that is the field we have chosen as a natural instrument in the development of our child's character. What subject to choose? Choose one that you know something about and have some real interest in. And include your husband in this.

Do not let children look to one parent alone for help. A father should not stand in the eyes of his children as an instrument for correction, a bank from which they get money, or a last court of justice. A father is his son's example, and his daughter's adoration, and all the little things father plans to do personally with the children will pay him one hundred per cent. and more.

Suppose one parent knows something about trees. We will assume, this time, it is the father, because the average man seems to know more about this subject than the average woman. Well, father plans to give up some time each week to tree study in the fields or woods, or the parks. A good tree book should be bought, or a small tree-guide book.

Perhaps you have an eight-year-old child, a ten-year-old child, and a precocious child of fourteen. I would start the fourteen-year child on hunting up the family and the genus of the trees that the little ones are doing less with.

Make children work. Form a habit of sending them to excellent reference books for facts.

Suppose you prefer to carry this on as a field trip, in the following manner. Present to your child a notebook, and have him list the trees you see on your walk. If you come to a tree that no one knows, see if you can find a leaf of it on the ground and take it back as a sample to use in your reference book work. If the children are older and have done considerable work, hold them responsible on a certain day for hunting up a given number of trees.

See the possibilities of botany you are going to wrap around these simple little tree excursions! For instance, what is a fruit? Of course, the very simplest definition which is absolutely correct as far as it goes is this: the fruit is the part of the plant that holds the seed. Children will be very much entertained when they realize that a maple key and their breakfast orange are both fruits.

Pretty soon you can classify trees into two divisions; deciduous, those which drop their leaves in the fall; and conifers, or conebearers, which we often speak of as evergreens; but we do have some members of the evergreens that drop their needles in the fall, and so, strictly speaking, they are not evergreen the year round. Then buy the children some Riker mounts or get some tiny boxes and have them make a collection of fruit vessels of trees. Teach them how to make blue, rints of leaves.

It does not take much to start children going. And isn't it better to spend a Saturday afternoon in the parks or the fields than in a crowded amusement house—better physically, mentally, and for that something which one can scarcely define—the spirit which is the most real part of our lives? With this work you are laying the foundation of simple tastes in your children.

Continuing from father and trees, let us take up another subject that may be pursued in a similar way. Let us take the matter of raising plants, and of gardens. We shall assume in this case that it is mother who is most interested. The first reason for using mother is that she is supposed to be at home a little more than father is. She can keep an eye on some of the experiments she would like to have the children carry out, because they are going to delve into some of the secrets and fascinations of the plant world. From this work we hope they will learn, first, to do their own job; second, if they make mistakes, to stand by them; and third, to do their own reasoning.

In the fall, start children off with the raising of bulbs. If you have an outdoor bulb bed and it is so beautiful you feel that you cannot having the children tamper with it, the child should be given a garden spot of his own. There is an aspect that ought to be considered, however. The child should not be made of such great importance in his family circle that everything in the world is secondary to his interests. That is all wrong. The child is going to grow up to be a part of the world, and the development of his personality and individuality cannot come at the expense of society, even that small society represented by his home.

One of the great weaknesses in some of our schools of progressive education lies right

here—that many times people have mistaken the development of waywardness and lawlessness for the development of personality. In all the work this child is going to do with his plants, he must consider the whole situation. If he is to have a part in his mother's bulb border, that lovely thing which she has prided herself upon, then he must see that he plans according to her judgment and not merely according to his own desires. There is a great lesson here. Or he should be given an inconspicuous place in the garden for himself. It is always advisable, if possible, to give a child a bit of land and let him carry out some of his own experiments. If he insists upon planting the incongruous, doing things exactly as he likes, the garden itself as it advances will show the child very plainly what his mistakes have been. This is a far better way to learn to conform than to be made to do what you do not in your own judgment feel is right; and the child has a right to his own judgment, although it may be poor. Neither is it right to let him go ahead and ruin the work of others simply because he must have his own way. In this work of nature study, one has a wonderful opportunity to train children in very natural ways.

After the planting of bulbs in the fall, why not take up with the children nature's methods of planting her seeds? Children may enjoy making collections of these seeds. Mrs. Comstock's "Handbook of Nature Study" will be of great help to parents in their work.

A little later, perhaps in January, buy a few little paper flower pots or ordinary clay ones, and have the children plant some seeds. You can play games with these seeds, and see if the children recognize them when they are away from their comrades or their packets. Try planting dwarf French marigold, which will come up and blossom under sunny window conditions in about six weeks. Plant also seed of sweet alyssum, African marigold, zinnia, and geranium.

THE older children may study the soil and try certain experiments not difficult to work out. A book called "Nature Study and Life," by Hodge, has in its twenty-third chapter some very good experiments on soil. From this work with plants you are going to learn that they are alive; that they need heat, light, water, and food; that they live in families; and that poor stock produces poor stock. Bring out the idea that plants live in families. Study pollination and the work of the bees. Read from Maeterlinck's "Children's Life of the Bee." Work out with the children some common plant families.

Take, for instance, potato, tomato, tobacco. Why do they all happen to be in the same family?

As the boys and girls go on working outdoors, see that they work more and more independently. Let the older children work on definite problems like the raising of some economic plants such as peanuts, cotton, tobacco. These are only a few suggestions for you to supplement. As we go on, we open gate after gate and enter into new realms of interest and beauty.

Here are some of the steps in making children's gardens:

Indoors:

1. Planting of seeds for the outdoor garden, such as tomato, eggplant, pepper, celery. Also flower seeds—zinnia, aster, marigold, etc.
2. Testing and germinating seeds; studying the plant parts.
3. Pricking out the seedling plants.
4. Making garden plans.
5. Making garden implements, such as garden lines, dibbers, etc.

Outdoors:

6. Staking the garden off.
7. Cultivating, thinning, transplanting.
8. Setting out plants raised indoors—such as tomato plants, etc.
9. Later in the summer, picking flowers; care of the flower border, rose garden; fighting pests; tying up tomato plants; banking up celery; gathering crops; washing them.
10. Final harvesting of crops.
11. Manuring the garden for next year.

A part of a child's work might come under the head of discoveries.

Give the children certain things to hunt up, questions to answer, points to observe, a little after the idea of the popular treasure hunt game that children have so thoroughly enjoyed.

For instance: In the fall, in your walk from such a point to such a point, what cocoons do you see upon the trees? (This, of course, presupposes that the discovery work has been thought out and planned ahead.)

What birds' nests do you find in a given area? Where are they placed? Of what are they made?

See how far the seed of the milkweed travels when you blow it from your hand.

How many different kinds of willows do you find along the creek?

How many different kinds of maples do you find in the park?

Go to the nearest florist shop, look in the window, and see what plants are there. Take notes on them. Look in the seed catalogs and see if you can find these plants there. And then learn their names.

Get a toad, put him in a glass jar, and feed him with live flies. What sort of tongue has the toad? Where is it attached in his mouth?

List the vegetables you had for dinner and see if you can find out what countries they come from.

WHEN the children are studying flowers, start their notebooks with these questions:

Is your flower wild or cultivated? Does it grow in open country, in the garden, or where does it grow? To what family does it belong?

If you are studying birds, make special discoveries along the lines of bird calls, flights, location of bird nests, what the bird eats, and the value of the bird.

Some people may say at just this point: "I have tried to interest my child in nature study. I began when he was a wee little thing. I have always kept it in front of him, but he showed no interest and he tired quickly of things."

The answer to this is that perhaps you tried too hard. Do not force interests on children: take them up naturally at certain stages. If you start forcing a thing too hard, the child will tire of it. If your six-year-old child starts a garden and tires of it before the summer is over, it does not mean that he has anything the matter with him because he loses interest. Children naturally and normally at certain stages pick up interest after interest, drop them, pick them up again; and it may be this way with your nature study. Do not so submerge and drown a child in a subject that he can never swim out of it. The whole subject is interesting enough, but make it a part of a treat. I have a friend at whose camp in Canada all the nature study is carried on as if it were a treat. No one may have a "tree walk" unless it is a distinct honor and reward.

Whatever you do for your child in opening up the natural world will help to cultivate his tastes, so that he finds a snowstorm a thing of beauty, not a matter of digging paths; a sunset, a thing of radiant glory, not just the end of a hot day; a tree against the sky, a thing of inviting charm, not just a bare tree. This is what you are doing for your child.

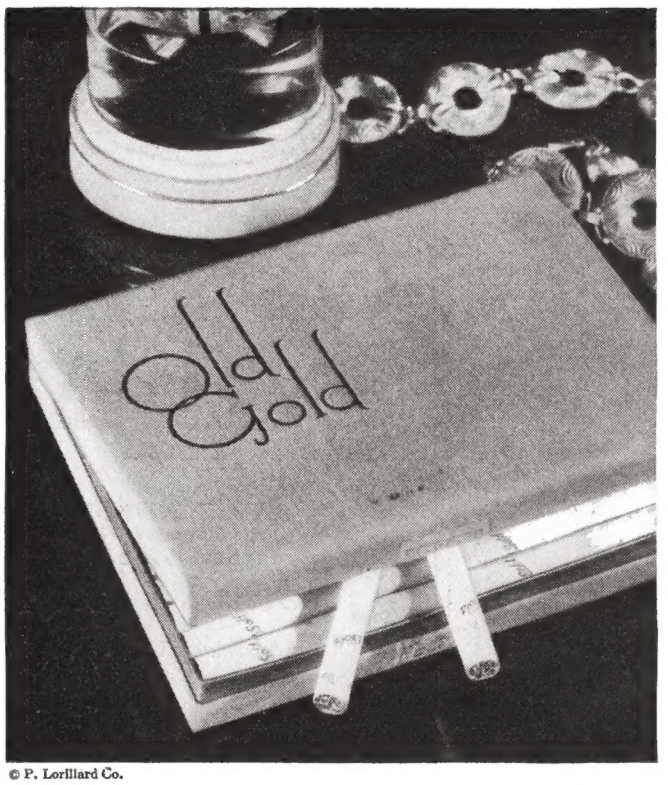
A lad, seeing a red maple tree breaking into bloom in Central Park, ran into his school and said, with his little hand pressed firmly over that spot where he thought his heart was, "I feel it here!"

There was something in that beauty that lifted the little lad out of his every-day self into a state of ecstasy, and whatever in life lifts us out of ourselves into something inspired is indeed an instrument of education.

ANOTHER value in nature study is its time element. So many pieces of work we do with children are accomplished once for all, and that is the end of them, but this nature study job is one that goes on. Certain phases of it represent a considerable length of time—that is, one tests seed in February, plants them in April or May, watches them grow and develop. If the seeds are those of flowers, perhaps in the fall one takes cuttings and brings them into the house; and so it goes on. And through it all, there runs a thread of life—one thing dependent upon another thing. It is a good plan to give children at certain ages pieces of work that take time.

Hobbies grow out of this—and hobbies are life-savers.

Perhaps Wordsworth's lines, "He is happiest who hath the power to gather wisdom from a flower," is a summary in itself of the value of nature study in the life of a child.



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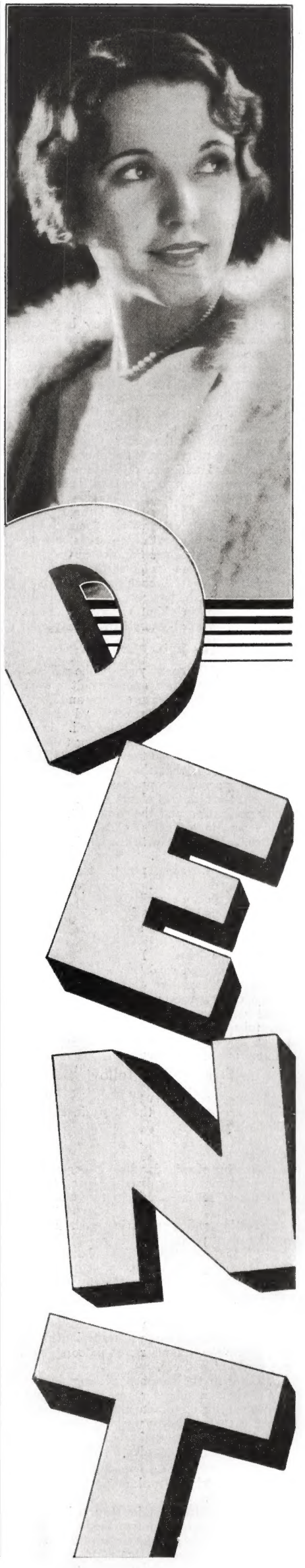

Now I know

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Helen Chase

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M.D.

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